

The English Scholar's Library etc.

No. 10.

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*Æneis I.--IV., with other poetical Devices.*

[June] 1582.





The English Scholar's Library of  
Old and Modern Works

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RICHARD STANYHURST

Translation of the first Four Books

OF THE

Æneis of P. Virgilius Maro

with other poetical Devices

thereto annexed

[June] 1582

EDITED BY

EDWARD ARBER

F.S.A. ETC. LATE EXAMINER IN ENGLISH  
LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE  
TO THE UNIVERSITY OF  
LONDON

WESTMINSTER

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO.

1895

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THE FIRST  
FOVRE BOOKES  
OF VIRGILS ÆNEIS,

Translated into English Heroicall Verse,  
by RICHARD STANYHURST:

With other Poëtiell deuises  
thereto annexed.



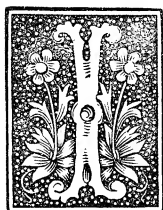
*AT LONDON,*  
Imprinted by Henry Bynneman  
dwelling in Thames streate neare  
vnto Baynardes Castell.

ANNO DOMINI,  
1583.

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# THE PRINTER TO THE

*Curteous Reader.*



Am to craue thy pacience (good Reader) and thy friendly acceptaunce of my paines in printing this booke. The noueltye of the verse, and the absence of the Author put me halfe in a feare either to displease the gentlemen that penned it, or not to please the gentlemen that reade it: if I should obserue the newe Ortographie vsed in the booke, (whether with the writers mind, or the Printers fault, I know not) it might haue bred error in the vnderstanding of many, and misliking in the iudgement of most. And very loth I am to seeme vniurious to the Author, in straying any whit from his prescribed rules in writing, exactly obseruing the quantity of each syllable. If I haue here and there changed some one or other letter, My purpose was to giue more light to the matter, by that maner of speech, whereto our country men are most acquainted. The absence of any letter, which for the necessitie of the verse often falleth out, I haue noted with an Apostrophe thus (') [:] for the placing of two oo and ee for one, and contrary one for two, which thou mayst often meete with in reading, I am to refer thee to the Authors Epistle at the beginning and generally to commend to thy curtesie my trauaile in so straunge and vnaccustomed a worke.

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## BIBLIOGRAPHY.



### THE AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL TEXT, PRINTED AT LEYDEN.

#### ISSUE IN THE AUTHOR'S LIFETIME.

1. [June] 1582. Leyden, 4to. See title at p. 1.

After a long enquiry among the public Libraries of Holland and England, no information could be gained as to the existence of any copy of this impression. The only two copies now known are in private Collections: one at Ashburnham Place, Sussex; the other, at Britwell, in Bucks—each is slightly imperfect. By the great kindness of their possessors, Earl ASHBURNHAM and S. CHRISTIE-MILLER, Esq., it has been possible herein to give a perfect Text.

#### ISSUE SINCE HIS DEATH.

- 2 August, 1880. Willesden, London, N.W. 8vo. The present impression.



### BINNEMAN'S REVISED TEXT, PRINTED BY HIM AT LONDON.

#### ISSUE IN THE AUTHOR'S LIFETIME.

2. [January] 1583. London, 8vo. See title at p. 159: and BINNEMAN's Address at p. 160. [Entered at Stationers' Hall on 24 January, 1583.]

#### ISSUE SINCE HIS DEATH.

3. 1836. Edinburgh, 4to. *The first four Bookes &c.* Edited by J[AMES] M[AIDMENT]. Fifty copies only printed.

Mr. MAIDMENT states at p. xv. that "no copy of" the Leyden Edition "has hitherto been traced."

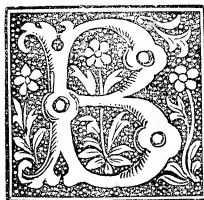
∴ *All former Editions were issued as separate Publications.*





## INTRODUCTION.

### I.



Y the kindness and public spirit of Earl ASHBURNHAM and S. CHRISTIE-MILLER, Esq., we are able to give back to the world, what is virtually the lost text of a work of great importance in our literary history, and especially in the history of English Verse.

For this translation of the *Æneid*, as it is one of the most audacious attempts at English hexameters, so it is among the very earliest printed specimens of them that appeared

in our printed literature.

Dr. GABRIEL HARVEY writing, in his *Four Letters &c.* (on the 5th September 1592), with evident reference to his joint work with E. SPENSER which was registered at Stationers' Hall on 30 June 1580, and appeared under the title of *Three proper, and wittie, familiar Letters passed between two Vniuersitie men &c.*, exclaims.

If I neuer deserue anye better remembraunce, let mee rather be epitaphed. The Inuentour of the English Hexameter: whom learned M. Stanihurst imitated in his *Virgill*, and excellent Sir Philip Sidney disdained not to follow in his *Arcadia*, and elsewhere.

p. 19.

Two years after to the very day, on the 30th June 1582, STANYHURST dedicates, at p. 10, this work to his brother-in-law Lord DUNSANY. So that HARVEY in the same *Four Letters &c.*, thus mentions him, on the 8 September 1592, with other English hexametrists.

I cordially recommend to the deere Louers of the Muses: and namely to the professed Sonnes of the same; *Edmond Spencer, Richard Stanihurst, Abraham France, Thomas Watson, Samuell Daniell, Thomas Nash*, and the rest: whome I affectionately thancke for their studious endeouours, commendably employed in enriching, and polishing their natiue Tongue, neuer so furnished, or embellished, as of late.

p. 48.

## II.



THE best contemporary account we have met with of our Author, is from the bitterly hostile pen of that out and out Protestant, BARNABY RICH. It occurs, at *p.* 2, of his twenty-sixth book, *The Irish Hubbub*, [Preface dated 14 May] 1617.

And as the Irish are thus pleasantly conceited to iest and to scoffe, when they finde occasion, so they haue as great facility in weeping, as they haue in laughing, insomuch that one of their owne writers *Rychard Stanihurst* by name, a man of great esteeme among the Irish, famed for his learning and for his wisdom, they doe equall him to the seuen Sages of Greece, and doe think him worthy to be reputed for the eight[h] wise man.

It is truth, hee hath runne through diuers professions, first, for a lying learned Historiographer, hee hath shewed it in his *Irish Chronicle*.

After that he professed Poetry, and among other Fictions, he tooke vpon him to translate *Virgill*, and stript him out of a Veluet gowne, into a Fooles coate, out of a Latin Heroicall verse, into an English riffe raffe.

After that, I knew him at *Antwerp*, and there he professed Alchymy, and took vpon him to make Gold: from thence hee went to *Spaine*, and there hee became a Physition.

Now, I vnderstand, hee is in the Low Countries about the Arch Duke, and is there become a Massing Priest.

As we shall presently see that it was not till 1592, ten years after the appearance of these Poems, that STANYHURST went to Spain; we must dissociate from *them* any idea of the Romish priesthood. At the time he wrote them, our Author was a learned Irish gentleman, living for his pleasure in the Low Countries. Presumably he was present at the death of his wife JANET on the 16th of August 1579 at Knightsbridge, *p.* 150. But, if so, he must have soon gone over to the Netherlands; and of these, to the Protestant Province of Holland: *i.e.*, to the Hague, where resided the brunette MARY, his platonic Mistress, whose "*vertu* meriteth more prayse, than parlye can vtter," *pp.* 141-143, 138-140; and to Leyden (eight years after its famous siege in 1574) during the printing of this book; as PATES, at *p.* 157, pleading "thee absence of the author from perusing soom proofes," implies his presence at other times, which must have been a manifest necessity, on account of the extraordinary spelling.

Later on, he resided chiefly at Antwerp: and apparently never set foot again in either Ireland, the land of his birth; or England, the home of his early manhood and brief married happiness.



## III.



N the Seventh Chapter of his *Description of Ireland* in HOLINSHED's *Chronicles*, 1577, in enumerating *The names or surnames of the learned men and authors of Ireland*, our Author gives the following account of his parentage.

Nicholas Stanihurst; he wrote in latine, *Dietam Medicorum*. lib. 1. He dyed in the yeare 1554.

James Stanihurst, late recorder of Dublyn, ouer hys exact knowledge in the common lawes, he was a good oratour, and a proper deuine.

He wrote in Englishe, beyng speaker in the parliamentes.

*An oration made in the beginnyng of a parliament holden at Dublyn before the right honourable Thomas Erle of Sussex, &c., in the third and fourth yere of Philip and Mary [1557].*

*An oration made in the beginnyng of the parliament holden at Dublyn, before the right honourable Thomas Erle of Sussex, in the second yere of the raigne of our soueraigne lady Queene Elizabeth [1560].*

*An oration made in the beginnyng of a Parliament holden a Dublyn, before the right honourable sir Henry Vidney Knight, &c in the xj. yeare of the raigne of our soueraigne Lady Queene Elizabeth [1568.]*

He wrote in Latin,

*Pias Orationes.*

*Ad Corcaciensem decanem, epist. plures.*

He deceased at Dublyn, the 27 of December [1573], being 51 yeres olde. Vpon whose death, I, as nature and duty bound me, made this epitaph. [See it at p. 148.]

Walter Stanihurst, sonne to James Stanihurst [and brother to the writer], he translated into English. *Innocent. de contemptu mundi.*

There flourished before any of these a Stanihurst, that was a scholer of Oxford, brother to Genet Stanihurst, *Circa annum dom. 1506.* a famous and ancient matrone of Dublyn, she lieth buried in S. Michaels church. [p. 27.]

None of these several writings appear to have been printed.

## I V .



ANTHONY A WOOD's account of our Author's education is as follows:—  
 RICHARD STANYHURST, son of JAMES STANYHURST, Esq., was born within the city of Dublin in Ireland (of which city his father was then recorder), educated in grammar learning under PETER WHYTE, became a commoner of University College [Oxford] in 1563, where improving those rare natural parts that he was endowed with [in 1565], wrote "Commentaries on PORPHYRY." [*Harmonia seu Catena Dialectica in Porphyrum*. Londini, 1570 and 1579 fol.; Ludguni, fol.; and Parisus, 4to. *Sir J. WARE, Works* ii. 98. *Ed.* 1745. fol.] at two years standing, being then 18 years of age, to the great admiration of learned men and others. After he had taken [on 7 June 1567, see *Fasti Oxon.* ii. 179. *Ed.* 1815] one degree in arts, he left the college, retired to London, became first a student in Furnival's Inn, where spending some time in the study of the common law, he afterwards went into the country of his nativity for a time.

*Principles of Cath. Religion.*—This I haue not yet seen, and therefore I cannot tell you when, or where it was printed. . .

But as for the epitaph of our author, (which he should haue made while living) none doth appear at Dublin, neither at Brussels, (as I can yet learn,) where he died in 1618. *Athenæ Oxon.* ii. 252. *Ed.* 1815.

## V.



UR Author only published three English works. The *Description of Ireland*, and the *History of Ireland*, lib. iii. (that is, during the reign of HENRY VIII. only, referred to at pp. 146-147); both of which appeared in the First Volume of RAPHAEL HOLINSHED's *Chronicles* in 1577: and the present volume of Poems and Translations. Everything else, apparently, he wrote in Latin.

As his style is almost a matter of wonderment, it will be useful to give the first piece of his English ever published; his *Epistle* to Sir HENRY SIDNEY, the Lord Deputy of Ireland before his *Description*, in 1577. It will also show that the peculiar oddities of thought were natural to him from the first, and were not specially studied for this Volume, which did not appear till five years later, in 1582.

MY VERY GOOD LORDE,



Here haue beene diuers of late, that with no small toyle, and great commendacion, haue throughly imployed themselues, in culling and packing together the scrapings and fragments of the Hystorie of

Ireland. Among which crew, my fast friende, and inwarde companion, M. Edmond Campion, dyd so learnedly bequite himselfe, in the penning of certayne briefe notes, concerning that countrey, as certes it was greatly to be lamented, that eyther hys theame had not beene shorter, or else his leasure had not beene longer.

For if Alexander were so ravisht with *Homer* hys historie, that notwithstanding *Thersites* were a crabbed and rugged dwarfe, being in outwarde feature so deformed, and in inwarde conditions so crooked, as he seemed to stande to no better steede, than to lead Apes in hell, yet the valiaunt capitayne weighing, howe liuely the golden Poet set foorth the ougly dandeptrat in his colours, dyd sooner wyshe to be *Homer* his *Thersites*, then to be the Alexander of that doltish rythmour, which vndertooke, with his woodden versesto blase his famous and martiall exploytes: howe much more ought Irelande (being in sundry ages seized of diuers good and couragious Alexanders) sore to long, and thirste after so rare a clarcke, as M. Campion, who was so vpright in conscience, so deepe in iudgement, so rype in eloquence, as the countrey might haue bene wel assured, to haue had their hystorie truly reported, pithily handled, and brauely polished.

Howbeit, although the glose of his fine abridgement, being matcht with other mens dooings, bare a surpassing kinde of excellencie, yet it was so hudled vp in haste, as in respect of a Campion his absolute perfection, it seemed rather to be a work roughly hewed, then smoothly planed. Vpon which grounde the gentleman being willing, that his so tender a suckling, hauing as yet but greene bones, should haue beene swadled and rockt in a cradle, till in tract of tyme the ioynctes thereof were knit, and growen stronger, yet notwithstanding he was so crost in the nycke of thys determination, that his hystorie in mitching wyse wandred through sundry hands, and being therewithall in certaine places somewhat tyckle tongued (for M. Campion dyd learne it to speake) and in other places ouer spare, it twitled more tales out of schoole, and drowned weightyer matters in silence, then the Autor vpon better view, and longer searche woulde haue permitted.

Thus much being by the sager sorte pondered, and the perfection of the hystorie earnestly desired, I, as one of the most, that could doe least, was fully resolved, to enriche M. Cam-

pion his *Chronicle*, with further additions. But weighing on the other side, that my course pack threede coulde not haue beene sutetably knit with his fine silcke, and what a disgrace it were, bunglerly to botch vp a ritche garment, by clowting it with patches of sundrye coulours, I was forthwyth reclaymed from my former resolution, reckening it for better, that my penne shoulde walke in such wyse in that craggie and balkishe way, as the truth of the matter being forepriced, I would neyther openly borrow, nor priuely imbezell, ought to any great purpose from his historie.

But as I was hammering that worke by stealthes on ye anuille, I was giuen to vnderstande by some of mine acquaintance, that others had brought our rawe hystorie to that rypenesse as my paine therein, woulde seeme but needelesse. Wherevpon being willing to be eased of the burden, and loath also in lurching wise to forestall any man his trauaile, I was contented, to leaue them thumping in the forge, and quietlye to repayre to mine vsuall and pristinatie studies, taking it not to stande with good maners, lyke a fluttering flye, to fall in an other man his dishe.

Howbeit, the little payne I tooke therin was not so secretly mewed within my closet, but it slipt out at one chincke or other, and romed so farre abroad, as it was whispered in their eares, who before were in the hystorie busied. The gentlemen conceyuing a greater opinion of mee, then I was well able to vpholde, dealt very effectually with mee, that as well at their instaunce, as for the affection I bare to my natieue cuntry, I woulde put mine helping hand, to the building and perfecting of so commendable a worke. Hauing breathed for a fewedayes on this motion, albeit I knewe, that my worke was plumed with Downe, and at that time, was not sufficiently feathered to flee, yet I was by them weighed not to beare my selfe coy, by giuing mine entier friendes in so reasonable a request a squaimish repulse.

Wherefore, my singular good Lorde, here is layde downe to your Lordshippe his view a briefe *discourse*, with a iagged *hystorie* of a ragged Weale publicke. Yet as naked as at the first blushe it seemeth, if it shall stande wyth your Honour his pleasure (whome I take to be an experte Lapidarie) at vacant houres to insearche it, you shall finde therein stones of such estimation, as are woorthy to be coucht in riche and

precious collets. And in especiall your Lordship, aboue all others, in that you haue the charge of that countrey, may here be schooled, by a right line to leuell your gouernement.

For in perusing this hystorie, you shall finde vice punished, vertue rewarded, rebellion suppressed, loyaltie exalted, hautesse dislyked, courtisie beloued, brybery detested, iustice embraced, polling Officers to their perpetuall shame reprooued, and vpright gouernours to their eternall fame extolled.

And truely, to my thinking, such magistrates, as meane to haue a vigilant eye to their charge, can not bestow their tyme better, then when they sequestre themselues from the affayres of the wealpublicke, to recreate and quicken their spirites by reading the Chronicles, that decipher the gouernement of a wealepublicke. For as it is no small commendacion, for one to beare the dooings of many, so it breedeth great admiration, generally to haue all those qualities in one man herboured, for which particularly diuers are eternized. And who so will be addicted to the reading of hystories, shall readily finde diuers euentes woorthy to be remembred, and sundry sounde examples daily to be followed.

Vpon which grounde the learned haue, not without cause, adiudged an historie to be, the Marrowe of reason, the creame of experience, the sappe of wysedoom, the pith of iudgement, the library of knowledge, the kernell of pollicie, the vnfoldresse of treacherie, the kalender of tyme, the lanterne trueth, the lyfe of memorie, the doctresse of behauour, the register of antiquitie, the trumpet of chiuallrie.

And that our Irishe hystorie being diligently heeded, yeeldeth al these commodities, I trust the indifferent reader, vpon the vntwyning thereof, will not denie. But if any man his stomacke shall be founde so tenderly niced, or so deintily spyced, as that he may not, forsooth, digest the grose draffe of so base a countrey, I doubt not, but your Lordship, who is thoroughly acquaynted with the woorthinesse of the Island, will be soone perswaded, to leaue such quaint and licourous repastours, to feede on their costly and delicate Woodcockes, and willingly to accept the louing present of your hearty welwiller.

The gift is small, the giuer hys good wyll is great, I stand in good hope, that the greatnesse of the one wyll counterpoise the smalnesse of the other. Wherefore, that I may the sooner vnbroyde ye pelfish trash, that is wrapt wythin thys

Treatise, I shall craue your Lordshippe, to lende me eyther your eares in hearing, or your eyes in reading the tenour of the discourse following.

To these two English works on Ireland, STANYHURST, in 1584, added a third in Latin: *De rebus in Hibernia gestis. lib. iv.*, dealing with its early history down to the time of Henry II.; with an Appendix of annotated extracts from GIRALDUS Cambrensis. This work was printed at Antwerp, and its title page states *Omnia nunc primum in lucem edita*. Camden in his *Britannia*, 600, Ed. 1586, describing the country of West Meath, alludes to our Author as *Eruditissimus ille nobilis Richardus Stanihurstus*.

It is, in reference to all three works, that G. KEATING, D.D. in his *General History of Ireland*, p. xii. Ed. 1723, states, that, for three unanswerable reasons, STANYHURST was utterly unfitted to write a Chronicle. 1. He was too young when he wrote. 2. He was ignorant of Erse. 3. That being bribed [*as Doctor KEATING avers*] by large gifts and promises of advancement upon condition that he would blacken the Irish nation, he had renounced the impartiality necessary to a historian. The Doctor then adds

But he lived to repent of the Injustice he had been guilty of, and when afterwards he enter'd into holy Orders, he promis'd by a formal Recantation publickly to revoke all the Falshoods he had recorded in that Work; and for that Purpose (as I am credibly inform'd) a Writing was drawn up in order to be printed in *Ireland* and laid before the whole World; but, if it was ever publish'd, I could never find a Copy of it, and therefore an apt to believe that it was by some Means or other utterly suppressed.

Sir JAMES WARE, in the First Book of his *Writers of Ireland* (ii. 98. of his *Works*, Ed. 1745, fol.) thinks that Doctor KEATING falls foul of these four books *De rebus*, &c. "with some reason, if it be considered with what numbers of errors, not to say malicious representations it abounds."

From these testimonies it would appear that STANYHURST as an Historian, and probably in all his other sympathies not influenced by his religion, represents more the Englishry in Ireland than the native Celt.

## V I.



BEING of the Englishry in Ireland, it came about that our Author was Uncle to Archbishop USHER; in whose *Life* by R. PARR, D.D. his chaplain and literary executor, 1686, fol. he is thus referred to.

JAMES USHER was born in the City of Dublin, the metropolis of Ireland, on the fourth day of January A.D. 1580.

His father, Master ARNOLD USHER, one of the six Clerks of Chancery, and of good repute for his prudence and integrity, was of the ancient family of the USHERS *alias* NEVILS, whose

ancestor, Usher to King JOHN, coming over with him into Ireland, and settling there, change the name of his Family into that of his Office, as was usual in that age. His descendants have since branched into several families about Dublin, and, for divers ages, bore the most considerable Offices, in and about that city.

His mother was MARGARET, daughter of JAMES STANIHURST, who was of considerable note in his time, being chosen Speaker of the Honourable House of Commons in three [*Irish*] Parliaments, and was Recorder of the City of Dublin, and one of the Masters in Chancery: and that, which ought always to be mentioned for his honour, he was the First Mover, in the last of the three [*Irish*] Parliaments of Queen ELIZABETH, for the founding and endowing of a College and University at Dublin; which was soon after consented to by Her Majesty.

His uncle, by his mother's side, was RICHARD STANIHURST, a learned man, of the Romish persuasion, an excellent historian, philosopher, and poet. One of whose works [*Brevis Præmunitionis*], for that reason, written against his nephew; yet notwithstanding their difference in judgement, they had frequent correspondence by letters.

The first letter in this Volume is an undated one [but about 1610] from USHER to "Master RICHARD STANIHURST at the English College in Louvain," thus begins and ends.

DEAR UNCLE,

Having the opportunity of this messenger so fitly offered unto me, I make bold to desire your furtherance in some matters that concern my studies. . . .

Your own treatise of *St. Patrick's Life* I have; as also your *Hebdomada MARIA*. Your *Margarita Mariana*, and other writings (if there be any) I have much sought for, but could not as yet get. Thus presuming on that natural bond of love which is knit betwixt us, that I shall receive such satisfaction from you as I expect; with my mother, your sister's most kind remembrance, I remain

Your most loving Nephew,  
JAMES USHER.

Among ROBERT TURNER's Collection of *Orationes, Epistolæ &c.* of E. Campian, Ingoldstat, 1602, 8vo, are three Latin letters to R. STANIHURST. The first dated St. John's College, *Calendris Decembris*, 1570, praising his *Harmonia &c.* The other two dated "Turvio 13. Cal. April 1571."

## VII.



OUR Author's third and his most famous English Work, was his translation of the *Aeneid*.

In October 1587, he dedicated, at Antwerp, to the Duke of PARMA, his *De Vita S. PATRICII Hiberniæ Apostoli, lib. ii.*

Among the letters to JUSTUS LIPSIUS, which are preserved in the First Volume of *Sylloges Epistolarum* by PETER BURMANN the Elder (published at Leyden, 1724, 4to), are two which fix STANYHURST's visit to Spain in 1591-1592. The first letter (p. 93) is from A. C. LEIVA, is dated Toleti, A.D. xi. Kal. Septembris 1592, and contains the following passage :

*Quare potes facile intelligere, quam optatæ, quam gratæ quam et jucundæ tuæ illæ literæ acciderint, quas ad D. RICHARDUM STANYHURSTUM, Vir Nobilem dedisti, missas mihi a D. JOANNE SILVA.*

The second (p. 602) is from STANYHURST himself, and is dated, Madridi *Calend. Februarii* 1592. It contains the following passage :

*Patuit mihi, statim fere atque Madridum perveni, ad Regem Catholicum non modo aditus, sed etiam introitus. Bone DEVS, quanta in potentissimo orbis terrarum Monarcha comitas adfabilitasque sermonis ?*

Sir JAMES Ware (*Works*, ii. 98. *Ed.* 1745) states

Our Author, RICHARD, had a Son named WILLIAM STANYHURST, who was born at *Brussels* in 1601, and at the Age of Sixteen entered into the Society of the Jesuits. He was a Man endowed with excellent Parts, and a Writer of several Treatises, of which SOTVELLUS gives a Catalogue. He died on the 10th of January 1663.

It is clear that the Poet had not entered the Priesthood at this date : because to RICHARD VERSTEGAN'S *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*, printed at Antwerp about February 1605, but also sold in London, he contributed a prefatory twelve-line Latin *Carmen*, under his old designation of *Dublinensis*.

So that it was only when he was about sixty years of age, and some twenty-five years after the publication of these Translations, that he became a priest ; and being an eminent man, he is made a Chaplain to the Austrian Archduke ALBERT and his wife ; and thus his next publication, *Hebdomada Mariana in memoriam septem festorum Virg. Mariæ, per singulos hebdomadæ dies distributæ*, printed, in 8vo, at Antwerp, in 1609, he designates himself *Serenissorum principum Sacellanus*. This is the work referred to by USHER above.

Five years later, he published his *Hebdomada eucharistica*, Duaci 1614, 8vo. Archbishop USHER's celebrated work, *De Ecclesiarum Christianarum Succes-*



sione et Statu appeared in 1613, and naturally elicited from his Uncle what appears to have been his last work.

*Brevis præmunition pro futura concertatione cum IACOBO VSSERIO Hibernio Dublinensi, qui in sua historica explicatione conatur probare, Pontificem Romanum (legitimum CHRISTI, in terris, Vicarium) verum et germanum esse ANTICHRISTUM.* Duaci. 1615.

Three years later, according to WOOD, he died at Brussels.

## VIII.



HERE remains now the consideration of STANYHURST as an English Poet; his principal claim for which is based upon the present Text. And first, for Contemporary Criticism.

The *Æneid* was translated under the combined influence of Sir THOMAS MORE, THOMAS PHAER, ROGER ASCHAM, and GABRIEL HARVEY; only the second of whom could, in any sense, be considered a Poet. Of these, HARVEY was the only one now alive; and he speedily glorified, as we have seen at *p.* xii., the method, the execution, and the Author.

Ascham, in his *Scholemaster*, 1570 (which STANYHURST, at *p.* 4, calls "his goulden pamphlet"), treating of *Imitatio*, thus expresses the mind of Sir JOHN CHEKE, Bishop THOMAS WATSON, and himself, on the subject of Rhyme. Again we say, they were not English poets.

This matter maketh me gladly remember my sweet tyme spent at Cambrige, and the pleasant talke which I had oft with *M. Cheke* and *M. Watson* [*i.e.*, in *Henry VIII's reign*], of this fault, not onely in the olde Latin Poets, but also in our new English Rymers at this day. They wished [that] as *Virgil* and *Horace* were not wedded to follow the faultes of former fathers (a shrewd mariage in greater matters) but by right *Imitation* of the perfit Grecians, had brought Poetrie to perfitnesse also in the Latin tong, that we Englishmen likewise would acknowledge and vnderstand rightfully our rude beggerly ryming, brought first into Italie by *Gothes* and *Hunnes*, when all good verses and all good learning to, were destroyed by them: and after caryed into France and Germanie: and at last receyued into England by men of excellent wit in deede, but of small learning, and lesse judgement in that behalfe.

In deed, our English tong, hauing in vse chiefly, wordes of one syllable which commonly be long, doth not well receiue the nature of *Carmen Heroicum*, bicause *dactylus*, the aptest foote for that verse, containing one long and two short, is seldom therefore found in English: and doth also rather stumble than stand upon *Monasyllabis*. *Quintilian* in hys

learned Chapter *de Compositione*, geueth this lesson *de Monasyllabis*, before me: and in the same place doth iustlie inuey against all Ryming, if there be any, who be angrie with me for misliking of Ryming, may be angry for company to, with *Quintilian* also, for the same thing: And yet *Quintilian* had not so iust cause to mislike of it than, as men haue at his day.

And though *Carmen Exametrum* doth rather trotte and hoble, than runne smothly in our English tong, yet I am sure, our English tong will receive *carmen Iambicum* as naturallie, as either *Greke* or *Latin*. p. 145. Ed. 1870.

TOM NASH, in his first work, the *Preface* to GREENE'S *MENAPHON* August, 1589, which is to our felicity to republish in this Series, on the same day as the present Work, thus criticizes this performance.

But fortune the Mistres of change with a pitying compassion, respecting Master *Stanihursts* praise, would that *Phaer* shoulde fall that hee might rise, whose heroicall Poetrie infired, I should say inspired, with an hexameter furie, recalled to life, whateuer hissed barbarisme, hath bin buried this hundred yeare; and reuiued by his ragged quill, such carterlie varietie, as no hodge plowman in a countrie, but would haue held as the extremitie of clownerie; a patterne whereof, I will pounde to your iudgements, as neere as I can, being parte of one of his descriptions of a tempest, which is this

*Then did he make, heauens vault to rebounde, with rounce robbie hobble  
Of ruffe raffe roaring, with thwack thwack thurlery bouncing* [See p. 138.]

Which strange language of the firmament neuer subiect before to our common phrase, makes vs that are not vsed to terminate heauens moueings, in the accents of any voice, esteeme of their triobulare interpreter, as of some Thrasonical huffe snuffe, for so terrible was his stile, to all milde eares, as would haue affrighted our peaceable Poets, from intermedling hereafter, with that quarrelling kinde of verse; had not sweete Master *France* by his excellent translation of Master *Thomas Watsons* sugred *Amintas*, animated their dulled spirits, to such high witted endeours.

Three years later, in this *Strange News*, 1592, NASH again refers to the present work.

Master *Stannyhurst* (though otherwise learned) trod a foule lumbering boystrous wallowing measure in his translation of *Virgil*. He had neuer been praisd by *Gabriel [Harvey]* for his his labour, if therein hee had not bin so famously absurd. G.3.

GEORGE PUTTENHAM, in his *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, thus refers to our Author, among

Such makers as haue sought to bring into our vulgar Poesie some of the auncient feete, to wit, the *Dactile* into verses *exameters*, as he that translated certaine bookes of *Virgils Eneydos* in such measures and not uncommendably. Book II. c. xii.

He also appears to refer to our Author's use of the words *trudge* and *tugge* at p. 17, while treating of Decorum in speech.

And yet in speaking or writing of a Princes affaires and fortunes there is a certaine *Decorum*, that we may not vse the same termes in their busines, as we might very wel doe in a meaner persons, the case being all one, such reuerence is due to their estates. . . . As one, who translating certaine bookes of *Virgils Æneidos* into English meetre, said that *Æneas* was fayne to trudge out of Troy : which terme became better to be spoken of a beggar, or of a rogue, or of a lackey : for so wee vsed to say to such maner of people, *be trudging hence*.

The same translatour when he came to these wordes : *Insignem pietate virum, tot voluere casus tot adire labores compulit*. Hee turned it thus, what moued *Iuno* to *tugge* so great a *captaine* as *Æneas*, which word *tugge* spoken in this case is so vndecient as none other coulde haue bene deuised, and tooke his first originall from the cart, because it signifieth the pull or draught of the oxen or horses, and therefore the leathers that beare the chiefe stresse of the draught, the cartars call them *tugges*, and so wee vse to say that *shrewd boyes tugge each other by the eares, for pull*. Book III. c. xxiii.

FRANCIS MERES, M.A., in his *Palladis Tamia*, [September] 1598, says

Amongst vs I name but two Iambical poets, *Gabriel Harvey* and *Richard Stanyhurst*; because I haue seen no more in this kind.

JOSEPH HALL, who was Bishop of NORWICH, in his *Virgidemiarum*, 1597, consecrates the Sixth Satire of his First Book to STANYHURST.



NOTHER scorns the home-spun threed of rimes,  
Match'd with the loftie feet of elder times :

Giue him the numbred verse that *Virgil* sung,  
And *Virgill* selfe shall speake the English tung :

*Manhood and garboiles shall he chaunt* [p. 17] with chaunged feete,  
And head-strong *Dactils* making Musicke meete.

The nimble *Dactils* striuing to out-go  
 The drawling *Spondees* pacing it below.  
 The lingring *Spondees*, labouring to delay,  
 The breath-lesse *Dactils* with a sudden stay.  
 Who euer saw a colt wanton and wilde,  
 Yok'd with a slow-foote oxe on fallow field?  
 Can right areed how handsomly besets  
 Dull *Spondees* with the English *Dactilets*?  
 If *Ioue* speake English in a thundring cloud,  
*Thwick thwack* [p. 138], and *Rif raf* [p. 21], rores he out aloud.  
 Fie on the forged mint that did create  
 New coyne of words neuer articulate.

In 1599, an out and out Hexametrist, published, in a small oblong shape, *The First Booke of the Preservation of King Henry the VII., when he was but Earle of Richmond, Grandfather to the Queenes maiesty.* Compiled in english rythmicall Hexameters.

In this work, besides a praise of our Author, there is an interesting piece of contemporary poetical criticism.

*Right honored, worshipfull, and gentell Reader, these Hexameters and Pentameters in Englishe, are misliked of many, because they are not yet come to their full perfection: and specially of some, that are accounted and knowne to be Doctors and singularly well learned and great Linguistes: but especially of the plaine Rythmer, that scarce knowes the footed quantitie or metricall scanning thereof; muche lesse to reade them with a grace according to the same. But for him, I say thus; Scientia nullum habet inimicum, præter ignorantem. Whose bookes are stuft with lines of prose, with a rythme in the end; which euery fidler, or piper, can make vpon a theame giuen. Neuerthelesse, I confesse and acknowledge that we haue many excellent and singular good Poets in this our age, as Maister Spencer, that was, Maister Gowlding, Doctor Phayer, Maister Harrington, Daniell, and diuers others whom I reuerence in that kinde of prose-rythme: wherein Spencer (without offence spoken) hath surpassed them all. I would to God they had done so well in trew Hexameters: for they had then beautified our language. For the Greekes and Latines did in a manner abolish quite that kinde of rythme-prose: And why should not we doe the like in Englishe? . . . .*

*Therefore I reuerence Stanihurst; who, being but an Irish man, did first attempt to translate those foure bookes of Eneados, which*

(if he be liuing) I desire him to refile them ouer againe; and thus haue written in verses.

If the Poet Stanihurst yet liue and feedeth on ay-er,  
I do request him (as one that wisheth a grace to the meter)  
With wordes significant to refile and finely to polishe  
Those fower Æneis, that he late translated in English.  
I doe the man reuerence, as a fine, as an exquisit Author:  
For that he first did attempt, to translate verse as a Doctor.

For at the first, Maister Askam had much ado to make two or three verses in English: but now euery scholler can make some. What language so hard, harsh, or barbarous, that time and art will not amend? . . . .

This trew kinde of Hexametred and Pentametred verse, will bring vnto vs foure commodities. First it will enrich our speach with good and significant wordes: Secondly it will bring a delight and pleasure to the skilfull Reader, when he seeth them formally compyled: And thirdly it will incourage and learne the good and godly Students, that affect Poetry, and are naturally enclyned thereunto, to make the like: Fourthly it will direct a trew Idioma, and will teach trew Orthography. For as Gould surpasseth leade: so the Hexameters surpasse rythme prose.

## I X.



IF LATER opinions concerning our Poet, we may quote the following:  
THOMAS WHARTON, B.D., refers to this Translation in his *History of English Poetry*, iii. 399. *Ed.* 1781. (iv. 284, *Ed.* 1871.)  
[ROBERT SOUTHEY, in] *Omniana or Horæ Otiosiores*, i. 193. *Ed.*

1812.

As Chaucer has been called the well of English undefiled, so might Stanihurst be denominated the common sewer of the language. He is, however, a very entertaining, and to a philologist, a very instructive writer. His version of the four first books of the *Æneid* is exceedingly rare, and deserves to be reprinted for its incomparable oddity. It seems impossible that a man could have written in such a style without intending to burlesque what he was about, and yet it is certain that STANIHURST seriously meant to write heroic poetry.

The present United States Minister to Italy, his Excellency GEORGE P. MARSH, has some remarks on our author, in his *Origin and History of the English Language*. p. 538, *Ed.* 1862.

Notices of the present Text also occur in *Censura Literaria*, ii. and iv. *Ed.* 1806-7; in HALLAM'S *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, II., c. v., p. 131,

*Ed.* 1854; and in Mr. C. C. FELTON's article in *North American Review*, July 1846, lxiii., 157, n., and others, with references to Mr. MAIDMENT's reprint, in *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1844, ii. 603; and COLLIER's *Bibliographical and critical Account &c.* ii., 386, *Ed.* 1865.

## X.



WE HAVE bestowed extraordinary care on the absolutely faithful reproduction of the Leyden text in its integrity, not referring to the London text at all, because BINNEMAN states, *p.* 160, that he had "here and there changed some one or other letter." For two months, Lord ASHBURNHAM's volume was at our service at the house of the Society of Antiquaries, in the charge of C. KNIGHT WATSON, Esq., F.S.A., the Secretary; and Mr. S. CHRISTIE-MILLER's copy at the British Museum, in the care of R. E. GRAVES, Esq. Both Mr. WATSON and Mr. GRAVES most obligingly rendered every facility in the matter.

## XI.



LEAVING the merits of the following Translations regarded as versions of their several originals, to the discussion of others: we can here only say a few words on STANYHURST's English. First, on the words themselves; next, on the use he made of them.

1. One may say of him, that he, at any rate, had the courage of his convictions; that he, at least, had not the fear of man before his eyes, when he set to work to torture the English language. As utterly reckless in his English spelling as ever the Rev. CHARLES BUTLER, Vicar of Wotton, was, and far more so than JAMES HOWELL; he will, doubtless, be revered as a Forerunner, by the Spelling Reformers of this and coming ages: but his labours were useless and thrown away, as theirs will also be. With that universal and perpetual abrasion of words, known as the Law of Economy of Speech, daily in operation before our eyes, is not all Language sufficiently full of changes already?

Now, we are able to trace in its present remains, the history of a word through a thousand years. The arbitrary introduction of any partial or entire mathematical formulæ for the representation of human speech, like Bishop WILKINS' *Real Character*, would destroy this. If our Spelling Reformers go not so far as this: why should they advocate a theoretical arrangement of consonants and vowels on the Phonetic basis: when the theory on which they would have us base the change, may be out of date in fifty years hence; and must rest too, on a perpetual Universal Consent, of which they can never assure themselves. What have our American friends gained by spelling traveller with one *l*, but the sense that every time they write it so, they have stamped a good word with the badge of illegitimacy. Let the changes in spelling that inevitably will come, come of themselves, and as it were unconsciously.

We will just gather a mere sample or handful of some of the extraordinary things in this Text; putting them under the headings of 1. **Letters.** 2. **Words.** 3. **Affixes.** 4. **Mimetics and Alliteration.** And 5. **Phrases and Proverbs.** The references to the pages are in no sense exhaustive.

# INTRODUCTION.

xxiii

## 1. Letters.

### ERRATIC SPELLING.

<i>apale</i> for <i>apall</i> ... 34	<i>guesh</i> for <i>guess</i> ... 7	<i>myrrye</i> for <i>merry</i> ... 31
<i>jats</i> „ <i>fates</i> 18, 25, 83	<i>loa</i> „ <i>lo</i> 22, 31, 115	<i>quoa</i> „ <i>quoth</i> ... 143
<i>foa</i> „ <i>foe</i> ... 56, 61	<i>misheth</i> „ <i>misseth</i> 12	<i>sloa</i> „ <i>slow</i> ... 60

### AGGLUTINATED WORDS.

<i>adgemate</i> for <i>age mate</i> ... 61	<i>liftsyde</i> for <i>left side</i> ... 83
<i>bedgle</i> „ <i>bed glee</i> .. 95	<i>myeboy</i> „ <i>my boy</i> ... 86
<i>gapwyd</i> „ <i>gap wide</i> ... 51	<i>pillotay</i> „ <i>pillow toy</i> ... 98
<i>lustilad</i> „ <i>lusty laid</i> ... 92	<i>skitop</i> „ <i>sky top</i> ... 18
<i>heopeflud</i> „ <i>heap flood</i> ... 1	<i>spurgalde</i> „ <i>spur galled</i> ... 10

### DISSEVERED WORDS.

*petit degree* for *pedigree* ... 14, see 94.

## 2. Words.

### FRENCH WORDS.

<i>accomplisse</i> ... 103	<i>cadesse</i> ... 101	<i>habitans</i> ... 74
<i>bon viage</i> ... 81	<i>col</i> ... 40	<i>parlye</i> ... 85
<i>bouch</i> ... 92	<i>entreprise</i> ... 4	<i>pusiaunt</i> ... 25, 34
<i>boucherus</i> ... 51	<i>esquipping</i> ... 36	<i>resiaunt</i> ... 84
<i>bruit</i> ... 88	<i>haut</i> ... 70	<i>sanglier</i> ... 28
	<i>vagare</i> ... 44	

### WORDS NOT YET ACCLIMATIZED IN ENGLISH.

*complimentoes* ... 10 *epitheton* ... 7

## 3. Affixes.

### UNUSUAL PREFIXES.

a- <i>afflighted</i> ... 57	<i>bedusted</i> ... 63	<i>empugning</i> ... 129
<i>agrysed</i> ... 138	<i>begoared</i> ... 119	<i>entwight</i> ... 8
<i>amoving</i> 67, 114, 138	<i>bemuffled</i> ... 111	up- <i>upbotched</i> ... 137
be- <i>bebasse</i> ... 40	<i>betraynted</i> ... 62	<i>uphaling</i> ... 19
<i>bebayed</i> ... 76	<i>beveyled</i> ... 55	<i>uphasp</i> ... 6
<i>beblastad</i> ... 64	<i>bewrapped</i> ... 76	<i>uphoysing</i> ... 21
<i>bebroydered</i> ... 85	em- <i>embars</i> ... 107	y- <i>ypurpled</i> ... 104
<i>beblubbered</i> ... 25	<i>embay</i> ... 16, 50, 113	<i>ysetled</i> .. 111

### UNUSUAL SUFFIXES.

u for <i>le forcibîl</i> ... 28	<i>nobil</i> ... 36	<i>meal inchmeal</i> 107, 117
<i>tabil</i> ... 24, 40	<i>pepil</i> ... 26, 101	<i>flock meal</i> ... 109

## 4. Mimetics and Alliterations.

### TWO MIMETIC WORDS ONLY.

baw	vaw ... 108	flush	flash ... 20	ruffe	raffe ... 138
chuff	chaff... 91	hurly	burly ... 62	the slampam	... 116
clush	clash... 45	kym	kam ... 44	stutting	stamering 80
crack	rack ... 53	muff	maff ... 91	swish	swash ... 92
crush	crash ... 110	robel	hobble ... 137	tag	rag ... 21
dub a	dub ... 137	rif	raf ... 21	thwack	thwack ... 137
drop	drop... 21	rip	rap... 137	wig	wag ... 50

## MIMETIC SENTENCES.

These flaws theyre cabbans with stur snar iarrye doe ransack...	...	...	...	19
Lyke bandog grinning, with gnash tusk greedelye snarring	...	...	...	27
Lyke wrastling meece winds with blaste contrarius huzing	...	...	...	57
Whear curs barck bawling, with yolp yalpe snarrye rebounding	...	...	...	84

## ALLITERATION

Is very frequent, as swage seas surging	...	...	...	19
pritty parrat prating	...	...	...	26
ragd rocks rusty	...	...	...	88
a foul fog pack paunch	...	...	...	101

## 5. Phrases and Proverbs.

We give a few specimens of these just as they meet us.

Somewhat nappy of the spigget	4	To find a horse nest	...	...	14
Break the ice	...	If this gear cotten	...	...	19
Altogether in a wrong box	5	Stand ye to your tacklings	24, 88,	115	
Stand nicely on my pantofles	5	All cock sure	...	...	36
Slice the husk, and crack the shell	6	In straw there lurketh some pad	...	...	39
Pry out a pimple in a bent	6	I like not barrel or herring	...	...	45
The fat were in the fire	6	Like a wayward obstinate old grey	...	...	
The market were marred	6	[horse]	...	...	64
Forelittering bitches whelp blind	...	Paltock's Inn	...	...	72
puppies	8	"Scarborough warning"	...	...	81
Peale meale	9	Scarborough scrabbling	...	...	116
Not worth a bean	10	True tales vainly to twattle	...	...	101
Blind bayards rush on forward	10	As wild as a March hare	...	...	101
Miss the cushion	12	From post to pillar	...	...	104
Some grammatical pullet clocking	...	Stand at a deadlift	...	...	155
against me	14	Hit the nail on the head	...	...	155

2. But what is more remarkable is the use to which STANYHURST applied these and such like materials. He employed these common words and sayings, this "kitchen rhetoric," in the expression of an Epic Story! and that, purposely; and also, probably, in good faith. The result is that, with all its sound and fury, his translation is perhaps the most irresistibly comic of all English Versions of the *Æneid*; and can scarcely ever be read without shouts of laughter.

Important as it is to the history of English hexameter verse; there is ever this strong personal flavour of oddity and grotesqueness, which enables us to see that this hitherto lost Text was intrinsically a very remarkable book in our Elizabethan literature.

## XII.



WE began, so will we conclude, by expressing our thanks to Lord ASHBURNHAM and S. CHRISTIE-MILLER, Esq., for the pleasure they have given to all cultivated persons in facilitating the present impression by the loan of their precious originals.



THEE FIRST FOU-  
RE BOOKES OF VIR-  
GIL HIS AENEIS TRANSLA-

ted intoo English heroical verse by Ri-  
chard Stanyhurst, wyth oother  
Poëtical diuises there-  
too annexed.



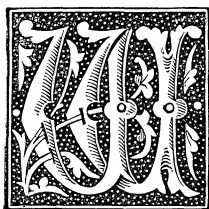
Imprinted at Leiden in Holland by Iohn Pates.

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Anno M. D. L X X X I I.



TOO THEE RIGHT  
HONOVRABLE MY  
VERIE LOOVING BROO-  
THER THEE LORD BA-  
RON OF DVNSANYE.



Hat deepe and rare poyntes of hydden secrets *Virgil* hath sealde vp in his twelue bookes of *Æneis*, may easelye appeere too such reaching wyts, as bend theyre endewours, too thee vnfolding thereof; not onlye by gnybling vpon thee outward ryne of a supposed historie, but also by groaping thee pyth, that is shrind vp wythin thee barck and bodeye of so exquisit and singular a discourse. For where as thee chiefe prayse of a wryter consisteth in thee enterlacing of pleasure wyth profit: oure author hath so wiselye alayed thee one wyth thee oother, as thee shallow reader may bee delighted wyth a smooth tale, and thee diuing searcher may bee aduantaged by sowning a pretiouse treatise. And certes this preheminencye of writing is chieflye (yf wee respect oure old latin Poëtes) too bee affurded too *Virgil* in this wurck, and too *Ouid* in his *Metamorphosis*. As for *Ennius*, *Horace*, *Iuuenal*, *Persius* and thee rablement of such cheate Poëtes, theyre dooinges are, for fauoure of antiquitye, rather

to be pacientlye allowed, thean highlye regarded. Such leauinges as wee haue of *Ennius* his ragged verses are nothing current, but sauoure soomwhat nappy of thee spigget, as one that was neauer accustomed too strike vp thee drum, and too crye, in blazing martial exploytes, alarme, but when hee were haulfe tipsye, ac *Horace* recordeth. Thee oother three, ouer this that theyre Verses in camfering wise run harshe and rough, perfourme nothing in matter, but biting quippes, taunting Darcklye certeyn men of state, that liued in theyre age, beesprinckling theyre *inuectiues* with soom moral preceptes, aunswerable too thee capacitye of eurie weake brayne. But oure *Virgil* not content wyth such meigre stuffe, dooth laboure, in telling, as yt were a *Cantorburye tale*, too ferret owt thee secretes of *Nature*, with woordes so fitlye coucht, wyth verses so smoothlye slyckte, with sentences so featlye orderd, with orations so neatlie burnisht, with similitudes so aptly applyed, with eeche *decorum* so duely obserued, as in truth hee hath in right purchased too hym self thee name of a surpassing poët, thee fame of an od oratoure, and thee admiration of a profound philosopher. Hauing therefore (mi good lord) taken vpon mee too execute soom part of master *Askam* his wyl, who, in his goulden pamphlet, intituled *thee Schoolemayster*, dooth wish thee Vniuersitie students too applie theyre wittes in bewtifying oure English language with heroical verses: I heeld no *Latinist* so fit, too geeue thee onset on, as *Virgil*, who, for his peerelesse style, and machlesse stuffe, dooth beare thee prick and price among al thee Roman Poëts. How beyt I haue heere haulf a guesh, that two sortes of carpers wyl seeme too spurne at this myne entreprise. Thee one vtterlie ignorant, thee oother meanelye letterd. Thee ignorant wyl imagin, that thee passage was nothing craggye, in as much

as M. *Phaere* hath broken thee ice before mee : Thee meaner clarcks wyl suppose, my trauail in theese heroical verses too carrye no great difficultie, in that yt lay in my choise, too make what word I would short or long, hauing no English writer beefore mee in this kind of poëtrye with whose squire I should leauel my syllables. Too shape therefor an answer too thee first, I say, they are altogeather in a wrong box : considering that such woordes, as fit M. *Phaer*, may bee very vnapt for mee, which they would confesse, yf theyre skil were, so much as spare, in theese verses. Further more I stand so nicelie on my pantofles that way, as yf I could, yeet I would not renne on thee skore with M. *Phaer*, or ennie oother, by borrowing his termes in so copious and fluent a language, as oure English tongue is. And in good sooth although thee gentleman hath translated *Virgil* intoo English rythme with such surpassing excellencie, as a verie few (in my conceit) for pyekt and loftie wordes can burd hym, none, I am wel assured, ouergoe hym : yeet hee hath rather dubled, than defalckt oght of my paines, by reason that in conferring his translation with myne, I was forced, too weede owt from my verses such choise woordes, as were forestald by him : vnlesse they were so feeling, as oothers could not countreuaile theyre signification : In which case yt were no reason, too sequester my pen from theyre acquaintance, considering, that as M. *Phaer* was not thee first founrder, so hee may not bee accompted thee only owner of such termes. Truly I am so far from embeazling his trauailes, as that for thee honoure of thee English, I durst vndertake, too renne ouer theese bookes agayne, and too geeue theym a new liuerie in such different wise, as they should not iet with M. *Phaer* his badges, ne yeet bee clad with this apparaile, wherewith at this present they coom furth atyred. Which

I speake not of vanitie, too enhaunce my coonning, but of meere veritie, too aduaunce thee riches of oure speeche. More ouer in soom pointes of greatest price, where thee matter, as yt were, doth bleede, I was mouued too shun M. *Phaer* his enterpretation, and clinge more neere too thee meaning of myne authoure, in slising thee husk and cracking thee shel, too bestow thee kernel vpon thee wyttie and enquisitiue reader. I could lay downe heere sundrye examples, were yt not I should bee thoght ouer curious, by prying owt a pimple in a bent: but a few shal suffice. In thee fourth booke, *Virgil* deciphering thee force of *Mercurye* among oother properties wryteth thus.

*Dat somnos adimitque, et lumina morte resignat.*

M. *Phaer* dooth English yt in this wise.

*And sleepes therewyth he geeues and takes, and men from death defendes.*

Myne enterpretation is this: [p. 103.]

*Hee causeth sleeping and bars, by death eyelyd vphasping.*

This is cleene contrarie too M. *Phaer*. Hee wryteth, that *Mercurye* defendeth from death, I wryte that yt procureth death, which (vnder his correction) dooth more annere too the author his mynd, and too *natures* woorking. For yf *Mercurye* dyd not slea beefore yt dyd salue, and procurd sleeping eare yt caused waking, *Nature* in her operations would bee founderd, thee fat were in thee fire, thee marcket were mard. Too lyke effect *Chauncer* bringeth, in thee fift booke, *Troilus* thus mourning.

*Thee owle eeke, which that hight Ascapthyllo,  
Hath after mee shright al theese nightes two :  
And God Mercurye, now of mee woful wreche  
Thee soule gyde, and when thee list, yt feche.*

Againe *Virgil* in diuerse places inuesteth *Iuno* with this epitheton, *Saturnia*, M. *Phaer* ouerpasseth yt, as yf yt were an idle woord shuffled in by thee authoure too dam vp thee chappes of yawning verses. I neauer, too my remembraunce, omitted yt, as in deede a terme that carieth meate in his mouth, and so emphatical, as thee ouerslipping of yt were in effect thee chocking of thee poet his discourse, in suche hauking wise, ac yf hee were throtled with the chincoughe. And too inculcat that clause thee better, where thee marriadge is made in thee fourth booke beetweene *Dido* and *Aeneas*, I ad in my verse, *Watrye Iuno*, Althogh mijne authour vsd not thee epitheton, *Watrye*, but only made mention of *earth*, *ayer*, and *fyere* : yeet I am wel assured, that woord throughly conceaued of an heedeful student may geeue hym such light, as may ease hym of six moonethes trauaile : which were wel spent, yf that *Wedlock* were wel vnderstood. Thus *Virgil* in his *Aeneis*, and *Ouid* in his *Metamorphosis* are so tickle in soom places, as they rather craue a construction than a translation. But yt may bee heere after (yf God wil grace my proceedings) I shal bee occasioned, in my *Fin Couleidos*, too vnlace more, of theese mysteries. Which booke I must bee manye yeeres breedinge : but yf yt bee throughly effected, I stand in hoape, yt wyl fal owt too bee *gratum opus*, not *Agricolis*, but *Philosophis*.

Now too coom too theym, that guesh my trauaile too be easye, by reason of thee libertye I had in English woordes (for as I can not deuine vpon such bookes, that happlye rouke in studentes mewes, so I trust, I offer no man iniurie, yf I assume too my selfe thee maydenhed of al wurcks, that hath beene beefore this tyme, in print, too my knowlegde, diuulged in this kind of verse) I wil not greatly wrangle with theym therein : yeet this much they are too consider.

## 8 TOO MY LORD OF DUNSANYE. [R. Stanyhurst 30 June 1582.]

that as thee first applyng of a woord may ease mee in thee first place, so perhaps, when I am occasioned too vse thee selfe same woord els where, I may bee as much hyndered, as at thee beginning I was furthred. For example. In thee first verse of *Virgil*, I mak, *season*, long in an oother place yt woul[d] steede mee percase more, yf I made yt short: and yeet I am now tyed too vse yt as long. So that the aduantage that way is not verie great. But as for thee general facilitie, this much I dare warrant yoong beginners, that when they shal haue soom firme footing in this kind of Poetrie, which by a litle payneful exercise may bee purchast, they shal find as easye a veyne in thee English, as in thee Latin verses, yee and much more easye than in the *English rythmes*. Touching myne owne trial, this much I wil discoouer. Thee three first bokes I translated by startes, as my leasure and pleasure would serue mee. In thee fourth booke I did task my self, and persued thee matter soomwhat hoatie. M. *Phaer* tooke too thee making of that booke fiteene dayes. I hudled vp myne in ten. Wherein I coouet no prayse, but rather doe craue pardon. Fore lyke as forelittring biches whelp blynd puppies, so I may bee perhaps entwight of more haste then good speede, as *Syr Thomas More* in lyke case gybeth at one that made vaunt of certeyn pild verses clowted vp *extrumpere*.

*Hos quid te scripsisse mones ex tempore versus?*

*Nam liber hoc loquitur, te reticente, tuus.*

But too leaue that too thee veredict of oothers (wherein I craue thee good lyking of thee curteouse, and skorne thee controlment of thee currish, as those that vsuallie reprehend moste, and yeet can amend leaste) thee ods beeteene *verses* and *rythme* is verie great. For in thee one euerye *foote*, euerye *word*, euerye *syllable*, yet euery *letter* is too bee



observed: in thee oother thee last *woord* is onely too bee heeded: As is very liuely exprest by thee *lawyer* in empaneling a iurye.

*Johannes Doa: Iohannes Den: Johannes Hye:*

*Richardus Roa: Willielmus Fen: Thomas Pye:*

*Iohannes Myles: Willielmus Neile: Richardus Leake:*

*Thomas Giles: Iohannes Sneile: Johannes Peake.*

M. Kytchin  
in Courtleete.  
pag. 51. A.

Haplye such curious *makers*, as youre lordship is, wyl accompt this but *rythme dogrel*: but wee may suite yt wyth a more ciuil woord, by terming yt, *rythme peale meale*, yt rowles so roundlye in thee hyrer his eares. And are there not diuerse skauingers of draftye poëtrye in this oure age, that bast theyre papers with smearie larde sauoring al too geather of thee frynig pan? What *Tom Towly* is so simple, that wyl not attempt, too bee a *rithmoure*? Yf your Lordship stand in doubt thereof, what thinck you of thee *thick skyn*, that made this for a *fare wel* for this *mystresse* vpon his departure from *Abingtowne*?

*Abingtowne, Abingtowne God bee wyth thee:*

*For thou haste a steeple lyke a dagger sheathe.*

And an oother in thee prayse not of a steeple, but of a dagger.

*When al is goane but thee black scabbard,*

*Wel faer thee haft wyth thee duggeon dagger.*

Thee therd (for I wyl present your lordship with a leshe) in thee commendacion of bacon.

*Hee is not a king, that weareth satten,*

*But hee is a king, that eateth bacon.*

Haue not theese men made a fayre speake? If they had put in *Mightye Joue*, and *Gods* in thee plural number, and *Venus*

with *Cupide thee blynd Boy*, al had beene in thee nick, thee rythme had beene of a right stamp. For a few such stiches boch vp oure newe fashion makers. Prouyded not wythstanding alwayes that *Artaxerxes*, al be yt hee bee spurgalde, beeing so much gallopt, bee placed in thee dedicatorye epistle receauing a cuppe of water of a swayne, or elles al is not wurth a beane. Good God what a frye of such *wooden rhythmours* dooth swarme in stacioners shops, who neauer enstructed in any grammar schoole, not atayning too thee paringes of thee Latin or Greeke tongue, yeet lyke blynd bayards rush on forward, fostring theyre vayne conceites wyth such ouerweening silly follyes, as they reck not too bee condemned of thee learned for ignorant, so they bee commended of thee ignorant for learned. Thee reddyest way therefore too flap theese droanes from thee sweete senting hiues of *Poëtrye*, is for thee learned too applye theym selues whole (yf they be delighted wyth that veyne) too thee true making of verses in such wise as thee *Greekes* and *Latins*, thee fathers of knowledge, haue doone; and too leaue too theese doltish coystrels theyre rude rythming and balduck-toom ballads. Too thee sturring therefor of thee riper, and thee encouraging of thee yonger gentlemen of oure *Vniuersityes* I haue taken soom paynes that way, which I thoght good too beetake too youre lordship his patronage, beeing of yt self oother wise so tender, as happly yt might scant endure thee tyype of a frumping philippe. And thus omitting al oother *ceremonial complementoes* beetweene youre lordship and mee, I commit you and youre proceedinges too thee garding and guiding of thee almightie.

From *Leiden* in *Holland* thee last of Iune. 1582.

Your Lordship his loouing broother

*Richard Stanyhurst.*

## TOO THEE LEARNED READER.



IN thee obseruation of quantitees of syllables, soom happlye wyl bee so stieflie tyed too thee ordinaunces of thee Latins, as what shal seeme too swarue from theyre maximes, they wyl not stick too skore vp for erroours. In which resolution such curious *Priscianistes* dooe attribute greater prerogatiue too thee Latin tongue, than reason wyl affurd, and lesse libertye too oure language, than nature may permit. For in as much as thee Latins haue not beene authors of these verses, but traced in thee steps of thee Greekes, why should we with thee stringes of thee Latin rules cramp oure tongue, more than the Latins doe fetter theyre speeche, as yt were, wyth thee chaynes of thee greeke preceptes. Also that nature wyl not permit vs too fashion oure wordes in al poinctes correspondent too thee Latinistes may easely appeere in suche termes as we borrow of theym. For exemple : The first of, *Breuiiter*, is short, thee first of, *briefly*, wyth vs must bee long. Lykewise, *sonans*, is short, yeet, *sowning*, in English must bee long : and much more yf yt were, *Sounding*, as thee ignorant generally, but falslye dooe wryte ; nay, that where at I woonder more, thee learned trip theyre pennes at this stoane, in so much as M. *Phaer* in thee verye first verse of Virgil mistaketh thee worde, Yeet *sound* and *sowne* differ as much in English, as *solidus* and *sonus* in Latin. Also in thee midst of a woord wee differ soomtymes from the Romans. As in Latin wee pronounce, *Orātor*, *Audītor*, *Magīster*, long : in English, *Orātoure*, *Auditoure*, *Magīstrat*, short. Lykewise wee pro-

nounce, *Præpăro*, *compăro*, short in Latin, and *prépăred* and *compăred* long in English. Agayne thee infallibelist rule that thee Latins haue for thee quantitie of middle syllables is this. *Penultima acuta producitur, vt virtutis; penultima grauata corripitur, vt sanguinis.* Honoure in English, is short, as with thee Latins: yeet *dishonour* must bee long by thee formoure maxime: which is contrary too an oother ground of thee Latins, whereby they prescribe, that thee *primatiue* and *deriuatiue* thee *simple* and *compound* bee of one quantitie. But that rule of al oothers must be abandoned from thee English, oother wise al woordes in effect should bee abridged. *Mooother*, I make long. Yeet *graundmother* must bee short. *Buckler*, is long; yeet *swashbuckler* is short. And albeyt that woord bee long by *position*, yeet doubtlesse thee natural dialect of English wyl not allow of that rule in middle syllables, but yt must bee of force with vs excepted, where thee natural pronuntiation wyl so haue yt. For ootherwise wee should bannish a number of good and necessarye wordes from oure verses; as *M. Gabriel Haruye* (yf I mystake not thee gentleman his name) hath verye wel obserued in one of his familiar letters: where hee layeth downe diuerse wordes straying from thee Latin preceptes, as *Maiesty*, *Royalty*, *Honestie*, &c. And soothly, too my seeming, yf thee coniunction, *And*, were made common in English, yt were not amisse, although yt bee long by *position*: For thee Romans are greatly aduantaged by theyre woordes, *Et*, *Que*, *Quoque*, *Atque*: which were they disioincted from thee Latin poëtrie, many good verses would bee raelde and dismembred, that now cary a good grace among theym, hauing theyre ioynctes knit with theese copulatiue sinnewes. But too rip vp further thee peculiar proprietye of oure English, let vs listen too *Tullye* his iudgement, wherein thogh hee seeme verie peremptorie, yeet, with his fauoure, hee misheth thee cushen. Thus in his booke, intituled *Orator*, hee writeth. *Ipsa natura, quasi*

*modulareetur hominum orationem, in omni verbo posuit acutam vocem, nec vna plus, nec a postrema syllaba citra tertiam.* In this saying Tullye obserueth three poinctes. First, that by course of *Nature* euerye woord hath an *accent*. Next, one only: lastlye, that thee sayd *accent* must be on thee last syllable, as *propè*, or on thee last saluing one, as *Virtûtis*, or at thee furthest on thee therd syllable, as *Omnîpotens*. Yeet this rule taketh no such infallible effect with vs, althogh *Tully* maketh yt natural, who by thee skyl of thee Greek and Latin dyd ayme at oother languages too hym vnknownen, and therefor is too bee borne wythal. As, *Peremptorie*, is a woord of foure syllables, and yeet thee *accent* is in thee first. So *Sêcundarie*, *ôrdinarie*, *Mâtrimonie*, *Pâtrimonie*, *Plânetarie*, *împeratiue*, *Côsmographie*, *ôrtography*, with many lyke. For althogh thee ignorant pronounce, *Împêratiue*, *Cosmôgraphie*, *Ôrtôgraghy*, geeuing the *accent* too thee therd syllable, yeet that is not thee true English pronuntiation. Now put case thee cantel of thee Latin verse (*Sapiens dominabitur astris*) were thus Englished: *Planetary* woorckinges thee wisman's vertue represseth: albeyt thee middle of *planeta* bee long with thee Romans, yeet I would not make yt scrupulus, too shorten yt in English, by reason thee natural pronuntiation would haue yt so. For thee final eende of a verse is to please thee eare, which must needes bee thee vmpyre of thee woord, and according too that weight oure syllables must bee poysed. Wherefor syth thee poëtes theymselues aduouch, *Tu nihil inuita facies, discesue Minerva*. That nothing may bee doone or spoaken agaynst nature, and that *Art* is also bound too shape yt self by al imitation too *Nature*: wee must request theese *grammatical Precisians*, that as euery countrye hath his peculiar law, so they permit euerye language too vse his particular loare. For my part I purpose not too beat on euerye childish tittle, that concerneth *Prosodia*, neither dooe I vndertake too chalck owt any lines or rules too others, but too lay downe too thee

reader his view thee course I tooke in this my trauaile. Such woordes as proceede from thee Latin, and bee not altered by oure English, in theym I obserue thee quantitie of thee Latin. As *Honest*, *Honor*: a few I excepted, as thee first of *apeered*, *auenture*, *aproched*, I make short, although they are long in Latin: as *Appareo*, *Aduenio*, *Appropinquo*: for which and percase a few such woordes I must craue pardon of thee curteous reader. For ootherwise yt were lyke ynough that soom *grammatical pullet*, hacht in *Dispater* his sachel, would stand clocking aganyst mee, as thogh hee had found an horse nest, in laynig that downe for a falt, that perhaps I dooe knowe better then hee. Yeet in theese *diriuations* of termes I would not bee doomde by euerye reaching herrault, that in roaming wise wyl attempt too fetch thee petit degree of woordes, I know not from what auncetoure. As I make thee first of *Riuier* short. A Wrangler may imagin yt should bee long, by reason of *Riuus*, of which yt seemeth too bee deriued. And yeet forsooth *riuus* is but a *brooke*, and not a *riuier*. Likewyse soom English woordes may bee read in soom places long, in soom short, as *skyeward*, *seaward*, *searowme*. Thee difference thereof groweth beecause they are but compound woordes that may bee with good sense sunderd: and thee last of *Sea*, and *skye* beenig common breedeth that diuersitie. Also thee self same woord may varye beecause of thee signification. Thee first of *Felon* for a *theefe* I make long, but when yt signifieth thee disease, so named, I hold yt better too make yt short. Agayne a woord that is short beeing deuided, may bee long in an oother place contracted. As thee first of, *Leaues*, yf you deuide yt in two syllables, I make short, yf you contract yt too one syllabe I make yt long. So thee first in *Crawing* is long, and thee therd person of thee verb, too wyt, *Craues*, may seeme short, where the next woord following beginneth with a vocal, yet yt is long by contraction: and so diuerse lyke woordes are

too bee taken. And truly such nice obseruations that *Grammarians* dooe prescribe are not by thee choysiest poëtes alvvayes so preciselye put in execution: as in this oure authour I haue by thee vvay marckt. In thee fore front of thee first booke hee maketh thee first of *Lavinum* long. In thee same booke hee vseth yt for short. Likevvise dooth he variee thee first of *Sichæus*. So in thee therd booke thee midst of *Cyclopes* soomtyme is made long, soomtyme short. And in the same booke the coniunction, *Que*, is long. As

*Liminaque laurusque Dei totusque moueri.*

And in thee fourth:

*Cretésque Driopesque ferunt, pictique Agathyrsi:*

Also thee first of *Italia* is long: yeet in thee therd book *Italus* is short: as:

*Has autem terras, Italique hanc littoris oram.*

Touching the *termination* of syllables, I made a *prosodia* too my selfe squaring soomvvhat from thee Latin: in this vvise.

A finita communia.

B. D. T. Breuia: yeet theese vvoordes that eende lyke diphthonges are common: as *mouth, south, &c.*

C common.

E common: yf yt bee short, I vvryte yt vsualy vvith a single E. as *the, me.* yf long vvith tvvo, as *thee, mee.* although I vvould not vvish thee quantitie of syllables too depend so much vpon thee gaze of thee eye, as thee censure of thee eare.

F. breuia.

G. breuia: soomtyme long by *position* vvhere D may bee entersed, as *passage* is short, but yf you make yt long, *passadge* vvith, D. vvould bee vvritten, albeyt, as I sayd right novv, thee eare not ortographie must decyde thee quantitie, as neere as is possible.

I. common.

K. common.

L. breuia, præter Hebræa, vt *Michaël, Gabriel.*

N. Breuia, yeet vvoordes eending in diphthongvise vvould  
bee common, as *playne, fayne, swayne.*

O. common, præter ô longum.

P. Breuia.

R. Breuia. except vvoordes eending lyke diphthonges that  
may bee common, as *youre, oure, houre, soure, succour, &c.*

As and Es common.

Is breuia.

Os common.

Vs breuia.

V. common.

As for M. yt is either long by *position*, or els clipt, yf thee  
next vvoord begyn vvith a vocal: as *fame, name*: for  
albeyt. E. bee thee last letter, that must not salue. M.  
from accurtation, beecause in thee eare M. is thee last  
letter, and E dooth noght els but leng[t]hen and mollifye  
thee pronountiation.

As for. I. Y. VV. in as much as they are moungrrels, soomtyme  
consonantes, soomtyme vocals, vvhere they further I  
dooe not reiect them, vvhere they hinder, I doe not  
greatlye vveigh them. As thee middle of *folowing* I  
make short, notvvythstanding thee VV: and lykvvise the  
first of *power*. But vvhere a consonant immediatly  
follvveth the VV, I make yt alvvayes long as *fowling*.

This much I thought good too acquaynt thee gentle reader  
vvythal, rather too discoouer, vvyth vvhat priuat preceptes I  
haue embayed my verses, then too publish a *directorye* too  
thee learned vvho in theyre trauayls may franckly vse theyre  
ovvne discretion, vvvythovvt my direction.



# THE FIRST BOO- KE OF VIRGIL HIS ÆNEIS.



That in old season wyth reeds oten harmonye  
whistled

My rural sonnet; from forrest flitted (I) forced  
Thee sulcking swincker thee soyle, thoghe  
craggie, to sunder.

A labor and a trauaile too plowswayns hertelye  
welcom.

Now manhod and garbroyls I chaunt, and martial horror.  
I blaze thee captayne first from Troy citty repairing,  
Lyke wandring pilgrim too famosed Italie trudging,  
And coast of Lauyn : soust wyth tempestuus hurlwynd,  
On land and sayling, bi Gods predestinat order :  
But chiefe through Iunoes long fostred deadlye reuengment.  
Martyred in battayls, ere towne could statelye be buylded,  
Or Gods theare settled : thence flitted thee Latin ofspring,  
Thee roote of old Alban: thence was Rome peereles  
inhaunced.

My muse shew the reason, what grudge or what furye  
kendled

Of Gods thee Princesse, through so cursd mischeuus hatred,  
Wyth sharp sundrye perils too tугge so famus a captayne.  
Such festred rancoure doo Sayncts celestial harbour ?

A long buylt citty theare stood, Carthago so named,  
From the mouth of Tybris, from land eke of Italye seauerd,

Possest wyth Tyrians, in streingh and ritches abounding.  
 Theare Iuno, thee Princes her Empyre wholye reposed,  
 Her Samos owtcasting, heere shee dyd her armonye settle,  
 And warlick chariots, heere chiefly her ioylitye raigned.  
 This towne shee labored too make thee gorgeus empresse,  
 Of towns and regions, her drift yf destenye furthred.  
 But this her hole meaning a southsayd mysterie letted  
 That from thee Troians should branch a lineal ofspring,  
 Which would thee Tyrian turrets quite batter a sunder,  
 And Libye land likewise wyth warlick victorie conquoure.  
 Thus loa bye continuance thee naues of fortun ar altred.  
 This Iuno fearing, and old broyls bluddye recounting,  
 Vsd by her Greeke fauorits, that Troian citty repressed,  
 Her rancour canckred shee can not let to remember,  
 And Paris his scorning iudgement dooth burne in her  
 entrayls.

Shee pouts, that Ganymed by Ioue too skitop is hoysed.  
 Shee bears that kinred, that sept vnmerciful hatred.  
 Wyth theese coals kendled shee soght al possibil engins  
 In surging billows too touze thee coompanie Troian.  
 Al the frushe and leauings of Greeks, of wrathful Achilles.  
 Through this wyde roaming thee Troians Italy mishing  
 Ful manye yeers wandred, stil crost with destenye backward.  
 Such trauail in planting thee Romans auncetrye claymed.

Tward Sicil Isle scantly thee Troian nauye dyd enter,  
 And the sea salte foaming wyth braue flantadoe dyd harrow,  
 When that Iuno Godesse thee fuid most deadlye reuoluing  
 Thus to her self mumbled: shal I leaue my purpose  
 vnaunswerd?

Or shal I this Troian too seize thus on Italye suffer?  
 Forsoth I stand letted by fats: and clarcklye recounted.  
 As thogh that Pallas could not bee fullye reuenged,  
 Thee Greekfleete scorching, thee Greekish coompanye  
 drowning:

And for on his faulty practise, for madnes of Ajax?  
 This Queene wyld lightnings from clouds of Iuppiter hurling

Downe swasht theyre nauy, thee swelling surges vphaling.  
Thee pacient panting shee thumpt and launst wyth a  
fyrebolt,

And wythal his carcassee on rockish pinnacle hanged.  
And shal I then Iuno, of Saincts al thee Princes abyding,  
Both the wife and sister too peerelesse Iuppiter holden,  
In so great a season wyth one od pild countrey be warring?  
If this geare cotten, what wight wyl yeele to myn alters  
Bright honor and Sacrifice, wyth rits my person adoring?  
Thus she frying fretted, thus deeply plunged in anger  
Æolian kingdome shee raught, where blusterus huzing  
Of wynds in Prison thee great king Æolus hampreth.  
Theese flaws theyre cabbans wyth stur snar iarrye doe  
ransack,

Greedelye desyring too rang: king Æolus, highly  
In castel settled, theyre strief dooth pacifie wisely.  
But for this managing, a great hurly burlie the wyndblasts  
Would keepe on al mayneseas and lands wyth woonderus  
humbling.

Thee father almighty this mischiefe warelye doubting  
Mewed vp theese reuelers coupt in strong dungeon hillish,  
And a king he placed, throgh whose Maiestical Empyre  
Theese blasts rouze forward, or back by his regal  
apoinctment.

Too this princelye regent her suit ladie Iuno thus opned.

Æolus (in so much as of mankind the Emperor heaunlye  
And father of thee Gods too thee the auctoritye signed  
Too swage seas surging, or raise by blusterus huffling)  
Thee water of Tyrrhen my foes wyth nauye doe trauerse:  
Troy towne wyth tamd gods too land ek of Italy bringing.  
Yeele to the wynds passadge, duck downe their fleete with  
a tempest,

Or ships wyde scatter, wyth fluds that coompanye swallow.  
Nymphs do I keepe fourteene for peerelesse bewtye renowned,  
Of theese thee paragon, for fayrenesse, Deiopeia  
To the in fast wedlock wyl I knit, thye wife onely remayning

Thy pheere most faythful through eendles season abyding,  
Thee father of fayre brats, for this thy curtesye, making.

This labor is needelesse (deere Queene) king Æolus  
aunsward.

Thy mynd to accomplish my bounden duitye requireth.  
For my mace and kingdome through thy fast freendship I  
gayned.

Through thy freendlye trauaile mee dooth king Iuppiter algats  
Tender : by thye labour wyth Gods at bancket I solace.  
Thow madst me in tempest and blusturs loftelye ruling.  
This sayd : with poyncted flatchet thee mountan he broached  
Rush do the winds forward through perst chinck narrolye  
whizling ;

Thee land turmoyleing with blast and terribil huzing.  
They skud too the seaward, from deepe profunditie raking  
Too the skye thee surges, the east west contrarie doe strugle  
And southwind ruffling : on coast thee chaufte flud is hurled.  
Crash do the rent tacklings ; thee men raise an horribil  
owtcrye.

Thee cloudes snatch gloomming from sight of Coompanie  
Troian

Both Light and welken : thee night dooth shaddo the  
passadge.

Thee skyes doo thunder, thee lightnings rifye doe flush flash,  
Noght breeds theym coomfort, eeche thing mortalitie  
threatneth.

Æneas (his lymes wyth sharp cold chillye benumbed)  
Dooth groane, then to skyward his claspt hands heauelye  
lifting,

Thus spake : O Troians, ô thrise most nobil or happye  
That before eune the parents wyth byckring martial ended  
Your liues at townewals : of Greekes ô woorthye the  
strongest

Stout Diomed : byethe filds of Troy what fortun vnhappye  
Mee fenst from falling wyth thy fierce slaughterus  
handstroke.

Wheare lyes strong Hector slaughtred by manful Achilles.  
Wheare stout Serpedon dooth rest, where gauntlet or  
helmet

In water of Simois, wyth souldours carcasses harboure.  
This kyye sad solfing, thee northen bluster aproching  
Thee sayls tears tag rag, to the sky thee waues vphoysing.  
The oars are cleene splintred, the helme is from ruther  
vnhafted

Theire ships too larboord doo nod, seas monsterus haunt  
theym.

In tys of billows soom ships wyth danger ar hanging.  
Soom synck too bottoms, sulcking thee surges asunder :  
Thee sands are mounted : thee southwynd merciles eager  
Three gallant vessels on rocks gnawne craggie reposed,  
(Theese rancks the Italian dwellers doo nominat altars)  
Lykewise three vessels the east blast ful mightelye whelmed  
In sands quick souping (a sight to be deepelye bewayled)  
One ship that Lycius dyd shrowd with faythful Orontes  
In sight of captayne was swasht wyth a roysterus heape-  
flud.

Downe the pilot tumbleth wyth plash round soommoned  
headlong.

Thrise the grauel thumping in whirkpoole plunged is  
houeld.

Soom wights vpfloating on raisd sea wyth armor apeered.  
In foame froth picturs, wyth Troian treasur, ar vpborne.  
Also wher Ilionus was shipt, where manful Achates  
And what vessel Abas possest and aged Alethes  
Were bulcht by billows and boarde by forcibil entrye :  
Thee storme dyd conquoure, thee ships scant weaklye  
resisted.

These vnrylye reuels, and rif rafs whole ye disordred,  
As broyl vnexpected, thee sea king Neptun awaked.  
Sturd wyth theese motions, his pleasing pallet vpheauing  
Hee noted Æneas his touzdtost nauye to wander,  
And sees thee Troians wyth seas and rayne water heaped,

This spightful pageaunt of his owne syb Iuno remembring,  
Thee wynds hee summond : and wroth woords statelye thus  
vsed.

What syrs ? your boldnesse dooth your gentilitie warrant ?  
Dare ye loa, curst baretours, in this my Segnorie regal,  
Too raise such raks iaks on seas, and danger vnorderd ?  
Wel syrs : but tempest I wyl first pacifie raging.  
Bee sure, this practise wil I nick in a freendlye memento.  
Pack hence doggye rakhels, tel your king, from me, this  
errand.

Of seas thee managing was neauer allotted his empire.  
That charge mee toucheth ; but he maystreth monsterus  
hildens,

Youre kennels, good syrs : let your king Æolus hautye  
Execut his ruling in your deepe dungeon hardlye.

Thus sayd, at a twinckling thee swelling surges he calmed  
Thee clouds hee scatterd, and cleere beams sunnye recalled.  
Cymothœe and Triton on steepe rock settled ar haling  
Thee ships from danger : with forck king Neptun is ayding.  
Hee balcks thee quicksands, and fluds dooth mollefy sweetly,  
He glyds on the seafroth, with wheales of gould wagon,  
easye.

In mydst of the pepil much lyke to a mutenye rayсед  
Where barcks lyke bandogs thee raskal multitud angry,  
Now stoans and fyrebrands flundge owt, furye weapon  
awardeth :

In this blooddye riot they soom grauet haplye beholding  
Of geason pietee, doo throng and greedelye listen.  
Hee tames with sugred speeches theyre boysterus anger.  
In lykewise Neptun thee God, no sooner apeered  
In coche : when billows their swelling ranckor abated.  
Thee weather hackt Troians to the next shoare speedely  
posting

On Libye coast lighted : where they their nauye reposed.

Theare stands far stretching a nouke vplandish : an Island  
Theare seat, with crabknob skrude stoans hath framed an hauen.

This creeke with running passadge thee channel inhaunteth.  
Heere doe lye wyde scatterd and theare cliues loftelye  
streaming,

And a brace of menacing ragd rocks skymounted abydeeth.  
Vnder hauing cabbans, where seas doo flitter in arches.  
With woods and thickets close coucht they be clothed al  
vpward.

A cel or a cabban by nature formed, is vnder,  
Freshe bubling fountayns and stoanseats carued ar inward :  
Of Nymphes thee Nunry, wheere sea tost nauye remayning  
Needs not too grapple thee sands with flooke of an anchor.  
Hither hath Æneas with seaun ships gladlye repayred.  
On sands from vessels dooth skippe thee coompanye  
cheereful,

Pruning theyre bodyees, that seas erst terribil harmed.  
First on flint smiting soom sparcklinges sprinckled Achates,  
In spunk or tinder thee quick fyre he kindly receaued.  
With sprigs dry wythered thee flame was nourished aptly.  
Foorth do they lay vittayls, with storme disseasoned heauy.  
Theyre corne in quernstoans thye doe grind and taste yt on  
embers

In the while Æneas too rock crept loftye, beholding  
In the sea far stretching yf that knight Antheus haplye,  
Were frusht, or remanent of Troian nauye wer hulling :  
Or Capis, or the armours high picht of manlye Caicus.  
No ships thence he scried, but three stags sturdye wer vnder  
Neere the seacost gating, theym slot thee clusterus heerd flock  
In greene frith browsing: stil he stands and snatcheth his  
arrows

And bowbent sharply, from kind and faythful Achates :  
Chiefe stags vpbearing croches high from the antlier hauted  
On trees stronglye fraying, with shaft hee stabd to the  
noombles

Throgh fels and trenches thee chase thee coompanye tracked,  
Theyre blades they brandisht, and keene prages goared in  
entrayls

Of stags seun migty; with ships thee number is eeuened.  
 With this good venery to the road thee captayn aproched  
 And to his companions thee kild stags equalye sorted.  
 With wyne theire venison was swyld, that Nobil Acestes  
 In shore Trinacrian bestowd with liberal offer.  
 Theese pipes Æneas then among thee coompany broched  
 And with theese speeches theyre myndes thus he cherrished  
 hautlye.

O deere companions (for we erst haue tasted of hardnes)  
 Brawnd with woorse venturs, thee mightye God alsoe shal  
 eend this.

Through Sicil his raging wyld frets and rumbolo rustling  
 On peeres you sayled, through Cyclops dangerus helcaue.  
 On with a fresh courradge, and bace thoughts fearful abandon.  
 Of peril escaped much shal thee yearye remembraunce  
 Tickle vs in telling: through such sharp changeable hazards  
 And doubtful dangers, oure course tward Italye bending,  
 We must rush forward: oure seat theare destenye pitcheth.  
 Theare must thee kingdoom with Troian fame be reuiued.  
 Stand ye to your tacklings: and wayt for prosperus eendings.

Thus did he speake manly, with great cares heauely  
 loaden,  
 His grief deepe squatting hoap he yeelds with phisnomye  
 cheereful.

They doe plye theire commons, lyke quick and greedye re-  
 pastours

Thee stags vpbreaking they slit to the dulcet or inchebyn.  
 Soom doe slise owt collops on spits yeet quirilye trembling,  
 Soom doe set on caldrons, oothers doe kendel a bauen.  
 With food they summond theyre force: and coucht in a  
 meddow

Theyre panch with venison they franck and quaffye carous-  
 ing,

When famin had parted, the tabils eeke wholye remooued,  
 They theire lost feloes with long talck greedye requyred.  
 With feare good coomfort mingling: yf so haplye they liued,



Or that their liues thee tempest bitter had eended.  
But chiefly Æneas dyd wayle for manful Orontes  
And for knight Amicus, thee fats ek al heauye reuoluing  
Of Lycus and of sturdye Gyan, with woorthye Cloanthus.

Now the eende neere streched; from seat when Iuppiter  
heunly

Thee seas, thee regions and eeche place worldlye beholding,  
On Lybye land lastly fixt his celestial eyesight.  
And thus as he mused, with tears Venus heauye beblubberd  
Prest forth in presence, and whimpring framed her errand.

O God most pusiaunt, whose mighty auctoritye lasting  
Ruls gods, and mankind skeareth with thunderus humbling:  
What syn hath Æneas, my brat, committed agaynst the?  
What doe the poore Troians? who with fel boucherye  
slaghtred

For bending passadge to the promised Italye, therefor  
No worldly corner can theym securitye warrant.

You to me ful promist, eare that yeers sundrye wer eended,  
That Roman famely should spring from the auncetrye Troian,  
By whom thee worldly coompas should wholye be ruled.  
Wherefor (mightye father) what dooth thy phansye thus  
alter?

I tooke soom coomfort, when Troy was latelye repressed,  
With futur hap coomming, past fortun vnhappye requiting.  
And yeet theese wretched vagabunds hard destenye scourgeth  
When shal (Prince pusiant) theese dangers dryrye be  
canceled?

Antenor was habil, from Grekish coompanye slincking,  
Too passe through Greceland saulfly to Lyburnical empyre.  
Also to thee fontayn welspring of woorthye Timaus.  
Where through nyne channels with mountayns murmerus  
hurring

Rough the sea floas forward, thee land with snarnoise en-  
haunting

Heere notwithstanding this founder buylded a cittye,  
That Padua is cleaped, too linnadge Troian allotted.

And arms of Troytowne bearing: there he saulflie doth  
harboure.

Wee that are of kinred too the, and hast shrind in Olympus,  
Oure ships are whelmed through ons implacabil anger.

(A pitiful reckning) we ar touzed, and from Italye feazed.

Is this your daughters ritche dowry? her stablished empire?

Thee prince of mankind, father of Gods, mirrelye simpring  
Lyk when he thee tempest with cheereful phisnomye calmeth,  
Bust his pritty parat prating, and mildlye thus aunswerd.

Feare ye not (ô darling) on thy syde destenye runneth.

Thee Roman townewals thow shalt see loftelye rayсед,

And thy sun Æneas his glittering glorye to luster.

This much I determyn, my mind no partye shal alter,

Thy child Æneas (for sith such care the doth anguish,

Thee fates close couerd I wyl to the playnelye set open)

Thy sun, I say, valiant shal foster in Italy garboyls,

Strong and sturddye pepil with wars and victorye trampling.

Theare shal he buyld cittyes, and theare lawes ciuil enacting,

Vntyl three summars shal coompas his hudge Lauyn em-  
pyre:

And, the Rutils conquourd, three wynters stormye be  
glyding.

But thy sun Ascanius, which is eeke surnamed Iulus,

(Ilus he was termed, whilst stood the great Ilian empyre)

Hee shal bee the regent, vntil yeers thirtye be flitted,

From the Lauin kingdome the state and thee chiefty remoou-  
ing:

And with thicke bulwarcke shal he fence thee rampired Alba.

Heere thre hundred wynters shal raigne knight Hector his  
ofspring,

By Mars fyrye faterd twyns tyl the Queene Ilia gender;

Romulus in forrest of wulues dugge nurrished eager

Shal take thee regiment, and towne wals statelye shal vpraise

Of Rome, thee Romans of his owne name, Romulus, highting.

This rule thus fixed no tyme shal limit, or hazard:

Endles I do graunt yt: nay further Iuno fel harted,

Thee seas, thee regions, thee skies so spightfulye moyling,  
Shal cut of al quarrels, and with mee newlye shal enter  
In leage with Romans, and gownesept charelye tender.  
Theese thus ar establisht. Theare shal cum a season her-  
after,

When thee sayd famely shal crush Greeks segnorye throughly.  
Thee Troian Cæsar shal spire fro this auncetrye regal,  
His rule too Garamants, too stars his glorye rebounding  
Iulius of valerus princely surnamed Iulus.

Thow shalt hym settle, with his east spoyle fraughted, in  
heunseat,

Whom with relligious good vows shal magnifye diuerse.  
Thee world shal be quiet, then shal broyle bluddye be finnisht.  
Then playne sound dealing with laws of woorthye Quirinus  
And Remus, his broother, thee Roman cittye shal order.  
Thee gates of warfare wyl then bee mannaclad hardly  
With steele bunch chayne knob, clingd, knurd, and narrolye  
lincked.

Heere within al storming shal Mars bee settled on armour  
With brasse knots hundred crumpled; with sweld furor  
haggish

Lyke bandog grinning, with gnash tusk greedelye snarring.

Thus sayd: he forth posted (by May borne) Mercurye  
downeward

That new buylt Carthage should house thee Troian asemblye.  
Hee flitters swiftly with wynges ful fledgye beplumed  
On Libye land seizing: ther he soone perfourmeth his er-  
raund.

Thee Moors are sweetned by Gods forwarned apointement,  
But chief of al Dido, thee Queene, was wrought to the Troians.

But the good Æneas in night with care great awaked  
With Phœbus rising vpgot, too ferret al vncooth  
Nouks of strang country, in what coast his nauye doth  
harboure?

If men, or yf sauadge wyld beastes ther in onlye doe pasture.  
For ther he no tillagde dyd find: thus was he resolved.

And what he discoouerd, too tel to the coompanye flatly.  
 His ships hee kenneld neere forrest vnder an angle  
 Of rock deepe dented, shaded with thickeleaued arbours.  
 Hee walcks on priuat with noane but faythful Achates  
 Darts two fourth bringing with sharp steele forcibil headed.  
 In the myd of forrest as he gads, his moother aprocheth,  
 In weed eke in visage lyke a Spartan virgin in armour  
 Or lyke to Herpalicee, sweett Queene, steeds strong ouer-  
 ambling,

Which doth in her running surpas thee swift flud of Hebrus.  
 Shee bare on her shoulders her bow bent aptlye lyke huntresse;  
 Downe to the wynd tracing trayld her discheaued hearlocks;  
 Tuckt to the knee naked: thus first shee forged her errand.  
 Ho syrs, perceaud you soom mayden coompany stragling,  
 Of my deere sisters with quiuer closelye begyrded  
 Rearing with shoutcry soom boare, soom sanglier oughly?  
 So Venus: and to Venus thee soon thus turned his aunswer.

We hard of no showting, too sight no sister apered.  
 to the, fayre Virgin, what terme may rightlye be fitted?  
 Thy tongue, thy visadge no mortal frayltye resembleth.  
 Thart, No doubt, a Goddess, too Phœbus sister, or arcted  
 Too Nymphs in kynred: to the lasting glorye be graunted.  
 Smooth this craggye trauayl: tel what celestial harbour  
 Coompaseth our persons: theese men, this cuntrye we  
 know not.

Vs to this od corner thee wynd tempestuus hurred.  
 This fist shal sacrifice great flocks on thy sacred altars.

Then Venus: I daigne not my self wurth sutch honor heunly.  
 Of Tyrian virgins too weare thus a quiuer is vsed.  
 And to go thus thynly with wrapt vp purpil atyred.  
 Thow seest large Affrick, thee Moores, and Towne of Agenor,  
 Thee Libye land marckmeas: a country manful in armoure.  
 In this coast Dido, from her broother flitted, is empresse.  
 Tedius in telling and long were the iniurye total:  
 Chief poyncys I purpose too touche with summarye shortnesse.  
 Her spouse Sichæus was namd, too no man vnequal

In lands, her dandling with feruent passion hoatly.  
 Her father in wedlock took to hym this virgin vnharmed.  
 But then her owne broother was by right setled in empyre,  
 Pygmalion named ; thee sinck and puddil of hateful  
 And furiose cutthrots : hee murthred selly Sichæus,  
 With gould looue blynded iump at thee consecrat altars.  
 Of sisters freendship reckning; thee murther he whusted,  
 His syb in her mourning with long coynd forgerye feeding.  
 But loa, the proper image of corps vntumbled apeered  
 In dreame too Dido ; with pale wan phisnomye staring.  
 His brest he vncloased, thee wound, and bluddyful altars.  
 Thence to flit hee wild her, not long in countrye remayning,  
 Tward her costlye viadge his wief to hyd treasur he poincted,  
 Where the vnknowne ingots of gould and siluer abounded.  
 Dido so wel fornisht too flee with coompanye posteth.  
 Such folck as the tyrant pursude with vengeabil hatred,  
 Or feard his regiment in thronging cluster asembled.  
 They snach such vessels that then were rigd to be sayling  
 Pigmalions riches was shipt, that pinchepeny boucher.  
 And of this valiant attempt a woomman is authresse.  
 Theare they were enshoared, wheare thou shalt shortly see  
 townwals,

And citty vpswoaring of new Carthago to skytoppe.  
 Thee plat they purchast, that place first Byrsa they cleaped  
 And so much as a bulhyd could coompas craftelye getting.  
 But syrs, whence coom you ? what wights ? or too what  
 abyding

Countrie do you purpose too passe ? Thee capteyn amazed,  
 And sobs deepe fetchng, with sight ful sadlye thus aunswerd.

O gay Godesse lustringe yf I made to the largelye recital,  
 Or that of oure troubles you would to the summarie listen,  
 Thee night thee sunbeams would shrowd in clasped Olympus.  
 Wee coom from Troytowne (of Troyseat yf haplye the rumoure  
 Youre ears hath tinckled) late a tempest boysterus haggard  
 Oure ships to Libye land with rough extremitye tilted.  
 I am kind Æneas, from foes thee snatcher of housgods

Stowd in my vessels : in skyes my glorie doth harbour.  
 Land I seek Italian : from loue my pettegrye buddeth.  
 I made from Troytowne with vessels twentye to seaward,  
 My dam myghtye Godesse gyding, I my destenye tracked.  
 Rackt with soure blustering seaun ships ar scantlye recoouer'd  
 I lyke a poore pilgrim throgh desert angle of Affrick  
 Wander, thrust from Asian regions and fortunat Europ.

Heere Venus embarring his tale thus sweetlye replied.  
 What wight thwart, doubtlesse thee gods al greatlye doe tender  
 Thy state, neere Tyrian citty so lucklye to iumble.  
 Hence take thy passadge, to the Queenes court princelye be  
 trudging.

Theare thy coompanions with battred nauye be landed,  
 With flaws crusht ruffling, with north blast canuased hurring.  
 Thus stand thy recknings, vnlesse me myn augurye fayleth.  
 Marck loa, se wel yoonder swans twelue in company  
 flusshing

And the skytip percing, en chast with a murtherus eagel  
 Swift doe fle too landward, on ground al prest tobe seized.  
 As theese birds feazed, theyre wyngs with iolitye flapping,  
 Sweep the skye, with gladnes theyre creaking harmonye  
 gagling,

Eunso thye companions, or now with saulftye be shoared,  
 Or, voyd of al danger, theyre ships are grappled at anchor.  
 Speedelye bee packing, keep on hardlye the playne beaten  
 highway.

This sayd shee turned with rose color heaunlye beglittred  
 Her locks lyke Nectar perfumes sweet melloe relinquisht.  
 Her trayne syd flagging lyke wyde spread Conopye trayled.  
 Her whisk shewd Deity, hee finding his mooother, in anger  
 Chauffing; thee fugitiue with theese woords sharplye  
 reprooued.

What do ye meane (mooother) with an elf show, vaynelye  
 thus often  
 Youre soon too iuggle? why oure hands both claspe we not  
 hardly?

Why do we not playnely good speeches mutual vtter?  
Tward citty trauayling thus he blames her forgerye masked.  
But Venus enshrowds theym with a thicke fog palpabil ayrye,  
Vnseen of eeche person by sleight inuisibil armed:  
Least soom theyre passadge with curius article hyndring  
Would learne, whence they trauayld? Too what coast ar  
they repaying?

Shee to her loftye Paphos with gladnesse myrrye returneth:  
Wheare stands her temple with an hundred consecrat altars;  
Smoaking with the encense; the loa pauement senteth of  
herbflowrs.

In thee meane season they doe passe directlye to towne-  
ward

They trip too mountayns high typ, thee cittye but vnder  
Marcking; thee castels and turrets statelye beholding.  
Æneas woondreth; where dorps and cottages earst stood,  
For to se such sturring, such stuffe, such gorgeus handwoorck.  
Thee Moors drudge roundly, soom wals are loftelye raysing;  
Soom mount high castels; soom stoans downe tumble al  
headlong;

Soom mearefurth platforms, for buylding curius houses;  
Soom dooe choose the Senat, sound laws and order enacting;  
Soom frame play theaters; soom deepelye dig harborus  
hauens;

Soom for great palaces doo slise from quarrye the chapters.  
Lyke bees in summer season, through rustical hamlets  
That flirt in soonbeams, and toyle with mutterus humbling.  
When they do fourth carry theyre yong swarme fledggie to  
gathring:

Or cels ar farcing with dulce and delicat hoonnye:  
Or porters burdens vnloads, or clustred in heerdswarme  
Feaze away thee droane bees with sting, from maunger, or  
hiuecot,

Thee labor hoat sweltreth: thee combs tyme flowrye be  
sprinckleth.

O wights most blessed, whose wals be thus happelye touring

Æneas vttred : thee towne top sharplye beholding.  
 Hee throngs in shryne clowd (a strang and meruelus order)  
 Through crowds of the pepil, not seene, nor marcked of  
 annye.

In towns myd center theare sprouted a groauecrop, in  
 arbours  
 Greene weede thick shaded, wheare Moors from surge water  
 angry

Parted, a good token dyd find : for Iuno, the Princesse,  
 Theare the pate, in digging, of an horse intractabil vttred.  
 Thee wise diuined, by this prognosticat horshead,  
 That Moors wyde conquest should gayne with vittayl  
 abundant.

Heere to Iuno Godesse thee Princesse Dido dyd offer  
 A fayre buylt temple, with treasure ritchlye replennisht.  
 Thee stayrs brassye grises stately presented, here also  
 Thee beams with brazed copper were costlye bepounded.  
 And gates with the metal dooe creake in shrilbated harshing.

In this greene frithcops a new sight newly repressed  
 Long feareful dangers : Æneas freshlye beginneth  
 For to raise his courrage : his sharp aduersitye treading,  
 For whilst in temple corners hee gogled his eyesight  
 Wayting for Dido ; the stat of thee cittye beholding,  
 Whilst craftmens coonning hee marckt with woonder amazed,  
 Hee spied on suddeyn thee conflicts Troian al ordred,  
 And that theire bickrings al soyls haue coompased earthly.  
 Hee seeth Atrides, Priamus, to both hurtful Achilles.

Fast he stood : and trickling dyd speake : what nouke (syr  
 Achates)

In world what region do not our toyls liuelye remember ?  
 Loa the, se king Priamus ; soom crooms of glorye be resting.  
 Soom tears this monument and soom compassion asketh.  
 Pluck vp a good curradge ? this fame soom saulftye wyl  
 offer.

Thus sayd, his hert throbbing with vayne dead pictur he  
 feedeth ;



Groane sighs deepe reaching with tears his lyers ful he  
blubbred.

Hee sees with baretours Troy wals inuironed hardly :  
Heere Greeks swiftlye fleing, theym Troiyouths coompanye  
crushing.

Theare gad thee Troians : in coach runs helmed Achilles.  
Hee weeps also, seing flags whit, with Rhesus his holding  
In sleepe, whom napping, Tydides blooddye betrayed,  
His fierce steeds leading to the camp, er al hungrye they  
grased

On Trojan pasturs, or Xanth stream gredelye bibles.  
Troilus hee marcked running, deuasted of armour :  
A lucklesse stripling, not a matche too coape with Achilles :  
With steeds he is swinged, downe picht in his hudge wagon  
emptye,

Thee rayns yeet griping : his neck and locks fal a sweeping  
Thee ground, his launce staffe thee dust top turuye doth  
harrow.

In thee meane season Troy dames too temple aproched  
Of fretting Pallas, with locks vntressed al hanging,  
With grief meeklye praying, with breast knocks humblye  
requesting.

Thee Godes hard louring to the ground her phisnomye  
drowped.

Theare thrise about Troywals with spight knight Hector  
is haled.

For gould his carcasse was sold by the broker Achilles.  
Heere sighs and sobbing from brest vp he mightelye rooted,  
Thus too see the wagon, thee spoyl, the vnfortunat ending  
Of deere companion, thee lyke cars also doe sting hym,  
For to se king Priamus, with his hands owtstretched,  
vnarmed.

Hymself hee marcked combyned with Greekish asemblye.  
Hee noted Indyepil, with swart black Memnon his armye.  
Theare wear Amazonical woommen with targat, an haulf-  
moone

Lykning, conducted by frantick Penthesilêa,  
 No swarms or trouping horsmen can apale the virago,  
 Her dug with platted gould rybband girded about her.  
 A baratresse, daring with men, thogh a mayd, to be buckling.

Whilst prince Æneas theese picturs woonderus heeded,  
 And eeche pane throgly with stedfast phisnomye marcked,  
 Too churche Queene Dido, thee pearle of bewtye, repayred :  
 Of liuely yoonckers with a galland coompanye garded.  
 In Cynthus forrest much lyke too swift flud of Eurot  
 Where Nymphs a thowsand do frisk with Princelye Diana.  
 On back her quiuer shee bears, and highlye the remnaunt  
 Of Nymphs surpassing with talright quantitie mounting.  
 Too se this, her spirit with secret gladnes aboundeth.  
 Such was Dido ioying, so she with regalitye passed,  
 With Princely presence thee wurcking coompanye cheering.  
 In the gate of the Godesse shee syts, neere temple his arches  
 In chayre stately throned, with clustring garrison armed.  
 Shee frames firmlye statuts, and task wurcks equalye parteth.  
 Or toyls too pioners by drawcut lotterye sorteth.  
 Now sees Æneas with a crowding sudden asemblye  
 Antheus and also Sergestus, doughtye Cloanthus,  
 And oother Troians with rough seas stormye besweltred,  
 Too soyl vnacquaynted by tempest horriblye pelted.  
 Hee stands astonyed, so woondreth lykwise Achates :  
 For to shakhands frendly fear bars, now gladnes on haleth.  
 But the case vnwytted theym lets, thearfor they resolved,  
 With darck clowd shaded, too learne theyr formor auentur,  
 Wheare ryde theyre vessels ? why they coom ? what caus is  
 of hastning ?

For they the pickt choisemen dyd cul from nauye, requesting  
 Mercye, to the temple trotting with meruelus houlng.  
 When they wer in presence, of pleading pardon afurded,  
 Then the braue Ilionus thus stout deliured his errand.

O Queene most pusiaunt, too whom king Iuppiter heunly  
 Too raise a new citty, by rare felicitye, graunted,  
 And to rule a countrey, with scepter of equitye, sturdy :

Wee caytiefе Troians, with storms ventositie mangled,  
Doo craue thee (Princesse) from flams our nauye to guerdon.  
Yeeld pytye, graunt mercy; flowrs of gentilitie pardon.  
For we hither sayld not, thee Moors with an armye to  
vanquish;

Or from their region with prede too gather an heardflock.  
Such valerus coorradge rarely men conquered haunteth.  
Theare stands a region, by Greeke bards Hesperye named,  
A wel known countrey, for strong and plentiful holden,  
Theare dwelt th'Oenotrians; but in oure adge Italye  
cleaped,

So named of captayn : too this braue countrye we mynded  
Too bend oure iourney.

But with a flaw suddeyn chauffing stormbringer Orion,  
Spurnt vs too the waters: then sootherne swashruter huffling  
Flundge vs on high shelueflats, to the rocks vs he buffeted  
after.

Heere then a poore remnaunt in this thy segnorye landed.  
What fel beastlye pepil rest theer? such barbarus vsadge  
What soyle wyld fosters? On sands they renounce vs an  
harboure.

They doe byd vs battayl, fro the shoare thee coompanye  
pushing.

If ye doe skorne mankind, and eeche wight mortal his  
harming,

Let Gods sharp Iustice in soom sort yeet be rememberd,  
Oure king Æneas vs ruld, who for equitye rightful  
Euerye man owtpassed, for feats and martial armoure.

If this prince matchlesse no mortal destenye daunted,  
But yet is in breathing, from tempest saulflye recoouerd:  
First begin a freendshippe, for he wyl make fullye requital.

In Sicil eek region fayre towneships sundrye be settled:

In that od Isle raigneth, from Troyblud spirted, Acestes.

Graunt forth thy warrant in docks oure nauye too settle:

Graunt plancks from forrest too clowt oure battered inlecks;

That we our king meeting may passe tward Italye sayling.

If Libye seas raging the lief of this captayn haue eended,  
 If no good coomfort dooth rest of nobil Iulus :  
 Suffer vs at leastwise, with iagged nauye retyring  
 To Sicil oure passadge too bend, too famus Acestes.

This speche had Ilionus: that song his coompanye chaunted.  
 Brieflye then heere Dido, with downe cast phisnomye, parled.  
 Rest ye quiet, Troians, your thoghts from danger abandon.  
 In great sundrye peryls, my state set rawlye me streineth  
 Too keepe thus the seacoast with ward and garrison heedeful.  
 Who doe not Æneas, or Troian cittye remember ?

Theire valor and courradge, theyre fyrebrand glorijs onsets ?

Wee Moors, lyke dullards, are not so wytles abyding,  
 Nor Phebe from oure cittye dooth so far sunder his horses.

Yf ye be determynd, too sayl to old Italye Saturne,  
 Or to Sicil backward to the king, right nobil, Acestes,  
 Ile ye man, esquipping youre ships with furniture aptlye.

Or wyl you soiourne in this my feminin empyre ?

In towne you denisons I do make : let nauye be docked.

Troians and Tyrians I wyl with one equitye measure.

Would God your captayn with sootherne blastpuf inhurled  
 Heere made his arriual; but a watch tward mouth of eche  
 hauen

Speedelye shal be placed, your chieftayn woorthye to ferret :  
 Wheather he through forrest dooth range, or wandreth in  
 hamlets.

This princelye promisse boldning both manful Achates  
 And father Æneas, thee clowd with greedines eager  
 Too cleaue they couet : to Æneas thus first sayd Achates.

Thow sun of heunlye Godesse, how stands thy phansye  
 resolved ?

Thow seest al cocksure, thy fleete, thy companye salued.  
 One ship is only absent, that in oure sight sanckt to the  
 bottom.

Thy moothers prophecy to the remnaunt fitlye doth aunswere.  
 : Scant had he thus spoken, when clowd theym drossye  
 relinquisht,

And from earthly thickenesse, too thinnesse vanned ayerye.  
Theare stud vp Æneas, with glittering beautye redowning.  
Godlyke in his feature : for his heunly moother amended  
His bush with trimming, his sight was yoothlye bepurpled :  
His looke sweete simpred, much lyke to the pullished iuerye  
By crafts hand burnisht : or with Phœbe siluer enameld :  
Or touch stoane brazed with deepe gould purelye refined.  
Hee then vnextpected to the Queene thus brauelye replied.

Heere do I stand present, whom you so gladlye required,  
Æneas Troian from stormes defalcked of Affrick.  
Of trauayl of Troians, O Queene, thee succeres only.  
Wee crooms of Troians with land and seafurye moyled,  
Of welth dispoyled, lyke plodding stormebeaten haglers  
From natiue country, from citty exiled abyding,  
For theese thy benifits too make lyke freendlye requital  
I may not, Dido : nay the routs of progenye Troian  
Through wilde world scatterd, can not make woorthy  
repayment.

Thee Gods (yf Deitee worcks of wights godlye regardeth,  
If right bee raiging, yf vertue is too be rewarded)  
Yeeld to the lyke kyndnesse, What world, what vertuus  
heunly

Both father and moother gaue breath to so peereles a daughter.  
Whilst hils cast shaddows, whilst streams to the seas be  
reuoluing,

Whilst stars ar twinckling in the orbs of fixed Olympus,  
Thy fame with thine honor shal bee by eternitye blazed  
To what coast I trauayl : Theese speeches duytfiful vttred  
Hee shaks Ilionus with right hand, alsoe Serestus  
With lefthand, so doughtye Gian, so doughtye Cloanthus.  
First was Queene Dido with a sight thus sudden apaled  
Next with his hard venturs, and thus shee rendred her  
aunswer.

Thou sun of hautye Godesse, what crooked dangerus  
hazards  
Pursu thy person ? what seas thee terribil hither

Haue flounst? And art thou Æneas mightye, begotten  
 Of thy syre Anchises, and of Venus at Simo fountayne?  
 I saw king Teucer whillon too Sidon aproching  
 Expulst fro his regions, his right with might too recouer,  
 And with ayd of Belus: then my sire Belus in Island  
 Of Cyprus raigned, that land with victorie maystring  
 From that tyme forward I knewe thee Troian auenturs,  
 Thee name of thee citty, what kings succeded in empyre.  
 Enne thee veri enemy thee Troians glorye did vtter.  
 And from theyre linnadge right hee deriued his ofspring.  
 Whearefor, freend Troians, with draw your selues to mye  
 lodgings.

Mee the lyk hard venturs erst, and aduersitye suffring  
 In this new kingdoom good fortun lastlye reposed,  
 My self erst flighted to relieue thee flicted I learned.

Thus shee discoursed: to palaice forth statelie she leadeth  
 Thee prince Æneas; when seruice godlye was eended.  
 Thee whilst to his nauy shee caused twentye fat oxen  
 Straight to be conueighed, with an hundred bristeled hudge-  
 brawns,

Of sheepe lyke number with lambs: gods mightye rewarding.  
 But the inner lodgings were with regalitye trimmed.

In mydst of chaumber thee rounge for bancket is apted,  
 Thee wals are cloathed with massy and purpuled arras,  
 Of plate great cupboords, thee gould embossed in anticque  
 Patterns, her linnadge by long fetcht pettegre trayling  
 Of syers thee bedrol with natiue countrye recorded.

Then the good Æneas (for carcking natural eggeth  
 Thee mynd of the parent) to the vessels posted Achates,  
 This to tel Ascanius, conducting hym to the citty.

Thee syre in his darlings good successe chieflye reioyceth.  
 Lykwise he commaunded too bring from nauye the presents  
 Snacht from Troy ransackt, with Gouldfrets ritchlye bedawbed.  
 Also the roabe pretiouse colored lyke saufred Achantus:  
 Which plad vested Helen, from Greece when to Troy she  
 flitted;

Her weeds of wedlock, that her haut dam Leda dyd offer,  
Of price a rare present : also thee scepter he willed  
Of the fayr Ilionee to be broght : this fayrre was eldest  
Of Priamus daughters, this mace too carrye she woonted :  
Thee pearle and gould crowns too bring with garganet heauye.  
With this charge vttred to the vessels hastned Achates.

But Venus in musing with caers intoxicat hudling  
New sleights fresh forgeth : the face of trim pritty Cupido  
Too chang with iuggling, whereby hee too Dido resorting  
In place of Ascanius, with gyfts might carrye the Princesse  
Too braynesick loouefits, to her boans fire smouldered huffling.  
For Venus haulf doubteth thee Moors sly treacherus handling :  
Iuno her tormenteth : by night this terror her haunteth.  
This reason her sturring thus spake she to cocknye Cupido.

My sweete choise bulcking, my force and my power onely,  
My baby despising thee bolts of Iuppiter angrye ;  
Of the request I refuge, with meeke submission humbled.  
Thou knowest Æneas, by broothers byrth to the lincked,  
Through seas to haue wandred by Iunoes merciles hattred :  
Thow knowst thee venturs : my grief thy hert often hath  
anguisht.

Dido enterteigneth this guest with curtesye ciuil.  
Yeet do I stil feare me theese fayre Iunonical harbours.  
In straw thear lurcketh soom pad : yeet wyl she be sturring.  
Thearefor her endewours with counter craftinis hynder.  
Inflame thee Princesse with looues affection earnest  
That mye sun Æneas with mee shee chieffye may dandle.  
This drift too compasse let this my loare be wel heeded.  
At the fathers sending thee boy to the cittye repayreth.  
(Delicat Ascanius, whose forward succes I tender)  
With many rich presents from Troyflams narrolye scaped.  
This child fast sleeping wyl I lodge in loftye Cythêra,  
Els on hil Idalium in seat sacred he shal be reposed.  
Least that he this stratagem should find, or woerck wyllye  
founder.

Thow shalt his visadge for a nights space fitlye resemble.

Thee gay boy kindlye playing, thee knowne lads phisnomye taking :

That when Queene Dido shal col the, and smacklye bebase thee,

When quaffing wynebolts, when banquetts deyntye be serued,  
When she shal embrace thee, when lyplicks sweetlye she fastneth ;

That then thou be suer, too plant thy poysoned hoatloeue.

Too moothers counsayl thee fyrye Cupido doth harcken  
Of puts he his feathers, fauoring with gatetrip Iulus.

But Venus enfuseth sweet sleepe to the partye resembled,

Too woods Idalian thee child nice cocknyed heauing

In seat of her boosom : neere senting delicat herbflowrs

Of pretious Maioram, with shade most temperat housed.

But now thee changling with gyfts dooth trudge to the  
cyttye

On to the court posting : his gyde was trustful Achates.

When that he too chaumber, most stately decked, aproched

Dido sat on beadsteed with curtens gorgeus hanged.

Then father Æneas with Troian cluster asembled :

On palet of scarlet they were for cossherye settled.

Thee wayting seruauents riche basons massye doe carrye

Alsoe wypping towels : maunchets sum in pantrye doe basket

Fiftye busy damsels with charge of buttrye be tangled

With flame eke relligieuse too fire the consecrat aultars.

Maydens, manseruauents, of eche is there numbred an  
hundred,

That with princelye viand the tabils al francklye doe furnish.

Thee Tyrian lordings too Court most freshlye resorted.

On needl wrought carpets theese guestes were al vsshred  
aptly.

Æneas presents they marck, they doe gaze at Iulus.

His face goodlye roset, with speaking forgerye feigned.

They doe look at mantel, with roabs of saffrod Acanthus :

To futur harme lotted : but chieflye the princes vnhappye

Is not with gazing contented fullye, but eauer



Shee doth eye thee presents: thee mopsy her phantasy  
lurcheth.

On father Æneas his neck thee dandiprat hangeth.  
And to his great lyking his syre supposed he gayneth.  
Heeskips too Dido: thee Queene with curtesye cheereful  
Accepts thee princox: soomtyme she hym claspeth in armes.  
Poore soule not wyting what great God her hoatlye besiegeth.  
But this pritty peacock, his dames charge slilye remembring,  
First of al attempteth too raze from phansye Sichæus.  
With quick looue liuing fro the dead the affection haling:  
Too new flamd liking her mynd, erst rustye, reducing.  
When fare was finnisht the tabils eeke stately remooued  
Hudge bols thick they placed, with garlands crownd the  
they mazars.

Al the palaice ringeth with stamp, a mutterus humming  
Tinckleth through the entryes: the tapers eeke kendled ar  
hanging

From gold wyre glittring: thee night with brightnes is owted.  
Heere thee Queene wyllid that a massiue gould cup,  
abounding

With stoans coucht pretious, should bee presented; her  
owne hands

Thee goulden goblet with spirt wyne nappye replennisht.  
This cup king Belus with her old syers former al vsed.  
Thee rout kept a silence, theese speeches Dido dyd vtter.

Iuppiter (of guest folcks thee stay thwart truelye reported)  
Graunt that this present Tyrian with Troian asemblye  
May breede good fortune to our freends and kynred heer after.  
Let make sport Bacchus, with good ladye Iuno, be present.  
And ye, my freend Tyrians, thee Troian coompanye frolick.

Thus sayd, with sipping in vessel nycelye she dipped.  
Shee chargeth Bicias: at a blow hee lustelye swapping,  
Thee wyne fresh spuming with a draught swild vp to the  
bottom.

Thee remnant lordings hym pledge: Then curled Iöppas  
Twanged on his harp golden, what he whillon learned of Atlas.

How the moone is trauersd ; how planet soonnye reuolueth,  
Hee chaunts : how mankind, how beasts dooe carrye their  
ofspring.

How floods be engendred, so how fire, celestial Arcture,  
Thee rainebreede seunstars, with both the Trionical orders.

Why the sun at westward so tymely in wynter is housed.

And whye the night seasons in summer swiftlye be posting.

Thee Moors hands clapping, the Troians, *plaudite*, flapped.

But with sundrye motiue demaunds Queene Dido the night  
space

Stretcht, then vnhappy being with looues sweet poysen  
atached,

Verye much of Priamus demaunding and much of Hector.

Also how thee darling of bright Aurora was armed ?

How Diameds horses were shapt ? how strong was Achilles ?

Nay guest, quoth the lady, decipher from the beginning

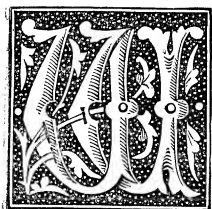
Thee Greekish falshood, with thy owne sharp venterus  
hazards.

For now seun summers ar spent, sence thy trauayl hardy

On land and sayling, lyk pilgrim, causd the to wander.

*Finis libri primi.*

# THEE SECVND BOOKE OF VIR- GIL HIS ÆNEIS.



Yth tentiue lystning eeche wight was settled  
in harkning,

Thus father Æneas chronicled from lofty  
bed hautye.

You me byd, O Princesse, too scarrify a  
festered old soare.

How that thee Troians wear prest by

Græcian armye.

Whose fatal misery my sight hath wytnesed heauye :

In which sharp byckring my self, as partye, remayned.

What ruter of Dolopans weare so cruel harted in harkning,

What curst Myrmidones, what karne of canckred Vlisses

That voyd of al weeping could eare so mortal an hazard ?

And now with moysture thee night from welken is hastning :

And stars too slumber dooe stur mens natural humours.

How be yt (Princelye Regent) yf that thy affection earnest

Thy mynd enflameth, too learne our fatal auentures,

Thee toyls of Troians, and last infortunat affray :

Thogh my queazy stomack that bluddye recital abhorreth,

And tears with trilling shal bayne my phisnomye deepelye :

Yeet thyn hoat affected desyre shal gayn the rehersal.

Thee Greekish captayns with wars and desteny mate,

Fetchng from Pallas soom wise celestial engyn,

Framd a steed of tymber, steaming lyk mounten in hudgnesse.

A vow for passadge they faynde, and Brute so reported.  
In this od hudge ambry they ramd a number of hardye  
Tough knights, thicke farcing thee ribs with clustered armour.

In sight is Tenedos of Troy; thee famosed Island;  
Whilst Priamus floorisht, a seat with ritches abounding.  
But now for shipping a rough and dangerus harbour.  
Theare lurckt theese minions in sort most secret abiding.  
Al we then had deemed, to Græce that the armÿe retyred  
Thearefor thee Troians theyre longborne sadnis abandon:  
Thee gates vncloased they skud with a liuely vagare,  
The tents of the enmyes marcking, and desolat hauen.  
Heere foght thee Dolopans, theare stoutly encountred  
Achilles,

Heere rode thee nauye: theare battayls bluddye wear offred.  
Soom do loke on dismal present of lofty Minerua.

Also they gaze woondring at the horse his meruelus hudge-  
nesse

And first exhorteth thee Troians seallye Tymetes  
Too bring thee monument intoo thee cittye; then after  
For to place in stately castel thee monsterus Idol.  
Wheather he ment treasons, or so stood destenye Trojan.  
But Capys and oothers diuing more deepelye to bottom,  
Warelye suspecting in gyfts thee treacherye Greekish,  
Dyd wish thee woodden monster weare drowned, or harbourd  
In scorching fyrebrands: or ribs too spatter a sunder.  
Thee wauering Commons in kym kam sectes ar haled.

First then among oothers, with no smal coompanye garded  
Laocoon storming from Princely castel is hastning,  
And a far of beloing: what fond phantastical harebrayne  
Madnes hath enchaunted your wits, you townsmen vn-  
happye?

Weene you (blynd hodipecks) thee Greekish nauye returned?  
Or that theyre presents want craft? Is subtil Vlisses  
So soone for gotten? My lief for an hault penye (Troians)  
Either heer ar couching soom troups of Greekish asemblye,  
Or to crush our bulwarcks this woorck is forged, al houses

For to pry surmounting thee towne : soom practis or oother  
Heere lurcks of coonning : trust not this treacherus ensigne :  
And for a ful reckning, I lyk not barrel or hearing.  
Thee Greeks bestowing theyre presents Greekish I feare mee.  
Thus sayd : he stout rested, with his chaapt staf speedelye  
running  
Strong the steed he chargeth, thee planck rybs manfully  
riuing.

Then the iade ; hit, shiuered, thee vaults haulf shrillye  
rebounded

With clush clash buzng, with doormming clattered humming.  
Had Gods or fortun no such course destenye knedded :  
Or that al our senses weare not so bluntlye benumbed  
Thear sleight and stratagemes had beene discoouered easlye,  
Now Troy with Priamus castel most statelye remayning.

But loa, the mean season, with shouting clamorus hallow  
Of Troytowne the shepheerds a yoncker mannaclad haling  
Present too Priamus : this guest ful slylye dyd offer  
Hym self for captiue, thearby too coompass his heasting,  
And Troian citty to his Greekish countrye men open.  
A brasse bold merchaunt in causes dangerus hardye.  
In doubtful matters thus stands hee flatlye resolved,  
Or to cog : or certeyn for knauerye to purchas a Tyburne.  
Thee Troian striplings crowding dooe cluster about hym :  
Soom view thee captiue, soom frumping quillites vtter.

Now lysten lordings, too Greekish coosinage harcken,  
And of one od subtil stratagem, most treacherus handling  
Conster al.

For when this princ Cox in mydst of throng stood vnarmed,  
Heedelye thee Troians marcking with phisnomye staring :

Oh, quod he, what region shal shrowd mee villenus  
owtcast ?

Whearto shal I take me forlorne vnfortunat hoaplost ?  
From Greekish countrye do I stand quit bannished : also  
Thee wrath hoat of Troians my blood now fierclye requireth.

Thus with a sob sighng our mynds with mercye relenting

Greedelye we coouet, too learne his kinred, his errand,  
His state, eke his meaning, his mynd, his fortun, his hazard.  
Then the squyre emboldned dreadles thus coyned an aunswer.

King: my faith I plight heere, to relate thee veritye  
soothlye.

I may not, I wyl not deny my Greecian ofspring.  
Thogh Sinon a caytiefe by fortun scuruye be framed  
A lyer hym neauer may she make, nor cogger vnhest.  
If that, king pusiaunt, ye haue herd earst haplye reported  
Thee name of thee famouse Palamedes greatlye renomed:  
Thee Greeks this captayne with villenus iniurye muredred:  
Hym they lying charged with treasons falslye, for hyndring  
Forsooth theyre warfars: hym dead now dolfulye mourne  
they:

Too serue this woorthy, to hym neerely in kinred alyed,  
My father vnwelthy mee sent, then a pritty page, hither.  
Whilst he stood in kyngdome cocksure, whilst counsell  
auayled,

Then we were of reckning; our feats weare duelye regarded.  
But when my coosen was snapt by wycked Vlisses,  
(A storye far publisht, no gloasing fabil I twattle)  
With choloricque fretting I dumpt, and ranckled in anguish:  
My tongue not charming with fuming fustian anger  
Playnelye with owt cloaking, I vowd to be kindlye reuenged,  
Eauer yf I backward too natiue countrye returned.  
And thus with menacing lyp threats I purchased hatred.  
Hence grew my crosbars, hence always after Vlisses  
With new forgd treasons me, his foa, too terrefye coouets.  
Oit he gaue owt rumours, hee fabled sundrye reportes,  
Mee to trap in matters of state, with forgerye knauish.  
His malice hee fostred, tyl that priest Calchas he gayned.  
But loa, to what purpose do I chat such ianglerye trim trams?  
What needs this lyngring? syth Greeks ye hold equal in  
hatred,  
Syth this eke herd, serueth; speede furth your blooddye  
reuengement.

So ye may ful pleasure thee Greeks, and profit Vlisses.

Thee les he furth pratled, thee more wee longed in harcking,  
Too learne al the reasons, no Greekish villenye doubting,  
Thee rest chil shiuering he with hert deliuered hollow.

Thee Greeks theyre passadge very oft determined hom-  
ward.

And clooyd with byckring theese wars they thoght to  
relinquish.

Would God yt had falne so: yet yt had so truelye: but often  
South wynds with wynter storming theyre iournye dyd hinder.

Also of late season, when the horse was finnishd holye

Thee skyes lowd rumbled with ringing thunderus hurring.

With weather astonyed, with such storms geason agrysed,

Wee sent Euripilus too sacred Apollo for aunswer.

Too soon his this messadge ruful from the oracle vttred.

Thee wynds with bloodshed were swagd, with slaughter of  
hallowd

Virgin, to Troy ward when first you bended a nauye,

Youre viage also hoamward a slaughter blooddye requyreth.

Thee wynd puffe blustering no blood but Greecian asketh.

When knight Euripilus this messadge crooked had opned,

Then we were al daunted, with trembling feareful atached,

What Greek for sacrafice thee God demaunded Apollo.

Shortlye the priest Calchas was broght by the shrewdwyth  
Vlisses,

And now soar laboreth, too know what person is asked.

Diuerse dyd prophecy foorth with my destenye final.

That this new practise from my old foes treacherye  
sprauleth.

Thee priest twise fiae dayes thee case with secreacye sealeth.

Hee maks it scrupulous forsooth with blooddye rehersal

Of tongue, too sacrifice a wight: hym pressed Vlisses

This not with standing, with long importunat vrging,

Of purpose Calchas mee wretch to the altar apointed.

Thearto the rest yeelded; for what theym priuat had  
anguisht,

On me they soone setled with publicque ioyful agreement.  
 With posting passadge thee day most dismal aproched,  
 Thee fruits al be ready, garland to mye temple is apted,  
 My scape I deny not, my flight from prison I knowledge,  
 Thee woas and the myry foule bogs for an harborye taking  
 Vntil they to seaward had packt, and sayles had hoysed.  
 Now shal I wayle, poore soule, from natiue countrye  
 remoued,

Of father accoumpting my self, of chyl dren al hoaplesse.  
 Whose giltlesse slaughter be my flight is lyke to be coompast.  
 Thee do I craue, Priamus, by Gods almighty supernal  
 (Yf truth, yf vnfayned good fayth dooth flourish among  
 men)

For to spare a wretched fugitiue thus touzed in hatred.  
 Wee thawde with weeping doo pardon francklye the villeyne.  
 In person Priamus foorth with commaunded his yrons  
 For to be disioyncted, theese woords eke gratius adding.

What wight th'wart, stranger, no Greekish countrye  
 remember.

Thow shalt be a Troian ; yet in one doubt truelye resolute  
 me.

What means this burly shapte horse ? what person is  
 author ?

For what relligion ? what drift ? what martial engyn ?

This sayd : my yooncker with Greekish treacherye lessond,  
 Too stars vp mounting both his hands vnmannacted,  
 aunswerd.

You fires perpetual with rits vnspotted abyding,  
 Too you for wytnesse do I cal : you mystical altars,  
 You swords I fled from, that I woare, you consecrat  
 headbands,

I do hold yt lawfull, to reueale thee mysterye Greekish,  
 Too scorne theyre persons, to blab theyre secrecy priuat.  
 What law can bynd mee, to be trew to so wycked a countrye ?  
 So that you, Troians, in promist mercye be constant,  
 If truth I shal manifest, yf gifts bee largelye requited.



Thee Greeks assuraunce in Pallas whoalye remayned  
And with her assistaunce theyre wars were shouldered always.  
But syth Tydides, eke of euels thee founder Vlisses  
Attempted lewdly fro the church to imbeazel an holy  
Patterne of Pallas, thee keepers filthelye quelling,  
Then they the sacred image with brute fist blooddye pro-  
phaned,

Thee virgins garlands with contempt impius handling :  
Syth they that attempted, thee Greekish successe abated  
And ther hoap al backward dyd drag : thee virgin eke angrye.  
And her wrath the Godesse with signs most sensibill opned.  
Scant was this patterne of Pallas settled among vs  
When flams of fyre flasshing most terribill hissed :

It sweat with chauffing : three tymes (to to strang to be  
spoken)

From ground yt mounted, both launce and targat eke holding.  
Through seas priest Calchas, to retyre back hastelye, wisheth  
For that agaynst Troians thee Greeks doo vaynelye bear  
armoure.

Tyl that with the Godesse theymselues too Greece be returned.  
Which they perfourmed. Now that they sayled ar hoame-  
ward

They puruey weapons and Gods too pacifye purpose,  
And to returne hastily : thus Calchas eeche plat hath ordred.  
They framd this monument to appease celestial anger  
Of the Godesse Pallas, the prophet that practis apointed.  
Howbeyt, Priest Calchas would haue the horse lifted in  
hudgette,

Lest you, thee Troians, through gats should carrye the  
present.

And so to bee shielded yet agayn with patronage anticque.  
If you with violencé this gyft too scatter had hapned,  
Graund heaps of mischief (which Gods on the author his  
hertroote

First set (I doo pray theym) should Troian cittye replennish.  
And yf this relieke by you to the cittye wer haled,

Then, loa, the stout Troians in wars should glorye triumphing,  
Wee to ye, lyke bondslaues, our selues for vanquished offering.

With this gay glosing of a stincking periured hangman  
Wee wer al inueigled, with wringd tears nicetye blended.  
Those whom Tydides, whom Lauissæan Achilles  
And al theyre warlick vessels, in number a thowsand,  
In ten yeers respit could not with victorie vanquish.

But marck what foloed : what chaunce and luck cruell  
happed

Iump with this cogging, our mynds and senses apaling.  
As priest Laocoon by lot to Neptun apoynced  
A bul for sacrifice ful sizde dyd slaughter at altars,  
Then, loa ye, from Tenedos through standing deepe flud apeace  
(I shiuer in telling) two serpents monstereus ouglye  
Plasht the water sulcking to the shoare moste hastelye  
swinging.

Whose brests vpstreaming, and manes blood speckled in-  
haunced

Hygh the sea surmounted, thee rest in smooth flud is hydden  
Their tayls with croompled knot twisting swashlye they  
wigled.

Thee water is rowsed, they doe frisk with flownse to the shoare  
ward,

Thee land with staring eyes bluddy and frie beholding :  
Their fangs in lapping they stroak with brandished hoat tonges.  
Al we fle from sacrifice with sight so grisled afrighted.  
They charg Laocoon, but first they raght to the sucklings,  
His two yong children with circle poysoned hooking.  
Theyem they doe chew, renting theyre members tender a  
sunder.

In vayne Laocoon the assault lyke a stickler apeaceing  
Is to sone embayed with wrapping girdle y coompast,  
His midil embracing with wig wag circuled hooping,  
His neck eke chayning with tayls, hym in quantitye topping,  
Hee with his hands labored theyre knots too squise, but al  
hoaples

Hee striues : his temples with black swart poyson ar oyncted.  
 Hee freams, and skrawling to the skye brays terribil hoyseth.  
 Much lyke as a fat bul beloeth, that settled on altar  
 Half kild escapeth thee missing boucherus hatchet.  
 But these blooddye dragons too sacred temple aproched  
 Vnder feete lurking and shield of mightye Minerua.  
 A feare then general mens mated senses atached.  
 Wee iudge Laocoon to be iustly and woorthelye punnisht,  
 For that he rash charged with launce thee mystical idol.  
 Streight to place in citty this image, too pacifye swiftly  
 Thee Godes offended, they doe crye.

Downe we beat oure rampiers, our towne wals gapwyd ar  
 opned.

Al we fal a woorcking, thee wheels wee prop with a number  
 Of beams and sliders, thee neck with cabil is hooped.  
 Through wals downe razed wee draw thee mischeuus engyn,  
 Ful bagd with weapons : sonnets are carroled hymnish  
 By lads and maydens, the roap ons to tip hertelye longing.  
 Hit slids, and menaceth futur hurt in cittyte reposed.  
 ô Gods, ô countrey, ô Troywals stronglye be rampyerd  
 Foure tymes this monument at townegats staggered in entring,  
 Foure tymes with the armour close coucht thee paunch bely  
 classhed.

How be yt, blynd bayards we plod on with phrensie bedusked,  
 And in thee castel we doe pitch this monster vnhappye.  
 By Gods commaundment thee trouth Cassandra reuealed,  
 Neauer in her prophecyes by the Troians seallye beleueed.  
 Wee for a last farewel doo deck through cittyte the temples.

Thee whilst night darcknesse right after sunset aproched,  
 With shaddowclowding earth, heun, and treacherie Greekish.  
 Thee Greeks that glyded through wals, al softlye be whusted.  
 Then the Phalanx Greekish dyd sayl with nauye wel ordred  
 From Tenedos : shinings of moone most freendlye doe gyde  
 theym.

To the shoare acquaynted they doe shooue : fyre of admiral  
 hoysed,

Streight Sinon, assured by Gods and destenye wrongful,  
 Thee stuf paunch closet from lincking ioynctlye releaseth.  
 Thee doores disclosed, by roaps thee coompanye slided.  
 Tisandrus, Sthenelus captayns, hard herted Vlisses.  
 And Athamas, next also Thoas foorth ishued hastlye.  
 Also Neoptolemus, but of oothers chieffye Machäon.  
 Downe Menelaus is holpt, of the engyn forger Epëus.  
 Oure men ar assaulted, with sleepe, with druncknes asotted.  
 Thee watch they murthred, thee gats set eke open, a cluster  
 Of theyre companions they let in, thee coompanye lincketh.

Then was yt a season, when slumber sweetlye betaketh  
 Eech mortal person by woont and natural order.

I, loa, then in sleeping, to my seeming sorroful Hector  
 Prest furth in presence, and salt tears dolfulye showed.  
 Harryed in steedyocks as of earst, black bluddye to visadge  
 With dust al powdred, with filthhood dustye bedagled.  
 His feet ar vpswelling with raynes of bridil ybroached.  
 Woa me God, how greatly was he chaunged from that od  
 Hector,

Too Troy that whillon dyd turne with spoys of Achilles,  
 Or that with wyldfire thee Greekish nauye beskorched.  
 His herd was sloottish, thee blood, thick cluttred, his hears  
 staynd.

Those wounds wyde bearing, that he neere thee cittye  
 receaued :

I, then, as I deemed by myn own wyl, thearto not asked,  
 Wept, in this maner to hym speeches sorroful vttring.

O star of al Troians, of towne thee prosperous holder,  
 What lets thee lingred ? from what far cuntrye, syr Hector,  
 Long loockt for coomst thou ? so that after dangerus hazards,  
 And diuers burials of freends, of kinred, of oothers  
 Wee tost now doe see thee. By what chaunce filthye thy  
 visadge

Is thus disfigured ? Theese wounds why mortal apeere they ?

Hee litle accompted this fond and vanitye childish,  
 But sighs vpplucking from brest ful deepelye, thus aunswerd.

Thow soon of holye Godesse, from flame thy carcas abandon.  
Thee foes haue conquerd, Troytowne is fired of al sydes.  
Too citty and Priamus lief ynough Gods destenye graunted.  
Yf that thee Troians hand stroaks could fortifye manful,  
This fiste, Greeks hacking, that fensiue seruice had eended.  
Too the recommendeth Troytowne theyr consecrat housgods.  
Take theese for the pilots of fats, by theyr ayd seke a citty.  
Which stately townewals by thee shalstronglye be founded,  
Through large seas passadge when thou shalt wander here-  
after.

Thus sayd : thee garland, mee thoght, and Vesta the mightye  
From altars down fetching, thee fiers eternal he quenched.

Thee whilst in citty there roard a changabil howling,  
Stil the noise encreaseth (yea thogh that verrye far inward  
My father Anchises his court was setled in arbours)  
Thee skrich rings mounting, increast is the horror of armoure,  
From sleepe I broad waked, to top hastily of turret I posted,  
And to the shril yerning with tentiue greedines harkned.  
Much lyke as in corneshocks sindged with blasterus hurling  
Of Southwynd whizeling : or when from mounten a rumbling  
Flud raks vp foorrows, ripe corne, and tillage of oxen.  
Downe tears yt wyndfals, and thick woods sturdelye tumbleth.  
Thee crack rack crashing the vnwytyng pastor amazeth.

Now Greeks most playnely their craft, long hammered,  
opned.

Vulcan hath, in flaming, quit burnt, by his furnitur heating,  
The house of Deiphobus, then next his neighbor his hous-  
frame.

Vcalegon kendleth, Thee strand flams fyrye doe brighten.  
Thee towns men roared, thee trump taratantara ratled.  
Thus then I distracted, with al hastning, ran to mye weapons.  
Too shock in coombats, or gard with coompanye castels  
Mee my wyl on spurreth, thus wrath, thus phrensy me  
byddeth.

And to dye with byckring I tooke for a glorius emprise.  
But see : priest Panthus of towne and sacred Apollo

Panthus Otriades thee Greekish boucherye scaping,  
Heeld in his hands holy rellicques, Gods conquered, also  
His yong pritty nephew, to the strandward speedelye trotting.

What news, syr Panthus? what forte were best to be  
fenced?

Scant sayd I theese speeches, when woords to me dolful he  
rendred.

Woorthye syr, our last houre is coom, too late to be mourned.  
Wee were in old season Troians, Troy citty was, also  
Thee Troian glory floorisht: now Iuppiter hardned  
Hath the state of Troians subuerted wholeye. The pertlyke  
Greeks thee flamd citty with ruthlesse victorye ransack.  
Theire steed hath vpvomited from gorge a surfet of armdmen.  
Fals Sinon aduaunced, with fire, consumeth al houses,  
And flouts vs kindly: thee gats ar cramd with an armye.  
Such troupas as neauer too citty Troian aneered.  
Soom stop al od corners, no nouke, no passage vnarmed.  
They brandish weapons sharp edgde, to slaughter apointed.  
In first encounter thee watch to to weaklye resisted.

With woords of Panthus, and with Gods herried order  
Kendled, I run forward too rush throgth thicket of armoure,  
Wheare shouts vpclymbing most rise, wheare is hertsad  
Erynnis.

Theare leags as feloes Ripheus strong, Iphitus hardy.  
By moonshyne roaming Hispanis, so syr Dymas eager  
Flanck furth oure vauntgard: next cooms thee lusty Chro-  
rœbus

Soon to Prince Mygdon, who then not lucklye repayred  
Too Troy: with lyking of mad Cassandra bewitched:  
Soon to king Priamus by law: thus he lawfather helping,  
His pheers wood prophecyes not at al the yooncker vnhappye  
Herd.

This band of Troians thus ioynctly assembled, I framed  
This speeche: Stout gallants, braue youths, and coompanye  
manful,

Yf ye be determynd too sinck in martial hazards,

Too lymys, to carcasse you see what fortun is offred.  
Al things goa backward : thee Gods haue flatlye renounst vs.  
Oure state that whillon preserud : thee cittye to rescue,  
Cleene burnt, were fruictles : let vs hardlye be slaughtred in  
armour

Tamde men haue one saulfty, not in hoap to settil a saulftye.  
Theese woords theyre valiant courradge dooe scarrifye  
deeply,

Lyke rauening wooldfams vpsoackt and gaunted in hunger,  
That range in clowd shade : theyre whelps neere starued  
ar eager

And expect vdders with dry iaws : so doe we iustle :  
Wee keepe thee midpath with darcknesse nightye beueyled  
Lord, bye whose heunly vttraunce may that nights blood  
be recounted ?

Or match thee misery with counteruaylabil howling ?  
The old towne fals to ruin, that summers sundrye was em-  
presse.

Thee streets and kennels are with slayne carcasses heaped :  
Euery house, eech temple with ruful slaughter aboundeth.  
And yeet thee Troians are not men vanquished onelye :  
Sparcks of an old courradge to the conquourd freshlye be  
turning.

Thee Greekish victours not in eeche stroke shottfre remayned.  
Loud was thee yelling, great fears and murther of al sydes.  
Of Greeks thee first man with a gallant coompanye garded  
Fronted vs, Androgeos, for freends vs simplye beleeuing.  
In gentil manner thus he soone discoursed, vnasked.

Hast forward feloes : what means this luskish aproching ?  
You drawlach loytrers are scant from nauye repaying,  
When your companions with spoyle of cittye be loaden.

He sayd : eke on suddeyn (for he was not freendlye lik  
aunsward)

He spyed his person with Troian coompanye wheeled,  
Thence dyd he shrinck backward, his woords al softlye re-  
pressing.

Lyke when as a trauayler thee snake with brambel ycoouer'd  
 Vnwyttling squiseth, with chaunce so sudden amazed,  
 Speedelye whips backward from woorme, with poysoned anger  
 Vpsweld. Androgeos lykwise most gastlye reculed.  
 Wee charge thee minions with round and compased armoure.  
 In streets vnknowne they doe fal, with terror apaled.  
 Our first encounter by fortun lucklye was ayded.

This successe cheering and fleashing lustye Choroebus,  
 Thus spake he: Deere sociats, syth we haue this prosperus  
 onset,

Now let vs on forward, as luck and destenye gydeth.  
 And let vs our targets exchange, and Greecian armour  
 Al clap on oure bodyes, marching with Greecian ensigne.  
 Craft or doughtye manhod what nice wight in foa requyreth?  
 Thee Greeks shal furnish weapons. This spoken, an helmet  
 Of knight Androgeos glistring on pallet he pitcheth.  
 Hee tooke eke his target, then in hand his fawchon he griped.  
 Thee lyke dyd Ripheus, Dymas, and thee youthful asembly.  
 With new raght weapons eeche wight is newlye refreshed.  
 Too Greeks wee linckt vs, by Gods direction holpen.  
 In night shade darcknesse with foes wee skyrmished eftsoons,  
 And with hoat assalting too Limbo we plunged a number.  
 Soom run to vessels too strondward swiftlye retyring  
 Soom clymb theyre steeds womb, freight with perplexitye  
 dastard,

Oh, Labor is fruitlesse, which Gods and destenye frustrat.

Lo ye; the wood virgin, with locks vnbroyded is haled  
 Cassandra, and trayled from temple of holye Minerua.  
 In vayn her eyes flamed too seat celestial heauing:  
 Her wrists eke tender with cord weare mannacl'd hardlye.  
 This sight foule freighted with woodful phrensy Choroebus.  
 Hee runs too rescu, lyk a bedlem desperat, headlong.

Wee the man hoat foloed, wee coapt with Greekish  
 asemblye.

Now be we peale pelted from tops of barbican hautye  
 Maynelyewith our owne men by stoans downe rouled among vs.



This dolye chaunce gald vs, with blood, with slaughter  
abounding,

For that thee townsmen knew not this chaffar of armour.  
Thee Greeks al furious, too see Cassandra recoouerd,  
Dyd band too geather : but chief thee courraged Ajax  
And both the Atridans, thee stout Deloponian armye.  
Lyke wrastling meete winds with blast contrarius huzing,  
East, weast and Southwynd, with pufroare mightelye ramping,  
Hudge trees downe trample: theare with God Neptun awaked  
Thee seas with chauffing and strecht mace merciles hoyseth.

Also such old enmyes: policy that former afflighted  
And coucht in corners, with a vengauce freshly retyred,  
And first discoouerd thee shields and treacherye feigned.  
Our speech eke and gybbrish theyre guesh dyd fortefye  
soothlye.

Down cooms thee countrey: wheare first thee sturdye  
Chorcebus

By syr Peneleus was slayne, neere consecrat altar  
Of the Godesse Pallas: Ripheus lyke villenye suffred.  
A man too pietee, to iustice whoalye relying.

So Gods ordayned thee chaunce. Lo oure coompanye  
slaughtred

Both Dymas and Hypanis: nor thy deuotion holye  
Could salue thee Panthus, nor crowne of blissed Apollo.  
You boans of Troians and houses flamed I wytnesse,  
In this last byckring I shrunk no danger or hazard,  
With Greeks encountring: and yf so fats had apointed,  
My fist deserued my deeath. From thence we be tumbled  
Iphitus and Pelias iump with me. But Iphitus aged  
Dragd, and eke Pelias sore maymd with wound of Vlisses.

To Priamus castel thee shout doth vs hastelye carrye:  
Heere was hoat assaulting, as thogh no skyrnish had els  
wheare

Beene, ne yet a subiect Troian throgh cittye wear harmed.  
Thus we se Mars furieuse, thus Greeks euery harbory  
scaling,

Vp fretting the pilers, warding long wymbeled entryes.  
 They clinge thee scalinges too wals, and vnder a sowgard  
 They clymb, in lefthand, with shields, tools fellye rebating,  
 With righthands grapling thee tops of turret ar holden.  
 In valiant coombat thee Troians sturдые resisted.  
 They pashe thee pallets of Greeks, and rumble a muster  
 Of torne razte turrets, and for defensibil armoure  
 Thee Greeks with rold stoans in last extremitye crussed.  
 And ritch gylt rafters, thee badge, thee glorius ensigne  
 Of blood, thee Troians are straynd too scatter in hurling.  
 Soom bands of Troians with weapons naked in entryes  
 Ranck close too geather, thee Greeks most manlye repealing.  
 Wee with al encoraged weare sturd too fortefye castel  
 Of poore king Priamus, bringing fresh streingth to the  
 vanquisht.

Theare stood an od corner from vulgar companye singled,  
 A posterne secret, to the castel Princelye belonging  
 Andromachee the woful that passage traced had often  
 Priuat, whilst Priamus kingdoom with saulftye remayned,  
 Too graundsyre leading her yoong chield Astyanacta.  
 Too the typ of turrets I ran, wheare feebllye the Troians  
 Cleene tyrde, the assaultours with weak force vaynely  
 repulsed.

Theare was a toure standing on a rock, that in altitud euened  
 Thee stars, too seming (whence al thee Troian asemblye  
 Was woont thee Greek fleet to behold, and customed armye)  
 Wee that disioyncted; from stoans thee tymber a sunder  
 Wee tearde; thee ioyncturs vnkmit, with an horribil hurring  
 Pat fals thee turret, thee Greeks with crash swash yt heapeth.  
 Theyre rowme supply oothers; no kind of weapon is absent,  
 Nor stoans, nor boans.

Theare stood ek al furiose with wrath dan Pyrrhus in entrye  
 With brandisht weapons ruffling, in brasshaped armoure.  
 Much lyke the owtpeaking from weeds of poysoned adder,  
 Whom nauil of boorrows in wynters season hath harbourd.  
 His sloughth vncasing, hym self now youthfulye bleacheth,

His tayle smooge thirling, slyke breast to Titan vpheauing.  
With toonge three forcked furth spirts fyre freshlye regendred.  
Theare foght Syr Periphas, and coachman of old of Achilles  
Automedon named, soomtyme that guided his horses.  
With theese stout captayns thee youth of Scyria marched,  
They doe pres on forward, vp fire to the rafter is hurled.  
In person Pyrrhus with fast wroght twibbil in handling  
Downe beats with pealing thee doors, and post metal  
heaueth,  
Hudge beams hee brusteth, strong bars fast ioyncted he  
renteth.

A broad gap yawning with theese great pusshes is opned,  
Where with thee chambers ar playne discoouered inward.  
Now Priamus parlours, with long antiquitye nobled,  
Too the fca stand open, with large far gallerye stretched.  
Stronglye the first entry thee Troians garded in armoure.  
But the inner lodgins dyd shrille with clamorus howting,  
Too skyes swift climbing was sent thee terribil owtrye.  
Then shiuering moothers throghe court doo wander agasted,  
Thee posts fast colling, the pilers moste hertelye bussing.  
With father his courradge his might dan Pyrrhus enhaunceth,  
No man, no mortar can his onset forcibil hynder.  
With rip rap bouncing thee ram to the chapter is hurled,  
Postes al and parlours vp from foundation heauing.  
Pyks make thee passadge : and top syd turuye be turned  
Al thee Princelye thrasholds; thee Troians roundlye be  
murthred.

No place or od corners of Greekish souldor ar emptye.  
Not so great a ruffling the riuier strong flasshye reteyneth  
Through the breach owt spurging, eke against bancks sturdely  
shogging  
It brayeth in snorting, throghe towns through countrie re-  
mouing  
Both stabill and oxen. There I saw in boucherye bathed  
Fyrye Neoptolemus, both breatherne lyncked Atridans.  
And Hecuba old Princesse dyd I see, with number, an hundred

Law daughters : Priamus with blood defiled his own fyre,  
 That with his owne traueling too Gods hee setled on altars.  
 Fiftye nephew striplings, and lemmans fiftye reteynd he.  
 Now thee statelype pilers with gould of Barbarye fretted  
 Are razde. Wheare flaming dooth cease, thear Greeks doe  
 make hauock.

Haplye what eende Priamus dyd make, now wyl be re-  
 quyred.

His foes old Priamus throgh court and cittye beholding  
 On rusty shoulders sloa clapt his vnusual armoure,  
 And bootelesse morglay to his sydes hee belted vnhablle.  
 His lif amydst the enymyes with foyne too finnish he myndeth.  
 In medil of the palaice to skyes broad al open an altar  
 Stood with greene laurel, throgh long antiquitye, shaded.  
 Now to this hold Hecuba, and her daughters mourneful  
 asembled

In vayne for succoure gryping theyre mystical idols.  
 Lyke dooues in tempest clinging fast closlye to geather.  
 When shee shaw Priamus yoothlyk surcharged in armoure  
 Shee sayd : What madnesse thee leads, vnfortunat husband,  
 With these mayls massiue to be clogd ? Now whither I  
 pray the ?

Our state eke and persons may not thus weaklye be shielded.  
 No thogh my darling were present, courraged Hector.  
 Heere pitch thy fortresse : let trust be reposed in altar :  
 This shal vs al succour, or wee wyl ioynctlye be murthred.  
 This sayd ; her old husband in sacred seat she reposed.

But se ye, from Pyrrhus scaping thee yoithlye Polytes,  
 Soon too king Priamus, through thrusting forcibil armoure  
 Rusht by long entreys, thee passadge blooddye begoaring.  
 Hym quick dan Pyrrhus pursuing greedelye reacheth.  
 With the push and poaking of launce hee perceth his entrayls.  
 In sight of thee soarye parents hee fel to the groundward,  
 And liefe with the gushing bloodshed to the Gods he released.  
 When that king Priamus dyd see this boucherye beastlye,  
 Thogh that he were posting in fatal iournye to deaths doore

Yeet this quick cholerick challenge hee could not abandon.

Now for this tyranny, thee Gods (so that equitye raigneth  
And the loare of iustice) take, I pray theym, rightlye reueng-  
ment.

In father his presence with spightful villenye cancred,  
Thee soon that murthrest, my sight with, boucherye stayning.  
Not so the right valeant (whose soon thwart feigned) Achilles  
Was to his foa Priamus, but laws of martial armes  
Tendring, dyd render too tumb thee carcas of Hector.  
And me to my kingdoom both gently and truely returned.

The old man thus bawling, in streingth cleene weakned,  
here hurled

His dart at Pyrrhus from the armoure feeblye rebounding,  
In bos of his target with flagging weaknes yt hangeth.

Whye then, quod Pyrrhus, thou shalt bee speedely posted  
Too coast infernal, thear let my exployts be reported.  
My father aduertise, that I was ful truelye begotten,  
Baselye Neoptolemus was borne, that carrye for errand.

This sayd, poor Priamus with force from the altar is haled,  
And then syr Pyrrhus with left hand grapled his hoarelocks,  
In the blud hym ducking of his owne soon, sellye Polytes.  
His blad he with thrusting in his old dwynd carcas vphilted.  
This was Prince Priamus last ende and desteny final,  
Who saw thee Troians vanquisht, thee cittye repressed :  
Empror of hudge Asia, earst ruling with dignitye regal,  
In shoare now namelesse dooth ly lyke a trunchon al head-  
lesse.

This when I perceaued, with sensibill horror atached,  
My father Anchises heere with do I cal to remembraunce,  
Whilst I beheld Priamus thus gasping, my syre his adgemate,  
I beare eke in memorye my wiefe left soalye Creüsa.  
And my house dispoyled, then I thinck on my soon Iulus.  
In this wise musing myn eye glaunst to my coompanye fensiue,  
I doe spye no Troian, for soom tyerde, tumbled al headlong  
Too ground, and diuerse were burnt with purposed offer.  
Thus then I left naked, by vestaes temple abyding

False Helen, in lurking manner close settled, I marcked.  
 Thee flaming brightnesse from sight dooth darcknes abandon.  
 This minion doubting thee Troians blooddye reuengment,  
 And also fearing thee Greekish fyrie requital,  
 Thee bane of vs Troians, of Greeks thee mak bate Erinnys,  
 Formd her in a corner sneaking detested of altars.  
 With choler inflaming I rest al restles in anger,  
 With the death of the lady to requit my countrye repressed.

To Mycen, or Spartans and shal she be saulfly returned?  
 And after conquest as Queene with glorye to floorish?  
 Her father, her palaces shal shee se, her children, her husband?

With the knot of Trojan matrons to her seruice allotted?  
 Slain lyes king Priamus: thee Trojan cittye beskorched.  
 Thee shoars of Dardan for her oft with bloodshed abounded.  
 No suer, I may not such an horribil iniurye cancel.  
 For to kil a woonman thogh no greate glorye be gleamed,  
 Thogh valor and al honoure from suche weake victorie flitteth,  
 Yeet to slea this fryrebrand, of al hurly burlye the foundresse,  
 Must bee commended. My mynd eke further is eased  
 Yf that of oure slaughters I shal bee partlye reuenged.

And as I thus muttred, with roysting phrensye betraynted  
 My moother, the Godesse (who was accustomed algats  
 Eare this tyme present to be dusk) most brimlye dyd offer  
 Her self to visadge, thee night with brightnes auoyding.  
 Eeune lyk as her deitee to the Saincts dooth luster in heun-  
 blisse.

Shee claspt my righthand, her sweet rose parlye thus adding.

Soon to what od purpose thus meane ye to ruffle in anger?  
 What maks you furious? wyl you care charye relinquish  
 Of mee youre moother? Too post with speedines hoamward  
 Too father Anchises were best: yf seallye Cretisa  
 Or the lad Ascanius from murder saulflye be breathing.  
 Theym Greeks assalting had kild, or turned in ashes  
 Had not my deitee theyre streingth ouer highlye resisted.  
 Not thee Greekish Helen (whose sight thy passion angrie

Enkendleth) not fautye Paris this cittye represseth.  
This ruin ordeyned thee Gods and destenye froward.  
Looke (for I thee moysture whear with, now mortal, is hyndred  
Thy sight, doo bannish, thee darcknesse clowdye remoouing.  
See, that you doe folow youre mootheres destinat order,  
What she the commaundeth to obserue, preciselye remember)  
Heere loa, whear heaps hudgy thow seest disioyncted a sunder  
And stoans dismembred from stoans, smooke foggye bedusted,  
Thee wals God Neptune, with mace threeforked, vphurleth,  
And cleene theire ioyncturs from deepe foundation heaueth.  
And the Godesse Iuno ful freight with pooysoned enuye  
Thee gates strong warding, furth from the nauye the Greek  
foas

Dooth whoup, streight belted with steele.  
In tops of turrets see wheare Tritonia Pallas  
Is set, thee Troians killing with Gorgon his eyesight.  
Thee father of deitee thee Greeks dooth mightelye courradge :  
Through his procurement thee Gods thee cittye dishable.  
Flee, fle, my sweet darling, let toyls bee finnishted hastily.  
Thow shalt bee shielded with my protection alway.  
I wil not fayle thee to tyme thow saulflye be settled.

This sayd, with darcksoom night shade quite clowdye she  
vannisht.

Grislye faces frouncing, eke agaynst Troy leaged in hatred  
Of Saincts soure deitees dyd I see.  
Then dyd I marck playnely thee castel of Ilion vplayd,  
And Troian buyldings quit topsy turuye remooued.  
Much lyk on a mountayn thee tree dry wythered oaken  
Sliest by the clowne Coridon rusticks with twibbil, or hatchet.  
Then the tre deepe minced, far chopt dooth terrifye swinckers,  
With menacing becking thee branches palsy beforetyme,  
Vntil with sowghing yt grunts, as wounded in hacking.  
At leingth with rounsefal, from stock vntruncked, yt harssheth.

With Gods assistaunce downe from thee turret I lighted,  
Mye tools make passadge through flame and hostilitye  
Greekish.

Too father Anchises old house thus saulflye retyred,  
 Foorth with I dyd purpose from thence too desolat hiltops  
 My syre too carry, but as I this matter had vttred,  
 Too liue now longer, Troy burnt, hee flatlye reneaged ;  
 Or to dwel as bannisht. But, he sayd, you lustye iuuentus  
 In yeers and carcasse prime, quick and liuelye remayning  
 Flee you.

If Gods omnipotent my lief too linger had ordred  
 They would theese lodgings haue fenst. Sufficeth yt also  
 That Troians misery dyd I liue too testifye mourneful.  
 Good syrs, bee packing, let my corps heere be reposed.  
 My fist shal purchase my death, my foa mercye wyl offer  
 For thee bootye fishing. Of graue to be voyded is harmelesse.  
 Long my lief I pampred, too Gods celestial yrksom,  
 Syth king of mankind, father of diuinitye total,  
 With thundring lightnings, my carcasse stronglye beblasted.

These words expressing in one heast hee stieflye remayned  
 Round fel I too weeping, with my spouse soarye Creüsa,  
 With my soon Ascanius, with al eke thee sorroful houshold.  
 Hym we al desyred too tame this desperat owtrage,  
 Oure final slaughter not with such follye to purchase.  
 Hee rested wylful lyk a wayward obstinat oldgrey.  
 I then alarm shouted, too dy dyd I verelye purpose,  
 For now what counsayl, what course may rightlye be taken ?

What? father Anchises, hold you my duitye so sclender,  
 Too slip from Troytowne, and heere you soole to relinquish ?  
 From the fathers sermons shal such fond patcherye flicker ?  
 If Gods eternal thee last disseuered offal  
 Of Troy determyn too burne, yf you father also  
 Youre self too murther, too roote youre progenye purpose,  
 Catch that catch may be, thee street gate to slaughter is open.  
 From killing Priamus, dan Pyrrhus shortlye wyl hither,  
 Thee soon fast bye the syre ; thee syre that murthred at  
 altars.

Wasd for this (mooother) that mee throgh danger vnharmed  
 You led, now my enymyes to behold too riffe in hous seat ?



And my soon Ascanius, my syre, my seallye Creusa  
For to se deepe bathed, grooueling in bloods of eche oother?  
Nay then I beeshrew me: make ye hast syrs: bring me myn  
armoure.

Now for a last farewell do I take me to Greekish assembly.  
Soom Greeks shal find yt bitter, before al we be slaghtred.  
I girt my weapons to my syde, my tergat I settled  
On lift hand so rushing to the streets I posted in anger.  
But my feete embracing my pheere me in the entrye reteyned.  
Too father owtraging thee soon shee tendred Iulus.

If to dye you purpose, take vs also in coompanye with you.  
If through experience soom trust ye doe settel in armoure  
First gard this dwelling, wheare rests thee childish Iulus,  
Wheare father is seated, where youre spouse named, is har-  
bourd.

Theese woords owt showting, with her howling the house  
she replennisht

But look, on a suddeyn what chaunce most woonderu shapned  
Tweene father and moother thee yong boy settled Iulus,  
A certeyn lightning on his headtop glistered harmelesse.  
His crisp locks frizeling, his temples prittelye stroaking.  
Heer with al in trembling with speede weeruffled his hearebush,  
With water attempting thee flame too mortifye sacred.  
But father Anchises, mounting his sight to the skyward,  
Both the hands vplifting, hertly thus his orison vttred.

Iuppiter omnipotent (yf that prayer annye the bendeth)  
Vs pitye, thy seruauents, yf eke oght our godlines asketh,  
Graunt (father) assiistaunce this mirracle happye to stablish.

Scant had he this finnisht, when that, with sudden, a  
thundring

In the skye dyd rumble, foorth with theire flamed a blazing  
Star, streams owt shooting, yeelding of cleerenes abundaunce.  
Wee noted yt glyding from tops of mansion houseplace.  
Lastlye the star sincking in woods wyde of Ida was hydden,  
Right the waye furth poincting. Thee wood with brightnes  
apeereth.

Eech path was fulsoom with sent of sulphurus orpyn.  
My father heere conquerd, hymself vp lustelye lifted.  
With the Godhead parling, he the star crinital adoreth.

Now, quod he, no lingring, let vs hence, I am prest to be  
packing.

Saulfe my pritty nephew, you Gods of cuntrye, my linnadge.  
You do manadge Troytowne, this is eke your prosperus omen.  
Now, my soon, on forward, thy syre is prest hastlye to track  
thee.

Thus sayd he. Thee flaming to the townewals more nere  
aproched,

And the flash of burning with skorching speedines hasted.  
Wel father in Gods name, mount on my shoulder, I pray you.  
This labor is pleasaunt, to me t'ys not payneful or yrcksoom.  
What luck shal betyde vs, wee wyl be in destenye partners,  
Or good hap, or froward: and let my young lad Iulus  
Next be my companion, my wief may softlye pace after.  
Syr, you thee seruaunts, slack not my woords to remember.  
A tumb to Troytowne and mouldy tempil aneereth  
Vowd to the godly Ceres, a ciper by the churche seat abydeth  
By oure old progeniotours long tyme deuoutlye regarded.  
From diuerse corners to that hewt wee wyl make asemblye.  
Gripe, father, oure country deitees, se ye warelye keepe theym.  
For sith I with byckrings embrewd so blooddye my fingers,  
I may not, I dare not pollute Gods heaunlye, with handling,  
Vntil I with fountayn mee wash.

When that I theese speeches deliuered, I twisted a wallet  
On my broad shoulders, my nape dyd I settle eke vnder,  
With lion his yellow darck skyn my carcase I cased.  
My father on shouldeers I set, my yong lad Iulus  
I lead with righthand, tripping with pit pat vnequal,  
My wiefe cooms after, through crosse blynd allye we iumble.  
And I that in forenigh was with no weapon agasted,  
And litel esteemed thee swarms of Greekish asemblye  
Now shiuer at shaddows, eeche pipling puf doth amaze me.  
For yong companion, for bedred burden abashed.

Danger al escaping to the gats I saulflye repayed.  
 Yeet not with standing a trampling sudden of hoatfoot  
 Soldours vs chased, to my thincking ; my father also  
 Casting eye backward cryed owt, soon fle, they doe track vs.  
 I doe se theyre brandisht tergats, and brassshapen harneise.  
 Now was I from policy fore cast with terror amoooued,  
 For whilst I wandred through streets and passages vncooth,  
 My wief departed, my coomfort hertye Crēusa.  
 Yf death her had goared, she behynd yf weerye remainyed,  
 Or strayed in foloing, I knew not truelye : but after  
 Vnseene she rested, nor backward skewd I myn eyesight,  
 In graue of holy Ceres tyl that my burden I lighted.  
 For shee was missing, when al our good coompanye clustred.  
 With soon, with famely, with mee shee kept not apoinctment.  
 Too Gods, too creaturs I belcht owt blasphemye bawling.  
 For to me what mischief could chaunce in cittye more hurtful.  
 My father Anchises, my chield I took to my seruauents,  
 And Gods of Troians were coucht in custodye secret.  
 I to the towne turned close clad with burnished armoure,  
 I was determind fully, too ventur al hazards,  
 Al Troy too trauerse, too suffer danger al hapning.  
 First dyd I coom backward to the wals, from whence I  
     remooued,  
 Too the gat I posted by night, and carefuley dogging  
 Thee way with lightflams, eeche crooked corner I ransackt.  
 Both with night ye silence was I quayled and greatlye with  
     horror.  
 Thence dyd I trudge hoamward, too learne yf she haplye  
     returned.  
 But theare weare the enymyes with thronging cluster  
     asembled.  
 Thee fyre heer on fretting with blaze too rafter is heaued.  
 Thee flams surmounting tenements doo whize to the skyward.  
 I ran too Priamus razd court, at castel I gazed,  
 In cels and temple, that of old too Iuno was apted.  
 As keeper Phoenix was made, with ruthles Vlisses

Of booty and pillage. Theere Troian treasur is hurded,  
That flames escaped, thear stood the rich halloed altars.  
Theare massiue gould cups bee layd, theare wardrob abundant  
Of roabs most pretiouse, thear ar eke yoong children in order  
With cold hert moothers, for Greekish victorye quaking,  
Setled on al sydes.

I stoutly emboldned with night shade raysed an howting,  
With mournful belling I namde expreslye, Creüsa.  
In vayne with sobbing was oft that od eccho repeated.  
In this guise frantyeck as I ran throghe cittye with howling  
I noted on suddeyn the goast of verrye Creüsa,  
And her woonted image, to me knowne, mad her elfish  
aparanche.

Heere with I was daunted, my hear stard, and speechles I  
stutted.

Then to me thus speaking, my carck in search she remooued.

This labor, ô husband, too no great purpose auayleth,  
For this hap is chaunced by the Gods prefixed apointment.  
Hence yt is vnlawful with you too carrye Creüsa.

That trauayl is shortned by the king of sacred Olympus.  
Thow must with surges bee banged and pilgrimage yrcksoom.  
In land Hesperian thow shalt bee saulflye receaued,  
Wheare glydes throghe cornefelds, with streaming secrecie,  
Tybris.

Theare doe lye great kingdooms, and Queene most Princelye  
bespoken

For the, mye kind husband for mee grief therefor abandon.  
Now me the Myrmidones for captiue prisoner hold not,  
Nor sterne snuff Dolopans, and Greekish matron I serue not,  
Of Venus in wedlock thee daughter.

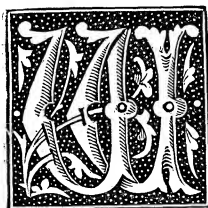
Of Gods thee moother me in this my cuntrye reteyneth.  
Fare ye wel, ô husband, oure yoong babye charely tender.

This sayd, shee vannisht, and thogh that I sadlye requyred,  
Too confer further, yeet shee too tarrye renounced.  
Thryce dyd I theare coouet, to col, to clasp her in armes.  
Thryce then thee spirit my catching swiftlye refused.

Much lyk to a pufwynd, or nap that vannished hastlye.  
 Thee twylight twinckled, furth I to my coompanye posted.  
 Whear soone I perceiued with woonder a multitud hudgye.  
 Of men with woomen too this layre newlye repayred.  
 Thee yoonger Troians, thee meaner wretched asemblye  
 Round to me dyd cluster, with purse and person abyding  
 Prest, throgh surgye waters with mee too seek ther auenturs.  
 Lucifer owtpeaking in tips of mounted hil Ida  
 On draws thee dawning. Thee Greeks with custodye watchful,  
 Warded thee towngats, hoap here of no succor abydeth.  
 I shrunck, and my father to the crowne of mounten I lifted.

*Finis libri secundi.*

# THEE THIR D BOOKE OF VIR- GIL HIS ÆNEIS.



Hen giltlesse Asian kingdoom sterne  
destenye quasshed,  
With Priamus country when squysd was  
the Ilian empyre,  
When Troy was razed, quight from found-  
ation hoysed :  
Furth to run exiled, too seeke soom forren  
auentures,

By Gods we are warned. Wee rigd our nauye flat vnder  
Haut hil of Antander, not far from mounten of Ida.  
Then we wer vncerteyn too what saulf soyle to betake vs.  
Men to vs thick crouded : scant was prime summer aproched,  
When father Anchises to the seas thee coompanye charged.  
I, salt tears shedding, my natiue cuntrye relinquisht,  
Thee roads and platfourms where Troy stood : sad to the  
seaward  
With my companions and with my yong son Iulus  
With Gods, mightye patrons, my course and passage I  
bended.

A large wylde region theare stands, Mauortia cleaped,  
Thracia sum terme yt : theare raignd thee bluddye Lycurgus :  
Thee Troian leage seat, with fastned freendship abyding  
Whilst fortune floated. With crosse blast thither I sayled,  
On shore eke I founded townewals, by destenye lucklesse :

Of my name, Æneidans dwellers, theare settled, I named.  
Too Venus and the sacred remnaunt of thee holye trium-  
phaunts

I framd a sacrifice, the begun wurck lucklye toe prosper,  
And toe Ioue omnipotent a bul neere seaside I slaughtred.  
A tumb theare rested by chaunce close shaded al vpward  
With twigs thick crumpled, with myrtel mossye thear edging.  
I drew neere, mynding too roote fro cel earthye the thicket,  
With thee slips greenish too deck thee new shaped altars.  
I viewd with wundring a grisly monsterus hazard.

For the tre supplanted, that first fro the roote seat is haled,  
With drop drop trilling of swart blud filtred abundance.  
Thee ground black steyning: then furth with a quiuerish  
horror

My ioyncts child ransackt, my blud with terror apaling.  
At the secund pulling, when an oother wicker is vp pluckt.  
Thearbye the whole matter furth with more deepelye to ferret,  
From that stub lykewise foorth spirt drops bluddelye stilling.  
With this hap entangled, thee sweete Nymphs rural I woor-  
shipt,

And God Mars the Regent of that soyle crabbed adoring,  
Too turne too goodnesse this sight and merciles omen.  
But when I thee third tyme with grype more fiercelye dyd  
offer,

Ny knees fast pitching on sands, too pluck vp an oother:  
(What? shal I chat further? from speeche shal secrecye bar  
mee?)

From pits deepe bottoom dooth skritche a woonderus howling,  
With playnts most pitiful to oure ears thus sadlye rebounding.  
Woorthye syr Æneas, why with this boutcherye teare you  
A caytiefe forlorne? Extend your mercye to deadfolck.  
Foule not your sacred hands; you rack no forrener owtcast,  
You rent a Troian: theese drops from shrubs doe not issue.  
Oh, flee this Canibal country, this coouetus Island.  
I am named syr Polydor; with darts fel nayled heer vnder  
I lodge: which thicket thus growne me terriblye stingeth.

I stud al astonyed, my hear starde, and speechles I rested.  
This Polydor whillon with pure gould mightelye loaden,  
Preeuelye by Priamus, thee Troian rector vnhappye,  
Too king Treicius was sent, to be charelye noozeld.  
But when this gardein perceu'd the aduersitye Troian,  
And that theyre citty thee Grecian armye besieged ;  
Heee leaues thee conquourd, and clingd to the partye triumphant.

Al trust fowlye breaking, thee poore Polydorus is headlesse  
Through wycked murther, thee gould thee traytor vp hurdeth.  
What feat or endeuours of gould thow consecrat hungar  
Mens mynds constraint not with wyels or vertue to coompasse.

When that I tooke courradge, when pangs al feareful I banisht,

I told thee chiefteyns, and namelye my good father adged  
This strange aduenture, theyre iudgements also requyring.  
Swiftlye they determind too flee from a cuntrye so wycked,  
Paltocks Inne leauing, too wrinche thee nauye too southward.  
For polydor wee framd an obit : wee tumbled in heapwise  
Of stoans a cluster, with black weede the altar is hanged,  
With tree swartye Cipers: Troy dames with customed vsadge  
Trol round, downe tracing with theyre discheaueled hearlocks.  
Wee poured mylck luke warme foaming, and blud sacred after.  
With mayne noise lifted to the slayne soule lastlye we shouted.  
When soft gale sootherne and calme seas saulftye dyd offer,  
My mates lancht forward theyre fleete, from shoare we be glyding,

Thee roads, thee countrey, thee towns fro oure nauye be gadding.

In the myd of the searowme theare stands a plentiful Island  
Too thee dame of myrmayds, too Neptune Princelye relying.  
This was roundlye bayed (for so the Ioue heunlye dyd order)  
With Mycone, and eke with Giarus, two famosed Islands.  
Theare resting habitants no wynd flaws stormye regarded.  
Too this Ile I sayled, wee saulflye dyd harbor in hauen.



When we were al landed, we the cittye of Phœbus adored.  
King Anius, king of the habitants, and priest of Apollo.  
Crownd with fresh garland, with laurels consecrat headband,  
Glad met vs, also knowing Anchises adged, his old freend.  
Theare we shake hands kyndly, foorth with we are setled in  
hostrye.

In the old buylt tempil thus thee God Phœbus I woorshipt.  
Soom bye place of resting graunt vs, most sacred Apollo,  
Yeeld wals too vs wery, soom stock, soom towne for abyding,  
Saulue the second Troytowne, thee scraaps of wrathful  
Achilles,

Of Greeks the rellicks ; by what king shal we be ruled ?  
What man is our captayne ? Too what soyle worldlye to  
iourney,

Thow doost commaund vs ? where shal we be lastlye reposed ?  
Shew father a prophecy ; poure downe thye good oracle heunly.

Scant had I thus spoken, when seats al quiuered about vs.  
Thee doors, thee laurel, thee mount with terribil earth quake  
Doo totter shiuering, with rumbling mutterus eccho.

Then to vs squat grooueling in this wise the oracle aunswerd.

You brawnd hard Troians, what soyle youre auncetrye seised  
First of al old countreys, to the same you shal be reduced.  
Track owt youre mooother, whom long antiquytye graunted.  
With seed of Æneas shal compasse earthlye be ruled.  
His soons soons and soons from their braue progenye  
springing.

Thus God Apollo cryed : but wee with an vnison outcrye,  
And with iollye tumult, where should that cittye be setled  
Streight ways demaunded, what place God Phœbus apointed,

My father Achises vp al old antiquitye ripping,  
Heare me, quod hee, lordinges, lerne the expectation hoaped.  
Thee Creet Ile in mydseas dooth stand too Iuppiter hallowd :  
Theare mount Ide resteth, thee springe of progenye Troian.  
A fructful kingdoam, with towns in number an hundred.  
Hence our progenitour (so I fayle not in historye told mee)  
Surnamed Teucus first came too Rheteian Island.

Theare picht he his kingdoom, for then Troy cittye was  
vnbuylt,

And castels stood not, the habitans in vallye remayned.

Theare dwelt dame Cybele in forrest of desolat Ida.

And moonewise Coribants on brasse their od harmonye  
tinckling.

Thence cooms trustye silence vsd in sollemnitye sacred.

And two stately lyons this fine dams gilt wagon haled.

Wisely let vs thearefor too Gods direction harcken :

Let wynds be swadged foorth with, too Candye be packing.

Short is thee passadge (so that oure God Iuppiter help vs)

In three days sayling wee shal too Candye be puffed.

This discourse eended, too the altars holye returning,

A Bul too Neptune, wyth a bul too golden Apollo,

Hee lykewise slaughtred too roaring wynter a blackbeast,

But to the sweet west wynd a best whit lillye was offred.

Theare fleeth a rumoure, that king of Candye relinquisht  
His seat, that the Island is left vnfurnished holye.

Wee left Ortigian countrey, with nauye we passed

By mounts of Nazon too skincking Bacchus allotted.

From thence wee trauayled to the greenedeckt gaylye Donysa :

To Oleoron, too lillye Paron, to the Cyclades also

Dispersd and scatterd, and neere creeks sundrye we sayled.

Thee thickskyn mariners shouted with sudden agreement.

My maats assented to bend too Candye the passadge.

Thee wynd puft forward with sweete gale freelye the nauye :

At leingth by sayling on land of Candye we lighted.

First then at oure landing towne wals I ther hastelye founded.

Pergamea I cald yt, that name they gladlye receaued.

By me they were counsayld too buyld vp sumptuous houses.

Also bye this season too docks oure nauye was haled.

Thee youth too wedlock and tylladge thriftelye clustred.

Both laws and tenements I framd. But streight on a suddein

A plagye boch ranged, with foule contagion ayrye

Both bodyes festring and fruict trees plentiful harming.

A yeere too dismal. For sweete lief swiftlye was eended,

Thee fields cleene fruitlesse thee dogstar Sirius heated.  
Thee flours wax withred, thee soyle fruits plentye renegeth.  
My father exhorted too turne too sacred Apollo,  
For toe craue our pardon, when should this iournye be finnisht,  
Or trauail expyred, by what means might we be furthred.

Thee night his mantel dooth spred: with slumber is holden  
Eche liuing creature, then my holye domestical housgods,  
In last nights fyrebroyls, that from Troy scorched I saulued,  
In glistred shyning in a dreame toe me made thear aparauunce.  
Inmp at thee wyndoors, where moonshyne brimlye dyd enter.  
Thus to me they parled, shredding of sorroful anguish.

Syr, to ye what soothsay to record dooth purpose Apollo,  
Heere that he dischargeth: we be sent too signify his errand  
Wee skapte from Troybrands bye thye courradge manfulye  
shielded

And bye thye good guiding through seaplash stormye we  
marched.

Wee thee same pilgrims wyl yeeld to thye progenye glorye,  
And rule too citty. Let townewals mightye be raised  
Streight by the for mighty persons: let no reason hold thee  
From flight: this countrey must be forsaken: Apollo  
Ment not, in his prophecy, thy course too Candye to further.  
Theare stands a region, by Greeks yt is Hesperye named,  
A stout old countrey, with plenty fertil abounding.  
Theare dwelt th'Ænotrians, but now by the coompanye yonger  
Of thee first captayn valiaunt, yt is Italye termed:  
Oure seat thear resteth: theare borne was Dardanus adged,  
And father Iäsius: from whence oure auncetrye sprouted.  
Wherefor in al gladnesse to thyne old sire certifye tydings:  
Skud to soyl Italian, from Candye the Iuppiter haleth.

With theese Gods gingling, with sight moste geason apaled,  
(For to mye ful seeming with slumber I was not atached  
I knew theire tucktlocks, I knew their phisnomye present  
A cold sweat saltish through my ioynctes fiercely dyd enter)  
From my bed I started: to the sky with meeknes I lifted  
My hands deuoutlye praying, then too my fortunat housgods

I framd a sacrifice : next with ioy tickled I posted  
 Too my syre Anchises : and told thee matter in order.  
 Hee noted his stumbling to haue coom from the auncetrye  
 doubtful.

And dubil acceptaunce of syers to haue fostred his erreure.

O my son Æneas, with Troian destenye toughned ;  
 Thee self same prophecy too mee Cassandra recited :  
 Now cal I too memory that shee this countrie remembred,  
 Often at Hesperian regions, and Italye glauncing.  
 But to soyl Hesperian that Troymen should be remooued,  
 What wight coniecturde ? who would Cassandra then harcken ?  
 Accept wee therefor this course, and credit Apollo.

Thus sayd : we assented to his lore with cheereful  
 obeysaunce.

Wee leaue Creete country ; and our sayls vnwrapped vphoysing,  
 With wooden vessel thee rough seas deepelye we furrowe.  
 When we fro land harbours too mayne seas gyddye dyd enter  
 Voyded of al coast sight with wild fluds roundly bebayed,  
 A watrye clowd gloomming, ful aboue mee clamped, apeered,  
 A sharp storme menacing, from sight beams soonnye reiecting :  
 Thee flaws with rumbling, thee wrought fluds angrye doe  
 iumble :

Vp swel thee surges, in chauffe sea plasshye we tumble :  
 With the rayn, is daylight through darcknesse mostye  
 bewrapped,

And thundring lightbolts from torneclouds fyrye be flassing.  
 Wee doe mis oure passadge through fel fluds boysterus erring,  
 Oure pilot eke, Palinure, through dymnesse clowdye bedusked  
 In poinccts of coompassse dooth stray with palpabil erreure.  
 Three dayes in darcknesse from bright beams soony repealed,  
 And three nigths parted from lightning starrye we wandred.  
 Thee fourth day foloing thee shoare, neere settled, apeered  
 And hils vppeaking ; and smoak swift steamd to the skyward.  
 Oure sayls are strucken, we roa furth with speedines hastye,  
 And the sea by our mariners with the oars cleene canted is  
 harrowd

On shoars of strophades from storme escaped I landed,  
For those plats Strophades in language Greekish ar highted,  
With the sea coucht Islands. Where foule bird foggye Celæno  
And Harpy is nestled: sence franckling Phines his housroume  
From theym was sunderd, and fragments plentye remooued.  
No plage more perilous, no monster grislye more ouglye,  
No stighan vengauce lyke too theese carmoran haggards.  
Theese fowls lyke maydens are pynde with phisnomye palish;  
With ramd cramd garbadge, their gorges drafty be gulled,  
With tallants prowling, their face wan withred in hunger,  
With famin vpsoken.

When tward theese Islands oure ships wee settled in hauen,  
Neere, we viewd, grasing heards of bigge franckye fat oxen,  
And goats eke cropping carelesse, not garded of heerdman.  
Wee rusht with weapons, parte of thee bootye we lotted  
First to Ioue. On banck syds our selues with food we reposed.  
But loa with a suddeyn flushing thee gulligut harpeys  
From mountayns flitter, with gagling whirlye flapping  
Theyr wings: furth the viand fro tabils al greedelye snatching,  
With fulsoom sauour, with stincking poysoned ordure  
Thee ground they smeared, theartoo skriches harshye re-  
ioyning.

Then we set al the tabils, and fyrde oure mystical altars  
Vnder a rock arched, with trees thick coouered ouer.  
At the secund sitting from parcels sundrye repayred  
This cooui rauenouse, and swift with a desperat onset,  
They gripte in tallants the meat and furth spourged a  
stincking

Foule carryne sauoure: then I wild thee coompanye present,  
Too take their weapons, and fight with mischeuus howlets.  
My wyl at a beckning is doon, they doe run to ther armour  
In grasse theyre flachets, and tergats warelye pitching.  
But when at a thurd flight theese fowls to the coompanye  
neered,

With shril brasse trumpet Misenus sowned alarum.  
Oure men marcht forward, and fierce gaue a martial vncoth

Charge, theese strange vulturs with skirmish bluddye to  
mayster.

But strokes theire feathers pearsd not, nor carcases harmed :  
And toe skye they soared, thee victals clammye behynd theym,  
They do leaue haufl mangled with sent vnsauerye bepoudred.  
On the typ of rockish turret stood gastlye Celæno  
Vnlucky prophetesse ; and thus she recounted her errand.

And now Syr Troians, wyl you for slaughter of oxen  
And for al our owne good wage war with sellye poore harpeys ?  
And vs from kingdome banish ? Then take me this errand :  
And what I shal prophecy with tentiue listenes harcken,  
What Ioue too Phœbus, too me also what vttred Apollo.  
I the chiefe hel fyrebrand of fel furye mischeuus holden  
Wyl now discoouer thee self same mysterye told mee.  
Italye you long for, to the land eke of Italye saulflye  
You shal bee guided with winds, and settled in hauen.  
Yeet not with standing ere conquerd cittye be rampyrde,  
For this youre trespass you shal be so gaunted in hunger,  
That youre smeary tabils you wyl most greedelye swallow.

Thus she sayd : and forward to the wood shee flickered  
hastlye.

At this hap oure feloes with feareful phantasye daunted,  
Stood stil al astonied with cold blud, lyke gelu, quiuering.  
They doe quayl in courradge, and with no martial armoure,  
But by ther holye prayers they doe practise peaceful atoane-  
ment.

If godesesse, yf byrds stincking, or bugs they resembled.

But father Anchises his palms from strond plat inhauncing  
On Gods heunlye cryeth, to ther hest with duitye relying :  
Gods, quod he, this messadge turne you to a prosperus omen.  
Cancel theese menacing soothings, thee godlye reseruing.

Thus sayd : swift we weyed the anchors, and sayles vp-  
hoysed,

With northen bluster through fome seas speedelye flitting,  
As the gale and the pilot with steering skylful vs haleth.  
In midil of the sea deepe wee saw thee woddye Zacynthos,

Dulichium, Samee, with cragged Neritos hard stond.  
Wee fle the rocks of Ithack, and coast of Princelye Laërtes,  
Also we the byrth place detest of flinted Vlisses.  
Thee mount Leucates with thick clouds gloommye bedawbed  
Vp peaks to the viewing, with feareful point of Apollo.  
Theare we were enshoared quight tyrde, and on to the  
borough

As we gad, oure vessels vpdrawne are grapled at anchor.  
Theare we being landed saulfly through fortun vnhoaped,  
Too Ioue wee sacrifice, sundry hostes are flamed on altars,  
And Troian pastymes wee practise in Actean Island.  
Soom feloes naked with larding smearye bebasted,  
With wrastling gambalds for price, for maystrye doe struggle  
Myrrye for escaping thee towns and Grecian hamlets,  
Through theire deadly foes theire passage luckye recounting:  
Thee whilst fayre Phœbus thee yeers course roundlye  
reuolued,

And seas, with north blast and wynter frostye, be roughned :  
A brasen hudge terget, that Abans erst fenced in armoure,  
On post I nayled, thee clingde shield this posye beareth.  
*This Signe AEneas From Grekish Conqueror Haled.*

I gaue commaundment fro the port to the ships to be packing.  
My maats skum the sea froth there in oars strong cherelye  
dipping.

Thee Pheacan turrets foorth with from sight we relinquish.  
Wee coast Epëirus, thence wee touche Chaön his hauen.  
And to the great burrough of Butthrot statelye we skudded.  
Heere, loa, throghe oure hyring a report incredibil, vncoth,  
Glides, that Prince Helenus, by Troian lineal ofspring  
Soon too king Priamus, this Greekish countrye reteyneth.  
Thee pheere possessing and crowne of Pyrrhus his empyre,  
Also that Andromachee dooth bed with a countrye man  
husband.

Theese news mee mazing, my mynd was greedelye whetned,  
Too parle with the Regent, too lerne this meruelus hapning.  
I stept from the hauen, leauing my nauye behynd mee.

Happelye that season soom banckets costlye; with oother  
 Lamenting presents (in shade to the cittye reioyning  
 Neere water of Simois both deepely and warelye sliding)  
 Andromachee framed to the dust, on tumb eke of Hector  
 Calling with burial yelling, that al emptye remaind :  
 With greene turf circled ; from thence right on she repayed,  
 For cause of further mourning, too consecrat altars.  
 When she dyd espy mee posting, and Troiecal armour  
 Too too gyddye viewd, with vnordinat extasis hamperd,  
 Downe she fel on suddeyn, thee cold too carcas aprocheth :  
 Shee sowns, and after long pausing thus she sayd elflyke.

Is thye true playne visadge with tru shape natural offred ?  
 Imp of a statelye Godesse bringst thou to me verelye tydings ?  
 Art thou yeet liuing ? or the yf light worldlye relinquisht,  
 Tel me where is my husband, my sweeting delicat Hector ?

Thus sayd : al in blubbring shee floath, with clamorus  
 howling  
 Thee place shee tinckled : but I through pangs vncoth  
 vnhabled,

With stutting stamering at leingth thus fumbled an aunswer.

I doe liue, I assure thee, thogh dangers sundrye me taynted,  
 Doubt ye not, a changling ye se none.

Lord what good fortune thee lack of pristinat husband  
 Hath toe thye contentment with new match luckye releueed ?  
 Possesseth Pyrrhus thee spouse of famosed Hector ?

Downe she smote her visadge, to me thus ful smoothlye  
 replying.

o Priamus daughter, thee virgin Princelye, thrise happye  
 Thow that by thye foes neere Troy wals slaughtered hast  
 beene.

By this hap escaping thee filth of lottarye carnal.  
 Too couche not mounting of mayster vanquisher hoatspur.  
 But we, by crosse passadge from flamed cuntrye remoued,  
 Thee pryde of a stripling and ymp of wrathful Achilles  
 Haue borne with thraldooom, with sharp captiuitye fetterd,  
 Hee to fyne Hermionee, for Greeks a bootye to peerelesse,



Daughter too Queene Helen, fast and hoat phantasye bended.  
 Me his nyefe to his seruauunt Helenus ful firmelye betroathed.  
 But yeet vnexpected with ialosye kendled Orestes  
 For los of his beadmater, dyd take too tardye my master,  
 Hym by his syers altars killing with skarboro warning.  
 When fro Neoptolemus thee vital spirit abated  
 This part was to Helenus by wyllled parcerye lotted :  
 Chaöonian countreys of Troian Chaön ycleaped :  
 This towne Troy citty, this castel eke Ilion highting.  
 But to the what passadge thee winds and fortun alotted ?  
 Or what great deity tost thee to our desolat angel ?  
 How faers Ascanius ? doth he liue, and breathful abydeeth ?  
 Whom to the now Troytowne.

Dooth the los of moother to her chielde bring sorreful anguish?  
 Are sparcks of courradge in this yong progeny kendled  
 By father Æneas, with his vncke martial Hector ?

Theese toyes she pratled mourning, griefs newlye refreshing  
 Theewhilst king Helenus, with a crowding coompanyegarded,  
 From towne to vs buskling vs as his freends freendlye  
 bewelcomd.

Vs to his new citty with curtesye cheereful he leadeth ;  
 With tears rief trickling saucing eeche question asked,  
 I march on forward : and yoong Troy finelye resembling  
 Thee big huge old monument, and new brooke Zanthus I  
 knowledge.

With the petit townegats fauoring thee principal old portes.  
 Also mye companions in country citty be frolickt :  
 In toe the verye palaice thee Prince theym wholye receaueth.  
 With whip cat bowling they kept a myrry carousing,  
 Thee goulden mazurs vp skynckt for a bon viage hoysing.  
 There we dyd al soiourne two dayes : then a prosperus  
 hizling

Of south blast, puffing on sayles dooth summon vs onward.  
 Too thee Princely prophet thus I spake, hym freendlye  
 requesting.

O sacred Troian, thee light of misterye darckned,

Of Gods thee spooks make, thee truchman of halloed Apollo :  
 By the God enstructed by stars for to ominat eeche thing,  
 By flight and chirping byrds too prognosticat aptlye :  
 Poure fourth thy prophecy (for too mee prosperus hazards  
 Eeche sound relligion foretold, mee to Italye posting,  
 Only on displeasaunt foule shapte byrd, the Harpye Celæno  
 (Forwarns much mischief too coom with dangerus hunger)  
 In these stormye perils too what saulf porte shal I take mee ?

King Helenus slaughtering, with woont accustomed heyfers,  
 Peace craues of the Godhead, from front thee label vn hanging,  
 Mee, by the hand, trembling hee leads to thye mysterye  
 (Phœbus)

Thee priest this prophecy from Gods direction opned.

Thow soon of holye Venus (for th'art by settled apointment  
 ment

Of Gods mightye power to exployts most doughtye reserued,  
 Thus thy fate establisht dooth rest, so thye fortun is ordred)  
 Of poincts sundrye wyl I to the shape but a curtal abridgement,

Too the eende in thye trauayl thow mayst the more heedlye  
 be lessond,

And passe to Italian region, thus shortlye rehersing  
 Peece meale prittyte parings : for, too tel a summarie total.  
 Thee fat's king Helenus dooe bar, with Iuno the Saturne.  
 Wheare thow supposeth therefor, that here Italye fast by  
 Dooth stand, and myndest too sayl with speede to that  
 hauen :

With draw thy iudgment from that grosse cosmical erreure.  
 Italy is hence parted by long crosse dangerus inpaths.  
 In flud Trinacrian thy great oars must deeplye be bathed,  
 And the sea rough wurcking must eeke with nauye be trauerst,  
 And Circes Island se ye must with Limbo lake hellish :  
 Ere ye shal in saulf land of a nobil cittye be founder.  
 Glaunce I wyl at certeyn tokens, be ye watch ful in harckning.  
 When ye shal in secret with care neere fresh water happen,  
 Too spye bye thee banck syeds a strange sow mightelye sized,

Coompassed al roundly with sucklings thirtye to number,  
White, with lillye colours fayre dect, shee shal be reposed  
On ground, dug dieting her mylckwhit farroed hoglings.  
Heere shal cease thy labour: heere shal thy cittye be  
buylded.

Feare not thee manging fortold of burdseat in hunger,  
Thee fats thee passage shal smooth, yea goulden Apollo,  
If ye wyl hym summon, shal bee too the furth readye  
coomming.

But this neere settled country (that of Italy is holden  
Parcel) see ye shun yt: for theare Greeks yreful are harbourd.  
Heere the man of Locrus mounted steepe statelye the town-  
wals,

And fields of Salent with trouping clustered armye  
Lyctius Idomeneus dooth keepe: so duke Melibæus  
Holds thee pritty Petil round coompast strong bye Philoctect.  
Also when in saulty from seas thy nauye shal harboure,  
When rites relligious thow vowest on new shaped altars,  
With purple vesture bee deckt, with purpil eke hooded,  
Least that in aduauncing thee Gods with fyrye cole heating,  
Soom dismal visadge forth peake thee mysterye marring.  
Thow with thy feloes obserue this customed order.

And bye thy posterytee let theese rites duelye be foostred.  
With winds neere to Sicil when that thy nauye shal enter,  
And strays shal be opned neere craggy vnweildye Pelorus,  
With lifthand sayling to the liftsyde countrye be packing:  
What stands on right syde both land and channel abandon.  
Theese shoars were sundred by the plash breache, fame so  
dooth vtter,

(So things transitory by lengthned season ar eaten)  
For when theese countryes were grapled ioinctlye to geather,  
Swift the sea with plasshing rusht in, townes terrebleye  
drenching,

Italye disioyncting with short streicts from Sicil Island,  
Scylla doth on right syde rough stand, and deadlye Charybdis  
On left hand swelleth with broad iaws greedelye galping,

In to gut vpsouping three tymes thee flash water angrie,  
From paunch alsoe spuing toe the sky the plash hastlye  
receaued.

But Scylla in cabbans with sneaking treacherie lurketh,  
Close and sliye spying, too flirt thee nauye to rock bane.  
A man in her visadge, then a virgin fayre she resembleth  
Downe to her gastlye nauel, lyke a whale from thee belye  
seeming.

Monsterus, vnseemely, then a tayle lyke a dolphin is added  
Iumbled vp of sauadge fel woulfs, with grislye lol hanging.  
It wyl bee saulfer too passe thee cuntrye Pachynus,  
With leasure lingring, and far streicts crabbye to circle,  
Than to be surprised by Scylla in dungeon hellish.  
Whear curs bark bawling, with yolp yalpe snarrye rebounding.  
Also yf king Helenus bee now for a truprophet holden,  
If fayth bee resiaunt, yf trouth to hym graunteth Apollo :  
Thowsoon of heunlye Godesse, this point I chieflie shal vtter,  
And besyde al warnings eftsoons yt must be repeated:  
Let Iunoes deitee with duitye be worshipped humble.  
Vnto her frame thy prayers, let mystresse mightye be  
vanquisht

With meekned presents, and then lyke a conqueror happye  
From land Trinacrian thou shalt bee to Italye posted.  
When ye in this passadge too Cumas cittye shall enter,  
And lake with rumbling forrest of sacred Auerna,  
A braynsick prophetesse se ye shal, whom dungeon holdeth  
In ground deepe riueted, future haps and destenye chaunting.  
But yeet al her prophecyes in greene leaues nicelye be scribed,  
In theese slipprye leaues what sooth thee virgin auerret,  
Shee frams in Poëtry : her verses in dungeon howsing,  
They keepe rancks ordred, with aray first settled abyding :  
But when on a suddeyn thee doors winds blastye doe batter,  
And theese leaues greenish with whisking lightlye be scatterd,  
Neauer dooth she laboure to reuoke her flittered issue,  
Or to place in cabban, theire floane lyms freshlye reioyning.  
Thus they fle, detesting thee lodge of giddy Sibylla :

Heere for a spirt linger, no good opportunitye scaping.  
 (Al thogh thee to seaward thy posting coompanye calleth,  
 And winds vaunce fully thy sayls with prosperus huffing)  
 Post to this prophetesse, let her help and sooth be required.  
 Shee wyl geeue notice to the streight of al Italye dwellers :  
 How thow wiselye trauayls shalt shun, shalt manfulye suffer.  
 Theare she wyl enstruct thee, thy passadge fortunat ayding.  
 Theese be such od caueats, as I to the frendlye can vtter.  
 Foorth : and with thy valor let Troian glorye be mounted.

When this Princely prophet this counsayl faythful had  
 eended,

He wyls that presents of gould, ful weightelye poysing,  
 Bee broght to our vessels, and therewith eke iuorye pullisht :  
 Plentye great of siluer with plate most sumptuous adding.  
 And a shirt mayled with gould, with acrested vp helmet.  
 Latelye Neoptolemus possest this martial armoure.  
 My father Anchises rich presents alsoe receaueth.  
 Horses eke and captayns are sent.

And oars to oure vessels bee broght and weapon abundante.  
 Thee whilst Anchises wyls that thee nauye be launched,  
 Least that in oure loytring oure passadge lucky wer hindred.  
 Hym prophet of Phoebus dooth treat with dignytye peerelesse.

Anchises, whom statelye Venus tak's woorthye for  
 husband,

Thee charge of deitee, now twise from Troy ruin haled,  
 Italye see yonder : thither with nauye be squdding.  
 How beyt theese parcels in sayling must be refused ;  
 Seeke the far and distant country declard of Apollo.  
 Fare ye wel, happye parent of a soon so worthye ; what  
 oght els

Should I say? what maks mee this gale so fortunat hynder ?

Also good Andromachee, with last departur al heauye,  
 Presented vestures of gould most ritchlye bebroyded.  
 And my lad Ascanius with a Troian mantel adorning,  
 Weau'd wurcks thwackt with honor, to her gifts this parlye  
 she lincketh.

Take, myeboy, theese tokens by myn owne hands finnishd  
holye.

Let these of Andromachee thee good wyl testifye lasting.  
Cherrish theese presents by the pheere to the tendred of  
Hector.

O next Astianax thee type by me chiefflye belooued,  
In visadge, looking, eke in hands thee fullye resembling.  
Who had ben, yf hee liued, for yeers now youthlye thine  
equal.

I for a long farewell this sonnet sorrowful vttred.  
Rest ye stil heere blessed, that now youre fortun haue  
eended :

Wee to future mischiefe from formoure danger ar hurled.  
You rest in fre quiet, thee seas you need not vpharrow.  
You reck not, to trauayle, that back goeth, Italye serching.  
Heere the image of Zanthus ye behold, and prittye Troy  
buylded

By youre Princelye labours, and too this new shaped engyn  
Thee Gods send fortune, fro assaultes too fortifye Greekish.  
If that I too Tybris with neere but countrie shal enter,  
And that I shal fortune to behold thee towne by me founded :  
Italye with the Epeire, too both king Dardanus author,  
Shal be knit in freendship, making of two pepil one Troy.  
This leage eke of felo ship shalbee maynteyned of issue.

Foordh we goa too the seaward, wee sayle bye Ceraunia  
swiftly.

Where too ioyntlye mearing a cantel of Italye neereth.  
Thee whilst the sunbeams are maskt, hyls darcklye be  
muffled :

Wee be put hard ioygning to the boosom of countrie  
requyred.

Oure selfs wee cherisht, oure members slumber atached.  
Nor yeet was mydnight ouerhyed, when that Palinurus,  
From bed nimbye fleeth, too se in what quarter yt huffeth :  
How stands thee wind blast, with listning tentiue he marcketh,  
Thee lights starrye noting in globe celestial hanging :

Thee seun stars stormy, twise told thee plowstar, eke  
Arcture,

Also sad Orion, with goulden flachet, in armoure.

When that he perceaued, thee coast to be cleere, then he  
summond

Oure men too ship boord, thee camp wee swiftlye remooued.

Foordth we take oure passadge, oure sayles ful winged vp  
hoysting.

Thee stars are darckned, glittering Aurora reshined.

Wee doe se swart mountayns, wee doe gaze eke at Italye  
dymmed.

Italye loa yonder, first, Italye, showted Achates.

Italye land naming, lykewise thee coompanye greeted.

Then father Anchises a goold boul massye becrowning,

With wyne brym charged, thee Gods celestial hayleth,

In ship thus speaking.

You Gods, of sayling, of land stats mightye remayning,

Graunt to vs milde passadge, and tempest mollifye roughning.

Sweete gales are breathing, and porte neere seated apeereth:

In the typ of mountayne thee temple of hautye Minerua

Glad we spye: thee mariners strike sayles, and roa to the  
shoareward.

The hauen from the eastcoast, in bowewise, crooked apereth.

Thee rocks sternelye facing with salt fluds spumye be  
drumming.

Downe the road is lurking, yeet two peers loflye run vpward

From stoans lyke turrets: fro the shoare thee tempil  
auoydeth.

Heere for a first omen fowre fayre steeds snow whit I  
marcked,

Thee pasture shredding in fields; this countrie doth offer,

Quod father Anchises, garboyls, so doe signifye war steeds.

Yeet stay: the self horses in waynes erst ioinctlye were  
hooked,

As yoked, and matchlyke teamed with common agreement.

This loa, quod hee bringeth firme hoape for peaceable vsadge.

Then we honored Pallas, that graunted a luckye beginning:  
 Also before the altars oure heads with purpil ar hooded,  
 In Troy rites, Helenus faythful direction holding.  
 And with setled honor thee Greekish Iuno we woorshipt.  
 Heere we doe not lynger; thee vowd sollemnitye finnisht,  
 Vp we gad, owt spredding oure sayls and make to the  
 seaward:

Al creeks mistrustful with Greekish countrye refusing.  
 Hercules his dwelling (yf brute bee truelye reported)  
 Wee se, Tarent named, to which heunlye Laçinia fronteth,  
 And Caulons castels we doe spy, with Scylla the wreckmake.  
 Then far of vplandish we doe view thee fird Sicil Ætna.  
 And a seabelch grounting on rough rocks rapfulye frapping  
 Was hard; with ramping bounce clapping neer to the seacoast  
 Fierce the waters ruffle, thee sands with wrought flud ar  
 hoysed.

Quod father Anchises, heere loa that scuruye Charybdis.  
 Theese stoans king Helenus, theese ragd rocks rustye fore  
 vttred.

Hence hye, my deere feloes, duck the oars, and stick to the  
 tacklings.

Thus sayd he, then swiftly this his heast thee coompanye  
 practise.

First thee pilot Palinure thee steerd ship wrigs to the lifthand,  
 Right so to thee same boord thee maysters al wrye the vessels.  
 Vp we fle too skyward with wild fluds hautye, then vnder  
 Wee duck too bottom with waues contrarye repressed.  
 Thus thrise in oure diuing thee rocks moste horribly roared:  
 And thrise in oure mounting to the stars thee surges vs  
 heaued.

Thee winds and soonbeams vs, poore souls weerye, refused,  
 And to soyl of Cyclops with wandring iournye we roamed.  
 A large roade fenced from rough ventositye blustering.

But neere ioynctlye brayeth with rufflerye rumboled Ætna.  
 Soomtyme owt yt balcketh from bulck clowds grimlye  
 bedymmed.



Lyke fyerd pitche skorching, or flash flame sulphurus heating:  
Flownce to the stars towring thee fire, lyke a pellet, is hurled,  
Ragd rocks vp raking: and guts of mounten yrented  
From roote vp hee iogleth: stoans hudge slag molten he  
rowseth:

With route snort grumbling, in bottom flash furye kendling.  
Men say that Enceladus with bolt haulf blasted here  
harbrouth,

Dingd with this squising and massiue burthen of Ætna,  
Which pres on hym nayled from broached chymnye stil  
heateth.

As oft as the giant his broyld syds croompeled altreth,  
So oft Sicil al shiuereth, there with flaks smoakye be  
sparckled.

That night in forrest to vs pouke bugs gastlye be tendred.  
Thee cause wee find not, for noise phantastical offred.  
Thee stars imparted no light, thee welken is heauye:  
And the moon enshryned with closet clowdye remainyd.

Thee morning brightnesse dooth luster in east seat Eöus,  
And night shades moysturs glittring Aurora repealeth.  
When that on a suddeyn we behold a windbeaten hard  
shrimp,

With lanck wan visadge, with rags iags patcherye clowted,  
His fists too the skyward rearing: heere wee stood amazed.  
A meigre leane rake with a long berd goatlyke; aparrayld  
In shrub weeds thorny: by his byrth a Grecian holden.  
One that too Troy broyls whillon from his cuntrye repayred.  
When the skrag had marcked far a loof thee Troian atyring,  
And Troian weapons, in steps he stutted, apaled:  
And fixt his footing, at leingth with desperat offer  
Too the shore hee neered, theese speeches merciful vttring.

By stars I craue you, by the ayre, by the celical houshold,  
Hoys me hence (O Troians) too sum oother cuntrye me  
whirrye.

Playnelye to speake algats, for a Greeke my self I doe  
knowledge,

And that I too Troytowne with purposed emnitye sayled.  
 If this my trespasse now claymeth duelye reuengment  
 Plunge me deepe in the waters, and lodge me in Neptun his  
 harbour.

If mens hands slea mee, such mannish slaughter I wish for.  
 Thus sayd he, downe kneeling, and oure feete mournefully  
 clasping.

Then we hym desyred first too discoouer his ofspring,  
 After too manifest this his hard and destenye bitter.  
 My father Anchises gaue his hand to the wretch on a suddeyn,  
 And with al a pardon, with saulfe protection, offred.  
 Thee captiue, shaking of feare, too parlye thus entred.

Borne I was in the Itacan countrey, mate of haples Vlisses,  
 Named Achæmenides, my syre also cald Adamastus,  
 A good honest poore man (would we in that penurye lasted)  
 Sent me toe your Troywars, at last my coompanye skared  
 From this countreye cruel, dyd posting leaue me behynde  
 theym,

In Cyclops kennel, thee laystow dirtye, the foule den.  
 In this grislye palaice, in forme and quantitye mightye,  
 Palpable and groaping darcknesse with murder aboundeth.  
 Hee doth in al mischiefe surpasse, hee mounts to the sky top.  
 (Al the heunly feloship from the earth such a monster abandon)  
 Hard he is too be viewed, too se hym no person abydeeth.  
 Thee blud with the entrayls of men, by hym slaughtred, he  
 gnaweth.

And of my feloes I saw that a couple he graped  
 On ground sow grooueling, and theym with villenye crussed,  
 At flint hard dasshing, thee goare blood spowteth of eeche syde,  
 And swyms in the thrashold, I saw flesh bluddye toe slauer,  
 When the cob had maunged the gobets foule garbaged haulfe  
 quick.

Yee got he not shotfree, this butcherye quighted Vlisses :  
 In which doughtye peril the Ithacan moste wiselye bethoght  
 hym.

For the vnsauerye rakhel with collops bludred yfrancked,

With chuffe chaffe wynesops lyke a gourd bourrachoe  
replennisht,

His nodil in crossewise wresting downe droups to the  
growndward,

In belche galp vometing with dead sleape snortye the collops,  
Raw with wyne soused, we doe pray toe supernal asemblye,  
Round with al embaying thee muffe maffe loller; eke hastlye  
With toole sharp pointed wee boarde and perced his oane  
light,

That stood in his lowring front gloommish malleted onlye.  
Lyke Greekish tergat glistring, or Phœbus his hornebeams.  
Thus the death of feloes on a lout wee gladlye reuenged.  
But se ye flee caytiefs, hy ye hence, cut swiftlye the cables.  
Pack fro the shoare.

For such as in prison thee great Polyphemus is holden,  
His sheepflocks foddring, from dugs mylck thriftelye squising,  
Thee lyke heere in mountayns doo randge in number an  
hundred,

That bee cursd Cyclopes in naming vsual highted.  
Thee moone three seasons her passadge orbical ended  
Sence I heere in forrest and cabbans gastlye dyd harbour, e,  
With bestes fel saluadge: and in caues stoanye Cyclopes  
Dayly I se, theire trampling and yelling hellish abhorring.  
My self I dieted with sloas, and thinlye with hawthorns,  
With mast, and with roots of eeche herb I swadgde my great  
hunger.

I pryed al quarters, and first this nauye to shoare ward  
Swift, I scryed, sayling too which my self I remitted,  
Of what condicion, what countryso eauer yt had beene.  
Now tis sufficient that I skape fro this horribil Island.  
Mee rather extinguish with soom blud murther or oother.

Scant had he thus spoaken: when that from mountenus  
hil toppe

Al wee see the giaunt, with his hole flock lowbylyke hagling.  
Namde the shepeherd Polyphem, to the wel knowne sea syd  
aproching.

A fowle fog monster, great swad, depriued of eyesight.  
 His fists and stalcking are propt with trunck of a pynetree.  
 His flock hym doe folow, this charge hym chiefflye reioyceth.  
 In grief al his coomfort on neck his whistle is hanged.  
 When that too the seasyde thee swayne Longolius hobbled,  
 Hee rinst in the water thee drosse from his late bored  
 eyelyd.

His tusk grimlye gnashing, in seas far waltred, he groyleth :  
 Scantly doo the water surmounting reache toe the shoulders.  
 But we being feared, from that coast hastlye remooued,  
 And with vs embarcked thee Greekish suitur, as amplye  
 His due request merited, wee chopt of softlye the cables.  
 Swift wee sweepe the seafroth with nimble lustilad oare  
 striefe.

Thee noise he perceaued, then he turning warelye listeth,  
 But when he considerd, that wee preuented his handling,  
 And that from foloing oure ships thee fluds hye reuockt hym,  
 Loud the lowbye brayed with belling monsterus eccho :  
 Thee water hee shaketh, with his owt cryes Italye trembleth.  
 And with a thick thundring thee fyerde fordge Ætna  
 rebounded.

Then runs from mountayns and woods thee rowNSEUAL  
 helswarme

Of Cyclopan lurdens to the shoars in coompanye clustring.  
 Far we se theym distaunt : vs grimly and vaynely beholding.  
 Vp to the sky reatching, thee breetherne swish swash of Ætna.  
 A folck moaste fulsoom, for sight moste fitlye resembling  
 Trees of loftye cipers, with thickned multitud oakroas :  
 Or Ioues great Forrest, or woods of mightye Diana.  
 Feare thear vs enforced with posting speedines headlong  
 Too swap of oure cables, and fal to the seas at auenture.  
 But yeet king Helenus iumptwixt Scylla and the Charybdis  
 For to sayl vs monished, with no great dangerus hazard.  
 Yeet we wer ons mynded, backward thee nauye to mayster.  
 Heere loa behold Boreas from bouch of north blo Pelorus  
 Oure ships ful chargeth, thee quick rocks stoanye we passed :

And great Pantagia, and Megarus with Tapsus his Island.  
 Theese soyls fore wandred to oure men were truelye related  
 By poore Achæmenides, mate too thee luckles Vlisses.  
 Face too countrie Sicil theare stands a dangerus Island.  
 Plemmyrium stormy, but yt old past auncetrye cleaped  
 Ortygia: Alpheüs, men say, thee great flud of Elis  
 Vnder seabottoms this passadge ferreted, and now  
 Swift fro Arethusa going meets in fluds of Sicil Island.  
 That country deitee, thogh wild, wee woorshiped, and thence  
 Wee sayld and trauayled to the coast of fertil Elorus.  
 Then we grate on rockrayes and bancks of stoanye Pachynus,  
 And Camarina riuer, to remoooue by destenye barred.  
 Also we through passed thee fields of statelye Geloüs.  
 And thee mightye water, by custoom great Gela named.  
 Thence strong buylt Agragas his huge high wals loftelye  
 vaunceth,  
 That steeds courrageous with racebrood plentiful offred.  
 And with lyke sayling wee passe thee wooddye Selinis:  
 And deepe gulfs syncking of blind Lilybeia rockish.  
 After too Drepanus bad roade not luckye we sayled.  
 Heere loa being scaped from rough tempestuus huffling,  
 My father Anchises, in cares my accustomed helper,  
 I loose: ô my father, wyl you forsake me, thus eending  
 My toyls and my trauayls, why then dyd I mayster al hazards?  
 Nor propheting Helenus, when he foretold dangerus hard  
 haps  
 Forspake this burial mourning, nor filthye Celæno.  
 This was last my laboure, thee knot claspt of myn auentures.  
 From hence God me shoou'd too this your gratius empyre.  
 Thus father Æneas soly toe the companye listning  
 His long dryrye viadge, and Gods set destenye chaunted.  
 At leingth kept he silence, with fininished historye resting.

*Finis libri tertij.*

# THEE FOWRTH BOOKE OF VIR- GIL HIS ÆNEIS.



Vt the Queene in meane while with carks  
 quandare deepe anguisht,  
 Her wound fed by Venus, with firebayt  
 smoldred is hooked.  
 Thee wights doughtye manhood leagd with  
 gentilytye nobil,  
 His words fitlye placed, with his heunly  
 phisnomye pleasing,  
 March throgh her hert mustring, al in her brest deepelye she  
 printeth.  
 Theese carcking cratchets her sleeping natural hynder.  
 Thee next day foloing Phœbus dyd clarifye brightlye  
 Thee world with luster, watrye shaads Aurora remooued,  
 When to her deere sister, with woords, hault gyddye she  
 raueth.  
 Sister An, I merueyle, what dreams mee terrefye napping,  
 What newcoom trauayler, what guest in my harborye  
 lighted?  
 How braue he dooth court yt? what strength and coourage  
 he carries?  
 I beleue yt certeyn (ne yet hold I yt vaynelye reported)  
 That fro the great linnadge of Gods his pettegre shooteth.

Feare shews pitfle crauens : good God, what destenye way-  
ward

Hath the man endured ? what bickrings bitter he passed ?  
Had not I foresnaffled my mynde by votarye promise,  
Not toe yoke in wedlock too no wight earthlye mye person,  
When my first feloship by murther beastlye was eended,  
Had not I such daliaunce, such pipling bedgle renounced,  
Haplye this oane faulty trespas might bring me toe bending.  
An (toe the my meaning and mynd I doe playnelye set open)  
Sence the death of my husband, too wyt, the Sichæus  
vnhappye,

Sence mye cruel broother defilde the domestical altars :  
Onlye this od gallant hath bowd my phansye toe lyking,  
And my looue hath gayned : thee skorcht step of old fyre I  
sauoure.

But first with vengauce let the earth mee swallo toe  
bottom,

Or father omnipotent with lightnings dyng me toe lymbo,  
And to Erebus shading darcknesse, too dungeon hellish,  
Eare that I shal thye statutes (ô shamefast chastitye) cancel.  
Hee, that first me yoked for wiefe, dyd carrye my first looue,  
Hardlye let hym shrowd yt, close claspt in graue let yt  
harboure.

When she thus had spoaken, with tears her brest she  
replennisht.

Then sayd An (ô sister, than light more deerely belooued)  
Wyl ye stil in pining youre youthful ioylitye stieflie ?  
Wyl ye not haue children, nor sweete Venus happye  
rewarding's ?

Weene ye that oure lyking a scalp of a charuel In heedeth ?  
Graunt, earst that noe woer could catche youre phansye to  
wedlock,

Nor Lybye land lordinges, ne by Tyre despised Iärbas,  
Nor manye stat's lofty, that rest in plentiful Affrick :  
Wyl ye stil endeuoure with pleasd looue vaynelye to iustle ?  
Wyl ye be forgetting in what curst cuntrye ye soiourne ?

Heere towns of Getuls doo stand, a nation hardye,  
 Heere ye sit embayed with Moors, with Syrtis vnhowsed.  
 Theare pepil of Barcey through soale wyld barrenes harbour.  
 What shal I tel further, what broyle Tyrus angrye doth  
 hammer.

What threats your broother thunders.  
 I thinck, that the Godhead, with Iunoes prosperus ayding,  
 Thee Troian vessels too this youre segnorye pelted.  
 Loa what a fayre citty shal mount, what stablished empyre  
 By this great wedlock: with might of the vnitye Troian.  
 How far shal be fleing thee glorie renowmed of Affrick.  
 Of Gods craue pardon, then, when your seruice is eended,  
 Your new guest frolick, his stay let forgerye linger,  
 Til winters lowring bee past, and rayne make Orion.  
 Til they rig al vessels, vntil tyme stormye be swaged.

With theese woords flaming her brest was kendlid in  
 hoatlooue:

Shee graunts to her tottring mynd hoape, shame bashful  
 auoyding.

First to the church gad they, rest and peace meekelye  
 requesting,

In sacrifice killing, by woont accustomed, hogrels:  
 First to Ceres makelaw, too Phœbus, then to Lyæus:  
 Chieflie to Queene Iuno, that wedlocks vnitye knitteth.  
 Thee bol in hand firmly Queene Dido, the bewtiful, holding,  
 Pourd yt a mydst both the horns peaking of lillye white heyfer.  
 Soomtyme to the altars, distant, of Gods she resorteth:  
 And makes fresh sacrifice, the catal, new slaughtered,  
 heeding.

Shee weens her fortune by guts, hoate smoakye, to conster.  
 ð the superstitions of beldam trumperye sooth says.

Now what auayle temples, or vows, whilst deepelye the  
 flamd fire

Kendleth in her marrow, whilst wound in brest cel is aking.  
 Dido, the wretch, burneth, neere mad through citty she  
 stalketh:



Much lyke a doa wounded too death, not marcked of heerd-  
man,

His dart sharp headed through forrest Cassian hurling,  
On the doa iump lighteth by soom chaunce medlye : the  
weapon,

Thee bodye sore ranckling dooth stur thee deere to the  
frithward,

Or to falow straining, in corps thee deadly staf hangeth.

Often about thee wals Æneas sliye she trayneth :  
Too welth Sidonian poincting, too cittye nere eended.  
Her bye tale owt hauking amyde oft her parlye she chocketh.  
Soomtyme she inuites theym too deynty bancquet in  
eeuening :

Now fresh agayne crauing of Troian toyle the recital,  
From lyps of Chronicler with blinking listenes hanging.  
When they be departed, when light of mooneshine is housed,  
And stars downe gliding at due tyme of slumber ar ayming,  
Restles aloane sobbing on left benche soalye she sytteth :  
Her selfe not present she both hyers and sees the man absent,  
Or the slip Ascanius (for sainte thee shrine case adoring)  
Shee cols for the father : with busse to lenifye loouefits.  
Thee towrs new founded mount not, thee coompanye  
youthful

Surcease from warfeats, there toyls no swincker in hauen ;  
Nor mason in bulwarck : wurcks interrupted ar hanging.  
And wals hudge menacing, thee sky top in altitud eeuening.  
When the plage of pacient thee spouse of Iuppiter heeded,  
And noe reporte wandring thee looue furye kendled abated,  
Thus toe Venus turning spake thee Saturnical empresse.

A praise of high reckning, eke a catche to be greatlye  
renowmed  
You with youre pricket purchast, loa the victorie famous :  
With two Gods packing one woomman sellye to coosen.  
Wel dyd I know, mistresse, that you my great harborye  
feared,  
Mightelye mistrusting thee seats of Carthage, hye mounted.

When shal, Hoa, bee shouted ? too what drift feede we this  
anger ?

Why be we not forward theese mat's too marrye to geather  
And a leage eternal conclude ? thy long wish is hested.  
Dido with hertlyking dooth burne, her boans furye fretteth.  
Let theese sundrye pepils theare for bee lincked in one loare.  
Also let oure Dido vayle her hert too bedfeloe Troian :  
And Tyrian kingdooms to the shal, for dowrye, be graunted.

Then to her (for wisely shee found thee treacherye feined)  
Too fetch too Tyrians the great empyre of Italye worckking)  
Thus Venus her speeches dyd bend. What niddipol hare  
brayne

Would scorne this couenaunt ? would with thee gladlye be  
iarring ?

If so this happye trauayle shal so be with happines ayded.  
But fates mee stamering doo make, yf Iuppiter holdeth  
Best, that the Tyrians and Troian progenye couple,  
That they be conioigned, that both they freendlye be leaged.  
You to hym bee spoused : thee trouth with pillotoy ferret.  
On before, and I folow. Too this ladye Iuno replied.

That labor I warrant. Now by what craftinis are wee  
Too wurck this stratagem : marck wel, for I brieflye wyl open.  
Thee Prince Æneas and eke Queene Dido the poore soule  
For to hunt in forrest too morro be fullye resolved.  
So soon as in east coaste with bright beams Titan apeereth.  
Then wyl I round compasse with clowd grim foggye these  
hunters.

When they shal in thickets thee couert maynelye be  
drawing.

Al the skye shal rustle with thumping thunderus hurring.  
Thee men I wyl scatter, they shal be in darcknes al houeld.  
Dido and thee Troian captayne shal iumble in one den.  
If with this my trauayle thy mynd and phansye be meeting  
Then wyl I thee wedlock with firme affinitye fasten :  
This shal bee the bryde hymne. To the drift Venus, vttered,  
agreed,

Smoothlye with al simpring, too groape suche treacherus handling.

Thee whilst thee dawning Aurora fro the Ocean hastned,  
And the May fresh yoonckers to the gates doo make there assemblye

With nets and catch toyls, and huntspears plentiful yronnd :  
With the hounds quicksenting, with pricking galloper horsman.

Long for thee Princesse thee Moors gentilitye wayted,  
As yet in her pincking not pranckt with trinckerye trinckets :  
As they stood attending thee whilst her trapt genet hautye Deckt with ritche scarlet, with gould stood furniture hanging,

Praunseth on al startling, and on byt gingled he chaumpeth.  
At leingth foorth she fleeth with swarming coompanye circled,  
In cloke Sidonical with rich dye brightly besprinkled.  
Her locks are broyded with gould, her quiuer is hanging  
Backward : with gould tache thee vesture purple is holden.  
Thee band of Troians lykewise, with wanton Iulus  
Doo marche on forward : but of al thee Lucifer heunlye  
In bewty Æneas hymself to the coompanye rancketh.  
Lyke when as hard frozen Lycia and Zanth floods be relinquisht

By Pheebe, to Delos, his natiue contrye seat, hastning.  
Hee pointes a dawnsing, foorth with thee rustical hoblobs  
Of Cretes, of Dryopes, and payncted clowns Agathyrsi  
Dooe fetch theyre gambalds hopping neere consecrat altars.  
Hee trips on Zanthus mountayn, with delicat hearelocks  
Trayling : with greene shrubs and pure gould neatly be-  
crampound

His shafts on shoulder rattle : the lyke hautye resemblaunce  
Carried Æneas with glistring coomlines heunlye.

When they toe thee mountayns and too layrs vncoth aproched,  
Then, loa, behold ye, breaking thee goats doo trip fro the rocktops

Neere toe the playne: the heard deare dooth stray from  
mounten vnharbourd.

Thee chase is ensued with passadge dustye bepowdred.

But the lad Ascanius, with praunsing courser hye mounted,  
Dooth manage in valley, now theym, now theese ouer-  
ambling.

Hee scornes theese rascal tame games, but a sounder of  
hogsteers,

Or thee brownye lion too stalck fro the mounten he wissheth.

Thee whilst in the skye seat great bouncing rumbelo  
thundring

Ratleth: downe powring too sleete thick hayle knob is added.

Thee Tyrian feloship with yoouthful Troian assemblye

And Venus hautye nephew doo run too sundrye set houses.

Hudge fluds lowdlye freaming from mountayns loftye be  
trowlling,

Dido and thee Troian captayne doo iumble in one den.

Then the earth crau's the banes, theare too watrye Iuno, the  
chaplayne,

Seams vp thee bedmatch, the fyre and ayre testife wedlock.

And Nymphs in mountayns high typ doe squeak, hullelo,  
yearning:

That day cros and dismal was cause of mischief al after,

And bane of her killing; her fame for sleight she regarded.

No more dooth she laboure too mask her Phansye with  
hudwinck,

With thee name of wedlock her carnal leacherye cloaking,

Straight through towns Lybical this fame with an infamye  
rangeth.

Fame the groyl vngentil, then whom none swifter is  
extant;

Limber in her whisking: her streingth in iournye she  
trebbleth;

First lyke a shrimp squatting for feare, then boldlye she  
roameth

On ground prowld ietting: shee soars vp nimbye toe skyward;

The earth, her dame, chauffing with graund Gods celical  
anger,

Litterd this leueret, the syb, as men sundrye rehersed,

Too the giant Cæus, sister to swad Encelad holden.

Furth she quicklye galops, with wingflight swallowlyke  
hastning.

A foule fog pack paunch : what feathers plumye she beareth,  
So manye squint eyebals shee keeps (a relation vncoth)

So manye tongues clapper, with her ears and lip labor  
eeuened.

In the dead of nighttyme to the skyes shee flickereth, howling  
Through the earth shade skipping, her sight from slumber  
amooouing.

Whilst the sun is shyning the bagage close lodgeth in  
houseroofs,

Or tops of turrets, with feare towns loftye she frighteth.

As readye forge fittons, as true tales vaynelye toe twattle.

Thee pepil in iangling this raynebeaten harlotrye filled :

Meerelye furth chatting feats past, and feats not attempted.

That the duke Æneas from Troians auncetrye sprouting,

In Lybye coast landed, with whom fayre Dido, the Princesse,

Her person barterd, and that they both be resolued,

Thee winter season too wast in leacherye wanton.

Retchles of her kingdom, with rutting bitcherye sauted.

This that prat'pye cadesse labored too trumpet in eeche  
place.

Furth she fleeth posting to the kingly rector Iarbas.

With the brute enflaming his mynd she doth huddle on  
anger.

Soon to the Prince Ammon, Garamans thee fayrye, bye  
rapesnacht,

His moother named ; this king too Iuppiter heunly

Temples twise fifty dyd buyld, lyke number of altars,

With fire continual theese seats too consecrat vsing,

With the blud of sacrifice floating, with delicat herbflowrs.

Netled with theese brackye nouels as wild as a marche hare

In the myd of the Idols (men tel) neere furnished altars,  
Theese woords, vplifting both his hands, he toe Iuppiter  
vttred.

Iuppiter almighty, whom men Maurusian, eating  
On the tabils vernisht, with cuprit's magnifye dulye:  
Eyest thow this filthhood? shal wee, father heunlye, be  
carelesse

Of thy claps thundring? or when fiers glimrye be listed  
In clowds grim gloomming with bounce doo terrifye  
worldlings?

A coy tyb, as vagabund in this my segnorye wandring,  
That the plat of Carthage from mee by coosinage hooked,  
T'whom gaue I fayre tilladge, and eeke lawes needful enacted,  
Hath scornd my wedlock: Æneas lord she reteyneth.  
Now this smocktoy Paris with berdlesse coompanye wayted,  
With Greekish coronet, with falling woommanish hearelocks  
Lyke fiest hound mylcksop trimd vp, thee victorye catcheth.  
And wee beat the bushes, thee stil with woorship adoring.  
Onlye for oure seruice soom praysed vanitye gleaming.

Thee prayer of playntiefe, grappling thee consecrat altars,  
Iuppiter hard; foorth with to, the courte hee whirled his  
eyesight,

And viewd theese bedmat's no sound reputation heeding.  
With woords imperial thus he speaks and Mercurye chargeth.

Flee my sun, and busk on, let sweete winds swiftlye be  
soommond,

And toe the duke Troian, that vaynelye in Carthage abyded,  
Thee towns neglecting, that to hym set destenye lotteth,  
Theese woords deliuer, from mee to hym carrye this errand.  
His paragon moother to vs framd a promise of hudgger  
Accoumpt and reckning, then he now perfourmeth, vpon that  
Hoape future expected, from Troy flam's twise she reliu'd  
hym.

Too me she dyd promise, that he should bee the emperor  
hautye,

That would, with bickring, fierce martial Italye vanquish:

Thee Troian famely with wide spread glorye reuiuing:  
And globe of al regions with laws right equitye bridle.  
Too feats so valiant yf that no glorye doth hathym,  
Or to hym thee catching of fame so woorthye be toyle soom:  
Shal, by syre, Ascanius from Roman cittye be loytred?  
What doth he forge? wherefore wil he rest in countrye so  
freendlesse?

Why the Lauin regions, and stock, he so slilye reputeth?  
Thee sea let hym trauese: this is al: to hym signifye this  
muche.

Ioue sayd: eke hee the fathers commaund to accomplisse  
apointceth.

First of al his worckinge too his feete shooes goulden he  
knitteth,

By which he with wind blast ruffling oft flittereth vpwrd,  
Wheather he land regions or rough seas surgye doth harrow.  
His rod next he handleth: by which from the hely Bocardo  
Touzt tost souls he freeth: diuerse to the prison he plungeth.  
Hee causeth sleeping and bars: bye death eyelyd vphasing.  
With the rod eke he sheareth thee winds, and scattereth high  
clouds.

As thus he dyd flicker, thee top wyth sideryb of Atlas  
He sees, that proppeth, with crowne, the supernal Olympus,  
Atlas, whose pallet with pynetrees plentiful hooield,  
In grim clouds darckned, with showrs and windpuf is haunted.  
Thee snoa whit his shoulders dooth cloath, fluds mightye be  
rowling

From the chyn oldlye riuelde, his beard with froast hoare is  
hardned.

First on this mounteyn thee winged Mercurie lighted:  
From thence too the waters his course hee bended al  
headlong.

Muche lyke a byrd nestled neere shoars or desolat hillocks:  
Not to the sky maynely, but neere sea meanelye she flickreth.  
So with a meane passadge twixt sky and sea Mercurye  
slideth

To Lyby coast sandy; thee sharp wynds speedelye shauing,  
 Mercurye thee Cyllen, bye the mount Cyllene begotten.  
 On Lyby land tenements with winged feete when he lighted,  
 Hee spyed Æneas new castels thriftelye founding,  
 And howsrowms altring: hee woare then a gorgeus hanger  
 With iaspar yellow: hee shynde with mantel ypurpled,  
 From shoulders trayling: this braue roabe Dido, the ritch  
 Queene,

Soalye with her handwurck dyd weaue: with gould wyre yt  
 heaping.

Mercurye thus greets hym: Now sir, you wholye be careful  
 Too found new Carthage, with youre braue bedfelo sotted  
 You buyld a cittye, youre owne state slilye regarding.  
 Now to the God sentmee from shining brightned Olympus,  
 The God of al the godheads, managing heune and places  
 earthlye,

Hee gaue commaundement, too thee too carrye this erraund.  
 What doe ye forge? wherefore thus vaynely in land Lybye  
 mitche you?

Too feats ful valiant yf that no glorye doth egge the,  
 Or toe the thee catching of fame soo woorthye be toyl soom.  
 Cast care on Ascanius rising, of the heys of Iulus.  
 Tw'hom the stat Italian with Roman cittye belongeth.

When this round message thee Cyllen Mercurye whisperd,  
 In myd of his parling from gazing mortal he shrincketh:  
 From lookers eyesight too thinnes he vannished ayrye.

But the duke Æneas with sight so geason agasted,  
 His bush starck staring with feare, cleene speecheles abyded.  
 Hee to fle soare longeth, this sweet soyl streight to relinquish,  
 By Gods imperial monishing auctoritye warned.  
 Heere but alas he myred what course may be warelye taken;  
 How shal he too Princesse, with looues hoat phrensyeteined,  
 Breake this cold messadge? what words shal shape the  
 beginning.

From thee poast toe piler with thoght his rackt wyt he tosseth.  
 Now to this od stratagem, now too that counseyl alyng.



After long mooting, this course for better he deemed.  
Mnestheus hee called, Sergest and manlye Cloanthus,  
For to rig in secret theyre ships, and coompanye summon,  
With weapons ready: Thee cause also of changabil hastning  
Deepelye toe dissemble: when eke opportunitye serued,  
Whilst no breche of freendship thee good ladye Dido  
remembers,

And due place of speaking sweetly with season is offred,  
They would theire passadge close steale. Thee knightes  
agreed,

With wil moste forward, to haste on too iournye resolved.

How beyt thee Princesse (what wyle can iuggle a loouer?)  
Found owt this cogging: in thoght what first she reuolued  
That toe doe they mynded: things standing saulflye she  
feareth.

Fame, the blab vnciuil, fosters her phansye reciting,  
That the fleete is strongly furnisht, their passage apointed.  
Deuoyd of al counsaile scolding through cittye she ploddeth.  
Mutch lyke Dame Thyas with great sollemnitye sturred  
Of Bacchus third yeers feasting, when quafteyde aproacheth,  
And showts in nighttyme doo ringe in loflye Cithæron.  
At last she Æneas thus, not prouoked, asaulteth.

And thoghst thou, faythlesse coystrel, so smoothlye to  
shaddow

Thy packing practise? from my soyle priuelye slincking?  
Shal not my lyking, ne yet earst fayth plighted in handclaspe,  
Nor Didoes burial from this crosse iournye withhold the?  
Further; in a winters soure storme must nauye be launched?  
Mind'st thou with northen bluster thee mayne sea to trauerse  
Thow cruel hert haggard? what? yf hence too countrye the  
passage

Thow took'st not stranged: suppose Troy cittye remaind:  
Through the sea fierce swelling would'st thou to Troy cittye  
be packing?

Shunst thou my presence? By theese tear's, and by thye  
right hand

(Sence that I, poore caytief, noght els to mye self doe  
relinquish)

By the knot of wedlock, by looues sollemnitye sealed,  
If that I deserued too fore soom kindnes, or ennye  
Part of my person to the whillon pleasur a furded  
To my state empayring let yeet soom mercye be tenderd.  
I doe craue (yf toe prayers as yeet soom nouke be reserued)  
Beat downe thy purpose, thy mynd from iournye reclayming.  
For thy sake in Lybical regions and in Nemod hateful  
I liue: my Tyrian subiectes pursue me with anger.  
For thy sake I stayned whillon my chastitye spotlesse:  
And honor old batterd, to the sky with glorye me lifting.  
And now, guest, wheather doe ye skud from deaths fit of  
hostace?

That terme must I borowe, syth I dare not cal the myne  
husband.

Why do I breath longer? shall I liue til cittye mye broother  
Pigmalion ransack? or too tyme I be prisoner holden  
By thee Getul Iärb? yf yeet soom progenye from me  
Had crawld, by the fatherd, yf a cockney dandiprat  
hopthumb,

Prittye lad Æneas, in my court, wantoned, ere thow  
Took'st this filthye fleing, that thee with phisnomye lyckned,  
I ne then had reckned my self for desolat owtcaste.

She sayd: he persisting too doo what Iuppiter heasted,  
Sturd not an eye, graueling in his hert his sorroful anguish.  
At length thus briefly dyd he parle: I may not, I wil not  
Deny thy beneficts ful as amply, as can be recounted,  
Vnto me deliur'd: so long shal I Dido remember,  
Whilst I my self mynd shal: whilst lym with spirit ar  
orderd.

Brieflye for a weighty matter few woords I wil vtter.  
Neauer I foremynded (let not mee falslye be threpped)  
For toe slip in secret by flight: ne yet eauer I thralld  
My self too wedlock: I toe no such chapmenhed harckned.  
If toe mye mind priuat my fatal fortun agreed.

If so that al sorrows iump with my phansye were eended,  
Then should bee chiefly bye me Troian cittye redressed,  
And kinreds rellicques woorshipt: then should be renewed  
Thee courte of Priamus: yea thogh that victorie razed  
Theese monuments, yet agayne by mee they should be  
repayred.

But now to Italian kingdooms vs sendeth Apollo,  
And vs to Italian regions set destenye warneth.  
Theare rests oure lyking: there eke oure wisht countrye  
remayneth.

If ye be delighted, too see new Carthage vp hooouering,  
And a Moore in Morish cittye youre phansye ye settle:  
Why so may not Troian their course to good Italye  
coompasse?

What reason embars theym, soom forreyn countrye to  
ferret?

Of father Anchises thee goast and grislye resemblaunce,  
When the day dooth vannish, when lights eke starrye be  
twinckling,

In sleepe mee monisheth, with visadge buggish he feareth.  
And my sun Ascanius mee pricks, by me rightlye belooued:  
Whom from the Italian regions toe toe long I doe linger.  
Latelye toe mee posted from Ioue thee truch sprit, or herrald  
Of Gods (thee deities this sooth too wytnes I summon)  
He dyd, in expressed commaund, to me message his erraund.  
I saw most liuely, when that neere towne wal he lighted;  
In this eare hee towted thee speeche. Cease therefor, I pray

you,

Mee to teare, and also youre self, with drirye rehearsals.  
Italye not willing I seeke.

Whilst he thus in pleading dyd dwel, shee surlye beheeld  
hym:

Heere she dothe her visadge, thear skew, eeche member in  
inchmeale

In long mummye silence limming: then shrewdlye she  
scoldeth.

No Godes is thye parent, nor th'wart of Dardanus ofspring,  
Thow periurde faytoure: but amydst rocks, Caucasus haggish  
Bred the, with a tigers soure milck vnseasoned, vdder.

What shal I dissemble? what pointcs more weightye  
reserue I?

At my tears showring dyd he sigh? dyd he winck with his  
eyelyd?

Ons dyd he weepe vanquisht? dyd he yeeld ons mercye toe  
looouemate?

What shal I first vtter? wyl not graund Iuno with hastning,  
Nor thee father Saturne with his eyes bent rightlye behold-  
this?

Fayth quite is exiled: fro the shoare late a runnagat hedgebrat,  
A tarbreeche quystroune dyd I take, with phrensyetrashed  
I placed in kingdome, both ships and companye gracing.

Woa to me thus stamping, sutch braynsick foolerye belching.  
Marck the speak, I pray you, wel coucht: Now sothtel

Apollo,

Now Lycians fortunes, from very Iuppiter heunlye  
A menacing message, by the Gods ambassador, vttred.

Foorsooth; this thye viadge with care Saincts celical heapeth,  
Theire brayns vnquieted with this baldare be buzng.

I stay not thye body, ne on baw vaw tromperye descant.

Pack toe soyl Italian: crosse thee seas: fish for a kingdome.  
Verely, in hoape rest I (yf Gods may take duelye reueng-  
ment)

With gagd rocks coompast, then vaynely, Dido, reciting,  
Thow shalt bee punnisht. Ile with fyre swartish hop after.  
When death hath vntwined my soule from carcas his holding,  
I wyl, as hobgoblin, foloa thee: thow shalt be soare handled:  
I shal hyre, I doubt not, thy pangs in lymbo related.

Her talck in the mydel, with this last parlye, she throtled.  
And from his sight parted, with tortours queazye disorderd.  
Hym shee left daunted with feare, woords duitiful hamring  
For to reply. The lady sowning mayds carrye to smooth bed  
Of marble glittering, on beers her softlye reposing.

But the good Æneas (al thogh that he couetued hertlye,  
For to swage her malady, with woords to qualifye sorrows)  
In groans deepe scalding, his kindmynd sindged in hoatlooue,  
Yeet the wyl of the Godheads foloing, too nauye returneth.  
Thee Troian mariners now drudge: theire fleet they doe  
lavnch forth:

And vessels, calcked with roasen smearye, be floating.  
Vp they trus oars boughed with plancks vnfinnished, hastning  
From thence theire passadge.

Now to the strond may ye see from towne thee multitude  
hopping.

Much lyk when pismers theire corner in granar ar hurding,  
Careful of a winter nipping, in barns they be piling.  
Thee blackgarde marching dooth wurck, in path way, ther  
haruest.

Parte of theese laborers on shoulders carrye the burdens  
Of shocks: soom grangers with goade iads restye be pricking,  
And spur on ants luskish, with swinck eeche corner  
aboundeth.

But toe the, poore Dido, this sight so skearye beholding,  
What feeling creepeth? what sobbing sorroful hert sigh  
In thy corps hized, when from towre, loftelye mounted,  
Thow saw'st thee bancksydes coouerd, and right to thyne  
eyesight

Thow saw'st seas ringing with cheering clamorus hoyssayle?  
Scuruye loue, in pacients what moods thow mightelye forcest.  
Now she is constrayned, too formoure tears toe be turning.  
With suit freshlye praying, too looue shee tendereth hommage.  
No meane vnattempted, ne vnsoght, ear that she dye, leauing.

Sister An, in cluster you see thee coompanye swarming  
On the shoare in flockmeale: for wind theire sayles ar hoysted.  
On sterne thee mariners haue setled meerelye garlands.  
If that I foremynded this greefe so mischeuus hapned,  
Then should I, sister, moderat this sorroful hazard.  
Yeet good An, I pray thee, doe me wretch this pleasure in  
one thing.

For the chiefe of woomen this breakeuow naughtye regarded,  
Chieflie to the hee wounted to recount his priuitye secret.  
His daps and sweetening good moods to the soalye were  
opned.

Post to hym (good sister) toe my proud foa tel ye this  
erraund.

I dyd not ransack, with Greeks conspiracye, Troytowne.  
Nor yet agaynst Troians send I enny vessel apointed.  
Nor father Anchises boans crusht I, ne scatted his ashes.  
What reason hym leadeth to my suite too boombas his  
hying?

Wheather is hee flitting? To his leefe pheere graunt he this  
one boone,

Too stay for a better passadge, for a prosperus hufgale,  
I clayme no old wedlock, that he fowly and falslye betrayed.  
Nor that he thee regiment doo loose of his Italye kingdooms.  
I craue a vayne respit, but a spirt toe mye phrensye relenting,  
Til my fate hath schoold mee too mourne my destenye  
drowning.

Theese I craue in pardon for last (yeeld mercye to sister)  
Which when you tender, toe mye death that shal be  
requighted.

In this wise she prayed: such tears her sister vnhappye  
Dooth to and fro carry: but he with no tearedrop is altdred:  
Nor to vayne entreatings with listning tractable harckneth.  
Thee fat's are pignant, God, his ears quight stifned in  
hardnesse.

Much lyke as in forrest a long set dottrel, or oaktree,  
With northen blusters too parts contrayrye retossed:  
Thee winds scold strugling, the threshing thick crush crash  
is owtborne,

Thee boughs frap whurring, when stem with blastbob is  
hacked:

Yeet the tre stands sturdy: for as yt toe the skytyp is  
haunced,

So far is yt crampornd with roote deepe dibled at helgat's:

So this courragious gallant with clustered erraunds  
Is cloyed and stinging sharp car's in brest doe lye thrilling.  
His mynd vnuariant doth stand, tears vaynelye doe gutter.

Dido the poore Princesse gauld with such destenye cutting,  
Crau's mortal passadge : too looke toe the sky she repyneth.  
And toe put her purpose forward, this light toe relinquish,  
When she the gift sacrifice with the incense burned on  
altars

(Grislye to bee spoaken) thee moysture swartlye was altred :  
And the wyne, in powring, lyke blood black sootish apeered.  
This too no creature, no, not to her sister is opned.  
Further eke in the palaice a chapel fayre marbil abydeth,  
Vowd to her first husband, which cel shee woorshiped  
highlye.

With whit lillye fleses, with garland greenish adorned :  
Heere to her ful seeming she dyd hyre thee clamor of elfish  
Goast of her old husband, her furth to this coompanye  
wafting,

When the earth with thee shaads of night was darcklye  
bemuffled.

Also on thee turrets the skrich howle, lyke fetchliefte ysetled,  
Her burial roundel dooth ruck, and cruncketh in howling.  
Sundrye such od prophecyes, many such prognosticat omens,  
In foretyme coyned, theire threatnings terrible vtterd.  
Yea cruel Æneas in dreame to her seemeth apeering,  
Her furious chasing : her self left also, she deemed,  
Post aloan, and soaly from woonted coompanye singled,  
Too trauayl a iourney toe toe long, and that she returneth,  
Too seek her owne Tyrians, through cragged passages  
vncooth.

Much lyke when Pentheus thee troups fel of hellish asemblye,  
And two soons shyning, and two Thebs vaynely beholdeth.  
Or lyke as, in scaffold theaters, is touzed Orestes  
From his dame gastlye fleeing, with flam's and poysoned  
adders :

Or black scaalde serpents, and when that in entrve be settled

Sour feends grimlye gnashing, ramping with grislye reuengment.

When she thus in raging dyd swel : when plunged in anguish,  
For to dye shee mynded, the mean and thee season apointed,  
Theese forged speeches to her sister sorroful vttring,  
Shee shrowds her purpose, false hoape with phisnomye  
feigning.

Sister, an od by knack haue I found (now rest yetriumphaut)  
Either this gadling shal swiftlye to mee be returned,  
Or fro this hoat looue fits I shal bee shortlye retrayted.  
Where the sun is woonted too set, neare the Ocean eending,  
Thee last point farthest of dwellers Æthiop: Atlas  
Mighty in this region bolsters thee starred Olympus.  
From thence came a mayd priest, in soyle Massyla begotten,  
Seixteen of Hesperides Sinagog, this sorceres vsed,  
For too cram the dragon : she, on trees, slips consecrat  
heeded.

Hoonnye liquid sprinckling and breede sleepe wild popye  
strawing.

For to fre mynds, snared with looue, this Margerye voucheth,  
Whom she wil, and oothers with loouetraps stronglye to fetter.  
Also to stay the riuers, and back globs starrye returning.  
In night too cooniure spirits : theare shal ye se (sister)  
Thee ground right vnder too groane, trees bigge to fal head-  
long.

Thee Gods too witnesse, so thee, deare sister, I lykewise  
Cal, bye thye sweet pallet, me this hard extremitye forceth  
For to put in practise magical feats, sorcerye charming.  
Wherefor in al secret let logs of tymber, in inner  
Court, with speede, be reked, the sky with loftines hitting.  
Also se, that thither you bring thee martial armour,  
That the peasaunt left heere, with al his misfortuned ensigns.  
Theare bed must be placed, thee wedlock bed, where I, poore  
wretch,

Al my bane haue purchaste : theese rit's thee Cooniures asketh,  
Too burne al monuments of this cursd villenus hoap loast.



This sayd, streight a silence shee keep's, her phisnomye  
paleth.

And yet An had nothing deemed, that Dido, the sister,  
Preparde theese burials to her self, she no such furye casteth.  
Or that woorse mischief might bee to her sister aproching,  
Than when shee mourned the death of spouse soarye,  
Sichæus.

Thearefor her encheason shee purueys.

But the Queene, as tymber was broght, and piled in order,  
And holme logs cleaued with cressets mounted ar added :  
With twisted garland and leau's, spred greenlye, she garnisht  
Thee place of her burial : there his armours al she reposed.  
On the bed his picture shee set, ful playnely bethincking,  
What would bee the sequel. There about stand consecrat  
altars :

With which eke embayed, the she priest, vntressed in heare  
locks,

Hundreds of the Godheds thrise tolde al giddylye calleth :  
Shee crieth on the Erebus darcknesse and on Chaös hoch  
poch.

And the tripil dam Hecatee, with three faced angrye Diäna.  
Shee pours eeke the liquours vntruely of founten Auernus.  
Also by thee moone shyne yoong buds, scant spirted a booue  
ground,

Are soght too be loped with a brassye sieth : also the poyson  
Cole black commixed with mylck : enquirye was eke made,  
For to snip, in the foaling, from front of fillye the knapknob  
That the mare al greedy dooth snap.

Her self with presents standing neere the halloed altars,  
Naked in her oane foote, with frock unlaced aparralyd ;  
Calleth at her parting on Gods : and destenye wytyng  
Thee stars : too the Godhead, with meeke submission, hartlye  
Shee prayeth : yf deitee with no loare rightlye regadeth  
Thee slip of al faythlesse break leages, that vnequalye looued.

Neere toe dead of midnight yt drew, when member of  
eeche thing

Quick, and fore labored was, with sweet slumber, atached.  
 Thee woods are noyselesse, thee seas late stormye be calmed.  
 Thee stars from the sky top with glyding slipprye be shooting :  
 Thee fields and the catal bee mum : most queintlye bedecked  
 Fayre fowls, close lurking in lak's, or shrowded in hard bed  
 Of thorny thickets, through rural cuntrye be napping,  
 In the silent nyghtyme, from thogt their daytoyl amooouing.  
 But the poore vnresting Dido could catch no such happye  
 Season, too be quiet, shee sleeples is onlye remayning.  
 Now routs of carcking troubles, with sighs, be resorting :  
 Soomtyme fits tickling of her old looue in hertroote ar itching.  
 Then fresh on a suddeyn shee frets, and warpeth in anger.  
 And bayted in tugging skirmish then thus she bethoght her.

What shal I doo therefore ? shal I now, lyke a castaway  
 milckmadge,

On myewoers formoure bee fawning ? Too Nemod emprour  
 Now shal I meeke be suing, oft by mee coylye refused ?  
 Therefor I must swiftly too Troian nauye be trudging,  
 Theare me toe bynd prentise, theyr wil, lyk a gally slaue,  
 heeding.

And reason I trauayled too theym, that, by me so shielded,  
 My formoure beneficts defrayde so kindelye requited.  
 Wel, wel : graunt I trauayld, who would mee suffer ? or of  
 theym

What man, in his vessel, prowld borne, would carrye me  
 scorned ?

And alas, ô selly woomman : yeet must ye be lessond  
 Thee freaks, thee fickle promise, thee periurye Troian ?  
 What then ? with my fleeing shal I track their nauye  
 triumphing ?

Or shal I pursu theym with strong and furnished armye ?  
 And my pepil subiect, that I broght from Sidon in hazard  
 Of lief, too the sea ward with danger shal they be pressed ?  
 Nay, nay, thye self slaughter : thy bad lief vnhappye death  
 asketh.

Thow, thow, deere sister, with my tears woommanish anguisht,

With my phrensie moued, to my foa dydst cast me ful open.  
Might not I my lief tyme, lust fleshly and sinful auoyding,  
Spend lyk an vnreasoned wild beaste, and such care abandon?  
I kept no promise to the boans of godlye Sichæus.

Such playnts and quarrels in burnt brest stronglye she  
crusshed.

Now the good Æneas embarckt in vessel of hudgnesse,  
Certen of his passadge, dyd sleepe: things duelye wel  
orderd.

Then toe the same captayne valiant, in slumber, apeered  
Thee selfe same visadge, that face, that phisnomye bearing  
In color, in speaking, thee self same Mercurye likning,  
Forseene in his goulden fine locks, and youthlye resem-  
blauce.

Thus thee wight sleeping with a newcoom message he greeteth.  
Thow sun of heunlye Godesse, dar'st thow to slumber in  
hazards?

See ye not, ô madman, what dangers sundrye betyde you?  
Heyre ye not, in listning, thee westerne fortunat huffling?  
Shee coyn's cursd dangers, and mischiefs forgeth on anuyll.  
Too dye she stands resolut: shee stormeth sweltred in anger.  
Wil ye not haste swiftly, whilst leasur is offred of hastning?  
Perdye ye shal shortly perceauē, thee seas toe be coouerd,  
With boats, and flaming fyre worcks toe be flashed of eeche  
syde

Thee shoars, yf dawning in this fel cuntrye shal hold you.  
On loa, cut of loytring, a wind fane changabil huf puffe  
Always is a woomman. Thus sayd, through nightfog he  
vannisht.

Then the duke Æneas, with shaddow sudden agrysed,  
Vp starts from slugish sleeping, and coompanye waketh.  
My men arise swiftly: to the tacklings speedelye stick yee:  
Hoise sayl's with posting: for a God from celical heunseats  
Sent, toe fle commaunds vs: lykewise toe cut hastlye the  
cabels.

Loa yet agayne spurs hee. We relye toe thyn hautye behestings

Who th'wart, mightye Godhead ; thus agayne toe thy wil we  
be forward.

Send thye pliaunt seruants thye good ayde, let stars of  
Olympus

Lucky assist the viadge: thus he sayd: then naked his edg  
sword

Brandisht from the scabard hee drew: thee cabil he swappeth.  
Al they the lyke poste haste dyd make, with scarboro  
scrabbling.

From the shoare owt sayle they: thee sea with great fleet is  
houeld.

Fluds they rake vp spuming, with keele froth fomye they  
furrow.

Thee next day foloing lustring Aurora lay shymring,  
Her saffrond mattresse leauing to her bedfelo Tithon.

Thee Queene, when the daylight his shining brightnes  
afurded,

Peeps from loftye beacons, and sayling nauye beholdeth.

Thee stronds and the hauens of vessels emptye she marcketh.

Thrise, nay she foure seasons on fayre brest mightely  
bouncing,

And her heare owt rowting yellow: God Iuppiter, ogh lord:  
Quod she, shal hee scape thus? shal a stranger geue me the  
slampam?

With such departure my regal segnorye frumping?

Shal not al oure subiects pursu with clamorus hu crye?

With my fleete hoate foloing shal not theire nauye be burned?

On men; alarme; fyrebrands se ye take; sails hoyse; roa  
ye swiftly:

What chat I foole? What place me doth hold? What  
phrensye me witcheth?

ô forlorne Dido, now now wrawd destenye grubs the.

This spite should be plyed, when thou thy auctoritye  
yeildedst.

Marck the fayth and kindnesse, that he shews, who is soothlye  
reported,

Too carry his rellicques and countrey domestical house goods,  
And to clap on shoulders his bedred graueporer old syre.

Could not I with my power both haue hackt and minced eke  
inchemeale

Thee coystrels carcasse, next in the sea deepelye toe drenche  
yt?

Could not I then murther, with sword, his coompanye  
stragling?

Yea the lad Ascanius wel I might haue slaughtered, after

At tabil of the father too set thee chield to be maunged.

Thee chaunce in battayle, ye wil hold, is doubtful: I graunt yt.

What man had I feared, toe dye prest? I had flamed of  
eechesyde

Theare tents and nauy, thee child, and thee father eending.

Yea the race extirping: my self had I walloed on theym.

ô sun in heune hye beaming, who behold'st ful woorkes at  
earthlye:

Of these drirye dolours eeke thow Queene Iuno the  
searchresse,

And Godes hauty Hecatee, that dooest wights terrifye nightlye

In pathways traueling, ye bug hags fierce set to reuengments,

You Gods al mustring to the eende of wretched Elisa,

Eare this; I doe craue you: for sin's due torture amoouing.

Lysten too my prayers. Yf this false traytor in hauen

Of force must be placed, toe the land yf destenye fling  
hym,

If faets of the Godheds so wil: theyre wyl be don hardly.

Yet let thee rascal with soldiours doughtye be lugged,

Spoyled of his weapons, wandring lyke a bannished owtlaw:

Haalde from the embracing of his onlye belooued Iulus:

And to beg his succoure: too see the funeral eendinges

Wretched of his kynred: lykewise when he shal be relying

Too streict condicions of peace, to vnlawful agreement:

In wisht Princelye quiet let not thee cullion harbour:

But before his fixed death tyme let his eende be cut hastlye,

In nauel of quicksands his corps vntumbed abyding.

Theese poincts humblye craue I, with blood this last wil I  
stablish.

And you my Tyrian subiects, this linnage heere after  
Pursue with hate bitter, this gift se ye graunt toe myne  
ashes.

Let no looue or lyking, no fayth nor leage be betweene you,  
Let there one od captayne from my boans rustye be  
springing,

With fire eke and weapons thee caytiefs Troian auenging :  
Now; then; at eeche season; what so eare streingth  
mightye shal happen,

Let shoare bee too shoars, let seas contrarye toe seas stand,  
And to armours, armours I do pray, let progenye bicker.

Shee sayde; eke her vexte mynd shee tost and tumbled in  
eeche syde,

From thee light vnsauerye to flit, with gredines, asking.

Shee speaks too Barsen thee nurse of seallye Sichæus  
(For then her owne mylckdame in byrth soyl was breathles  
abyding)

Good nurse take the trauayle, too bring my sister An  
hither.

With the waters streaming let her hoale corps hastlye be  
clensed.

Thee beasts bring she with her, with theym thee forenoted  
offrings.

Thus let her haste hither: let thy pate godlye be coouerd.

Too the God infernal what rits bye me bee readye, furth  
with

For to ende I purpose, my troubles wholye to finnish:

And toe put in fyre brands this Troian pedlerye trush trash.

This sayd: shee trots on snayling, lyk a tooth shaken old  
hagge.

But Dido affrighted, stift also in her obstinat onset,  
Her bluddy eyes wheeling, her lyers with swart spot ydusked,  
And eke al her visage waning with murder aproching,  
Too the inner quadrant runneth, then madlye she scaleth

Thee top of her banefyers, his swoord shee grappleth in handling;

I say the swoord brandisht, toe such a wild part not apointed.

When she the weeds Troian dyd marck, and sporte breder old bed :

In tears salt blubbring, in musing stiddye remaying,  
Shee fel on her mattresse : theese woords for a farewell awarding.

O my sweet old leauings, whilst mee good destenye suffred,  
And God of his goodnesse you mee too pleasure allowed,  
Take ye mye faynt spirit, mee from theese troubles abandon,  
I liu'de and the trauayl, graunted by fortun, I traced :

Also my goast shortly too pits of lymboe shal hobble.

A citty I founded stately, thee wals dyd I see rasd.

And the death of my husband on freendlesse broother I venged.

Blessed had I rested, yee thrise most blessed, yf onlye

In theese my regions no Troian vessel had anchord.

Thus she sayd, and thrusting in couche her phisnomye cheerelesse,

But shal I dy sheepe lyke, not taking kindlye reuengment ?

Yea wil I dy, quod shee, what ? so ? yea, so wyl I pack hence.

Let the cruel Troian, this flame from mayne sea beholding,

His panch now satiat, with this my destenye fatal.

Thus she sayd ; and falling on blade with desperat offer,

Her damsels viewd her : thee swoord al bluddye begoared,

And hands owt spreading they beheeld ; thee raisd crye doth eccho

In the palace : Rumor thee death through cittye doth vtter.

With sighs, with yelling, with skrich, with woommanish howling,

Thee rafters rattle : with shouts thee perst skye reboundeth.

With no les hudge bawling, than yf al Carthago wer enterd

By the enymy riffling, with flaming flasshye toe scorch al

Thee roofs of tenements, of Gods the consecrat howses.

Furth runs her sister, theese newes vnfortunat hyring,  
With nayles hir visadage skratching, and mightilye rapping  
Her brest with thumping frap knocks, through rout she doth  
enter,

And the dying sister, with roaring, lowdlye she named.

Was this, deere sister, youre drift? therefore ye begyld  
me?

And for theese banquetts made I fiers, and halloed altars?  
What shal I first mourne now, poore caytief, desolat  
owntwayle?

In this youre parting youre sisters coompanye skornd you?  
Had ye toe that blood shot mee byd: wee both, with one  
edgtoole,

And eke in one moment, oure passadage fatal had ended.  
This labor endurd I toe this ende? waste therefor I called  
**On** Gods, from thye dying sharp pangs to be, wretch cruel  
absent.

The and my self haue I quight forlorne, thee nation hautye  
Of Sidon, thy woorthye pepil, thy towne braue I batterd.  
Speedelye bring me water, thee greene wound swiftlye toe  
souple;

And yf in her carcasse soom wind yeet softlye be breathing,  
With lip I wil nurse yt: thus sayd shee climd toe the  
woodpile,

Claspt in her arms bracing thee panting murtheres haulf-  
quick,

With grunt wyde gasping: thee blackned gellyeblud,  
hardning,

Shee skums with napkins; shee would haue lifted her eyebal,  
Feeble agayne weixing shee droups; thee deadlye push yrcks  
her.

Thrise she dyd endeuoure, too mount and rest on her elbow;  
Thrise to her bed sliding shee quayls, with whirlygig eyesight  
Vp to the sky staring, with belling skrichcrys she roareth,  
When she the desyred soonbeams with faynt eye receaued.

Then Iuno omnipotent long pangs, with mercye beholding,



And this her hard passadge: dyd send, from propped  
Olympus.  
Thee lustring raynebow, from corps the spirit auoyding,  
With rustling coombat buckling, with slayne bodye iustling.  
For where as her parture noe due death, nor destenye  
caused,  
But before her season thee wretch through phrensye was  
ended,  
Her locks Gould yellow therefore Proserpina would not  
Shaue from her whit pallet, ne her ding too damnable Orcus.  
Than loa the fayre Raynebow saffronlyke feathered,  
hoou'ring  
With thowsand gay colours, by the soon contrarye reshyning,  
From the skye downe flickring, on her head moste ioyfulye  
standing,  
Thus sayd: I doo Gods heast, from corps thy spirit I sunder.  
Streight, with al, her fayre locks with right hand speedelye  
snipped:  
Foorth with her heat fading, her liefe too windpuf auoyded.

*FINIS.*

*Deo Gratias.*

*Opus decem dierum.*







*Other Poetical Devices.*





HEERE AFTER ENSVE  
CERTEYN PSALMES OF  
*David*, translated in too *English*,  
according to thee obseruation  
of thee *Latin* verses.



S thee *Latinists* haue diuerse kindes of verses besydes the *Heroical*: so our *English* wyl easelye admyt theym, althogh in thee one language or oother they sowne not al so pleasinglie too the eare (by whose balance thee rowling of thee verse is too bee gaged) as the sole *heroical*, or the *heroical* and thee *elegiacal* enterlaced one with the oother.

I haue made prooffe of the *Jambical* verse in thee translation of the first *Psalme* of *David*, making bold with thee curteous reader, too acquaynt hym there with.

THEE FIRST PSALME OF DAVID,  
named in *Latin*, *Beatus vir*, translated  
in too *English* Iambical verse.



Hat wight is happy and gracious,  
That tracks noe wicked coompanye;  
Nor stands in il mens segnorye:  
In chayre ne sits of pestilence.

- 2 But in the sound law of the lord  
His mynd, or heast is resiaunt :  
And on the sayd law meditat's,  
With hourlye contemplation.
- 3 That man resembleth verelye  
The graffe bye riuier situat ;  
Yeelding abundant plentines  
Of fruit, in haruest seasoned.
- 4 With heunlye ioyce stil nurrished  
His leafe bye no means vannisheth ;  
What thing his hert endeuoureth,  
Is prosperously accomplished.
- 5 Not so the sinful creaturs,  
Not so there acts are prosperous ;  
But lyke the sand, or chaffye dust,  
That wynddye pufs fro ground doe blow.
- 6 Therefor in houre iudicial,  
The vngodlye shal vnhaunst remayne ;  
And shal be from the coompanye  
Of holye men quite sundered.
- 7 Because the lord preciselye knows  
The godlye path of goastlye men ;  
The fleshlye trace of filthye deeds  
Shal then be cleene extinguished.




Oo my seeming (wheather I am caryed too that  
conceit by the vnaquaynted nooueltye, or the  
meigernesse of this kind of verse) the *Iämbical*  
quantitye relisheth soom what vnsauorlye in oure

language, being in truth not al too geather of thee tooth-soomest in thee *Latin*.

Thee *Hexametre* entermingled with the *Pentametre* doothe carrye a good grace in the *English*, as also among thee *Latins* : in which kind I haue endeououred thee translation of thee second *Psalme*.

THEE SECVND PSALME *QVARE*  
*fremuerunt gentes*, translated in too  
 English Heroical and Elegiacal verse.

- 1  Yth franticque madnesse why frets thee multitud  
 heathen ?  
 And to vayn attemptings what furye sturs the pepil ?
- 2 Al thee worldlye Regents, in clustred coompanye, crowded,  
 For toe tread and trample Christ with his holye godhead.
- 3 Breake we there hard fetters, wee that be in Christian  
 houshold,  
 Also from oure persons pluck we there yrnye yokes.
- 4 Hee skorns their worcking, that dwels in blessed  
 Olympus :  
 And at thiere brainsick trumperye follye fireth.
- 5 Then shal he speake too those in his hard implacabil  
 anger,  
 And shal turmoyle theym, then, with his heauye furye.
- 6 I raigne and doe gouerne, as king, by the lord his  
 apointment,  
 Of mount holye Siōn ; his wyl eke heunlye preaching.
- 7 Thee father hath spoaken : thow art my deerelye begotten ;  
 This day thy person for my great issue breeding.

- 8 Too mee frame thye prayers, eke of ethnicks the heyre wil  
I make the,  
Also toe thy seisin wyde places earthlye giue I.
- 9 With the rod hard steeled thow shalt theyre villenye  
trample;  
Lyke potters pykin naghtye men easlye breaking.
- 10 You that ar earthlye Regents, Iudges terrestrial harken,  
With the loare of vertu warelye too be scholed.
- 11 Too God youre seruice with feareful duitye betake yee;  
With trembling gladnesse yeeld to that highnes honor.
- 12 Lerne wel youre lessons, least that God ruffle in anger,  
And fro the right stragling, with furey snacht, ye perish.
- 13 When with swift posting his dangerus anger aprocheth,  
They shal bee blessed which in his help be placed.

**I**N thee second verse I translate, *Christe with his heunlye Godhead*, and yeet thee *Latin* renneth, *aduersus dominum et aduersus Christum eius*. Wherein I offer no violence too thee mynd and meaning of thee *Prophet*. For his drift in this *Psalme* tendeth too thee reclayming of earthlye *potentats* from thee vayne enterpryce they take in hand, in thee suppressing of *Christ* his kingdome: which by two meanes hath beene attempted. Thee one when oure *Saluioyre* was heere in thee earthe, whom thee *Iewes* and *gentils* crucified: thee oother after his *Ascension*, when his *elect* weare and now are daylye persecuted by thee *miscreaunts*, which persecution *Christ*

Act. 9. 4. dooth accoumpt his owne, as when he challenged *Saul*, hee demaunded why he dyd persecute hym: accoumpting thee *persecution* of his *members* too be his owne. And to thee lyke purpose thee *apostels* applye this *Psalme* in thee 4. of

Actor. 4. 25. the *Actes*. Now thee *Prophet* vnfoldeth thee vanitye of thee *Jewes* and *gentils* in conspiring too geather too surpryce thee regiment of *Christe*, in that hee is *God*, and that he is the *eternal* Soon of thee *father*, too whom al *power*



is geueen in *heuen* and *earth*, as wel with iustice Matt. 28. 18.  
 too crusee thee reprobate, as with mercye too salue thee elect.  
 Therefor yt standeth with thee meaning of thee *Prophet*, too  
 aduouch thee empugning of *Christ*, too bee the impugning of  
*God*, in that hee is both *God* and *man*: *God* of thee Athan in Symb.  
 substance of his *father* begotten before thee worlds,  
 and *man* of thee substance of his *moothe* borne in thee  
 world. And that thee *soon* was before al worlds begotten of  
 thee *father* is playnely notified in thee seuenth verse, where  
 thee *father* sayeth too thee *soon*, *this day I haue begotten thee*:  
 signifiing, by *this day*, *Eternitye*: in which generation is  
 neither tyme to coome, nor tyme past, nor anye changeable  
 season, but alwayes thee self same immutable *eternitye* too  
 bee considered. And therefor in thee 12. verse, thee *Prophet*  
 layeth downe an exhortation too theese men of state, not  
 onely not too band agaynst *Christe*, but also too submit  
 theymselues too his loare, as too *God*, who would haue his  
*soon* honored: which verse I haue translated according too  
 thee vulgar edition, *apprehendite disciplinam*, where with thee  
*Greek* text *δπαξασθε παιδιας*, and also the *Chaldye* interpretoure  
 agreeth, as *Petrus Galatinus* hath obserued: yeet Petrus Galat. de archan. Catho. Veri. lib. 3. cap. 6.  
 the *Hebrue* *Nas ku bar*, or *Nassecu Bar*, may bee too  
 more aduantage of vs *Christians*, and too thee con-  
 fusion of thee *Iewes* ootherwise translated. *S. Hierom* turneth  
 yt, *adore purely*, or *adore thee soon*, which approoueth Hierony. in Psal. 2.  
 thee deitye of *Christ*: *Felix* translateth yt, *kisse thee*  
*soon*, or *embrace the soon*: wherein also the prerogative of  
*Christ* is manifested. For by thee *kissing of thee soon* is  
 signified thee embracing of his power and doctrin: which  
 hath bene deliuered from thee mouth of thee *almightye* too  
 his seruantes by thee handes of his *Prophets* and *Apostles*.  
 And therefore thee auncient *Talmudistes* expound, in this  
 wise, that of thee *Canticles*, *Osculetur me osculo oris* Canti. 1. 1.  
*sui*, let hym *kisse mee* with thee *kisse* of his owne mouth:  
 that is, let thee *Messias*, who is the soon of *God*, instruct mee  
 with his owne mouth. Let not *Moses* bee sent, who is

Exodi 4. 10.  
Esai. 6. 5.  
Ierem. 1. 6.

tongue tyed ; nor *Esaias*, that acknowlegeth his lips too bee polluted ; Nor *Ieremye*, that sayd hee could not speake ; but let thee verye soon of God, who is thee *fathers* wisdom and force coom, and with his mouth lesson and instruct mee. So that al beyt thee word (*Bar*) may emport soomtyme learnyng, soomtyme corne, soomtyme that which is pure or cleene, yet eftsoons yt notifieth a sunne. As *Barptolomeus*, yf we respect the *etymologie* of thee woord, signifieth thee soon of *Ptolomeus*, *Barnabas*, thee Hieron. in apologi. cont. soon of a *Prophet*, as is learnedly expounded by S. Ruffin. cap. 5 *Hierom* in his *apologie* agaynst *Ruffinus*.



ut too returne too oure *English* verses, I haue attempted thee translation of thee third *Psalm* in thee *Asclepiad* kind : which also, in my phantasye, is not also pleasaunt in thee *English* : but that I refer too thee iudgment of thee reader.

## THEE THIRD PSALME, NAMED, *Domine, quid multiplicati sunt*, translated in too English *Asclepiad* verse.



1 Ord, my drirye foes why doe (they) multiplie ?  
Mee for too ruinat sundrye be coouetous.

2 Hym shields not the godhead, sundrye say too  
mye soule.

3 Th'art, lord most vigilant, wholye my succorer,  
And in the al mye staying shal be stil harbored :  
Tw'art my most valiant victorie glorious.


4 To our lord lowd I cryed : from holye place herd he mee.

- 5 In graue new buried fast haue I slumbered.  
I rose too liefc agayn through God his hollines.
- 6 I feare not furious multitud infinit,  
With coompassc laboring, my body for toe catchc.  
Rise Lord omnipotent, help me, myc champion.
- 7 Lord, thy cleere radiaunt righteys equityc  
Hath squisd al myc foes, falslyc me ransaking.
- 8 Oure Lord participats saulftyc with happines :  
With gifts, heunlyc Godhead, thy pepil amplyc blisse.



Vt of al thescc baccc and foot verses (so I terme al sauluing thec *Heroical* and *Elegiacal*) thec *Saphick*, too my seeming, hath thec prehcmynencyc, which kind I haue assayed in thec paraphrastical translation of thec fourth *Psalmc*.

THEE FOVRTH PSALME, NAMED,  
*Cum inuocarem*, paraphrasticalyc trans-  
lated in too English Saphick verse.

- 1  Hen that I called, with an humbil owtcryc,  
Thec God of Iustice, meriting myc saulftyc,  
In many dangers myc weake hert vpholding  
Swiftlyc dyd hyre mee.

- 2 Therefor al freshly, lyke one oft enured  
With thyc great goodnesse, yet agayne doe craue thec,  
Mercyc too render, with al ecke toe graunt mee  
Gratius harckning.

- 3      Wherefore of mankind ye that are begotten,  
What space and season doe ye catche for hardnesse,  
Vanitee loouing, toe toe fondlye searching  
            Trumperye falshood.
- 4      Know ye for certeyn, that our heunlye rectoure  
His sacred darling specialye choosed :  
And the lord therefor, when I pray, wil harken  
            Too mye requesting.
- 5      For syn expyred se ye rest in anger,  
And future trespas, with al haste, abandon :  
When that in secret ye be fleashlye tickled,  
            Run toe repentaunce.
- 6      Righteous incense sacrifice heere after  
In God, oure guider, your hole hoape reposing.  
Fondlye doo diuerse say, what hautye great lord  
            Vs doth inhable.
- 7      Thy star of goodnesse in vs is reshining,  
Sound reason graunting, with al heunlye coomfort :  
With these hudge presents toe myne hert afurding  
            Gladnes abundant.
- 8      Theare wheat and vineyards, that ar haplye sprouting,  
And oyle, in plenty toe the store cel hurded,  
With pryde, and glorie to the stars inhaunceth  
            Worldlye men huffing.
- 9      Thogh that I see not, with a carnal eyesight,  
Thee blis and glory, that in heun is harbourd :  
Yeet with hoape stand I, toe be theare reposed,  
            And toe be resting.

10 By reason that thou, my God heunlye, settledst  
Mee, thye poore seruaunt, in hoape, and that highlye :  
Too be partaker with al heunlye dwellers  
Of thye blis happye.

## A PRAYER TOO THEE TRINITYE.



Rinitee blessed, deitee coëqual,  
Vnitee sacred, God one eeke in essence,  
Yeeld toe thy seruaunt, pitifullye calling  
Merciful hyring.

Vertuus liuing dyd I long relinquish,  
Thy wyl and precepts miserablye scorning,  
Graunt toe mee, sinful pacient, repenting,  
Helthful amendment.

Blessed I iudge hym, that in hert is healed :  
Cursed I know hym, that in helth is harmed :  
Thy physick therefore, toe me, wretch vnhappye  
Send, mye Redeemer.

Glorye too God, thee father, and his onlye  
Soon, the protectoure of vs earthlye sinners,  
Thee sacred spirit, laborers refreshing,  
Stil be renowned. Amen.

# HEERE AFTER ENSVE CERTAYNE POËTICAL CONCEITES.

A diuise made by *Virgil*, or rather by soom oother vpon a Riuer so hard frozen, that waynes dyd passe ouer yt: varied sundrye wayes, for commendacion, as yt should seeme, of the *Latin* tongue, and thee same varietye dubbed in thee *English*.

I



*Va ratis egit iter, iuncto boue, plaustra trahuntur;*

*Postquam tristis hyems frigore vinxit aquas.*

2 *Sustinet vnda rotam, patulæ modò peruia puppi:*

*Vt concreta gelu marmoris instar habet.*

3 *Quas modò plaustra premunt vndas, ratis antè secabat:*  
*Postquam brumali diriguere gelu.*

4 *Vnda rotam patitur, celerem nunc passa carinam:*  
*In glaciem solidam versus vt amnis abit.*

5 *Quæ solita est ferre vnda rates, fit peruia plaustri:*  
*Vt stetit in glaciem marmore versa nouo.*

6 *Semita fit plaustro, quà puppis adunca cucurrit:*  
*Postquam frigoribus bruma coëgit aquas.*

7 *Orbita signat iter, modò quà cauus alueus exit:*  
*Strinxit aquas tenues vt glacialis hyems.*


8 *Amnis iter plaustro dat, qui dedit antè carinæ:*  
*Duruit vt ventis vnda, fit apta rotis.*

9 *Plaustra boues ducunt, quà remis acta carina est:*  
*Postquam dirigit crassus in amne liquor.*

IO *Vnda capax ratiū plaustri iter algida præbet:*  
*Frigoribus sæuis vt stetit amnis iners.*


II *Plaustra viam carpunt, quà puppes ire solebant:*  
*Frigidus vt Boreas obstupescit aquas.*

## THEE SAME ENGLISHED.

- 1  Heare ships sayld, the wagons are now drawn  
stronglye with oxen :  
For that thee season frostye dyd hold the water.
- 2 Theare the wagon runneth, wheare whillon vessel hath  
hulled :  
For that thee marbil frostye made hard the riuier.
- 3 Theare placed is the wagon, wheare boats road graped at  
anchour :  
When that a could wynter thee water hastye stayed.
- 4 Now the car is trayled, wheare barges latelye repayred :  
When that cold Boreas chillye did hold the riuier.
- 5 Where ships haue traauyld, theare now cars sundrye be  
tracing :  
When nipping wynter thee riuier hardlye stoped.
- 6 Theare the coch is running, wheare latelye the nauye  
remayned :  
When that the northen frostye gale hemd the riuier.
- 7 Now the naue hath passage, wheare the keele was latelye  
reposed :  
By reason of wynters frost, that hath hyd the water.
- 8 Thee water vp the wagons dooth prop, that vessel hath  
harbourd :  
Beecause that the riuier frostines ysye tyed.
- 9 Now the wagon rowleth, wheare lighturs hulled in hauen :  
When that a frost knitting stronglye witheeld the riuier.
- 10 Wheare the ship earst sayled, the cart his passage on  
holdeth :  
When thee frostye weather thee water hardlye glued.
- 11 Now the wayn is propped, whear to earst thee gallye  
resorted :  
For that thee winters hoare glue reteynd the water.

SO MANY TYMES IS THE *L**A**T**I**N*

varyed, and yeet as manye tymes more for the  
honoure of thee English.

1  Heare chariots doe trauayle, wheare late the great  
argosye sayled :

By reason of the riuer knit with a frostye soder.

2 Wheare the great hulck floated, theare now thee cart-  
wheele is hagling :

Thee water hard curded with the chil ysye rinet.

3 Where skut's furth launched, theare now the great wayn  
is entred :

When the riuer frized by reason of the weather.

4 Wheare rowed earst mariners, theare nowe godye carman  
abydeth,

Thee flud, congealed stiflye, relats the reason.

5 Now the place of sayling is turnd to a carter his entrye,  
This change thee winters chillines hoarye bredeth.

6 Now wayns and chariots are drawne, wheare nauye dyd  
harrow :

This new found passadge frostines hoarye shaped.

7 Wheare barcks haue passed, with cart's that parcel is  
haunted :

From woonted moysture for that ice heeld the water.

8 Wheare stems haue trauersd, there haue oxen traced in  
headstal :

By reason yse knitting thee water heeld free floing.

9 Wheare the flye boat coasted, theare cart wheels clusted  
ar hobling

This new strange passadge winter his hoarnes habled.

10 Earst the flud, vpbearing thee ship, now the cartwheele  
vpholdeth.

When water is ioyned firmlye with hoarye weather.

11 Whear ruther steered, thee goad theare poaked hath  
oxen :

Thee winters coldnesse thee riuer hardlye roching.



Thee description of *Liparen*, expressed by *Virgil* in thee eight booke of his *Æneis*, in which place, thee *Poët* played, as yt weare, his price, by aduancing at ful thee loftines of his veyne: doon in too *English* by thee translatoure for his last farewel too thee sayd *Virgil*.



W'ard *Sicil* is seated, toe the welken loftelye peaking,  
A soyl, ycleapt *Liparen*, from whence, with flounce  
furye slinging,

Stoans, and burlye bulets, lyke tamponds, maynelye be  
towing.

Vnder is a kennel, wheare Chymneys fyrye be scorching  
Of *Cyclopan* tosters, with rent rocks chamferye sharded,  
Lowd dub a dub tabering with frapping rip rap of *Ætna*.  
Theare stroaks stronglye threshing, yawl furth groans,  
stamped on anuy.

In the den are drumming gads of steele, parchfulye sparck-  
ling;

And flam's fierclye glowing from fornace flasshye be whisking.  
*Vulcan* his hoate fordgharth, namde eeke thee *Vulcian* Island.  
Downe from the heunlye palace trauayled thee fyrye *God*  
hither.

In this caue the rakehels yrne bars, bigge bulcked, ar  
hamring.

*Brotes*, and *Steropes*, with baerlym swartye *Pyracmon*.

Theese thre were vpbotching, not shapte, but partlye wel  
onward,

A clapping fyerbolt (such as oft, with rownce robel hobble,  
*Ioue* toe the ground clattreth) but yeet not finished holye.  
Three *shows* wringlye wrythen glimring, and forceblye  
sowcing;

Three watrye *clouds* shymring toe the craft they rampyred  
hizing,

Three *wheru's* fyerd glystring, with *Soutweynds* ruffled  
huffling.

Now doe they rayse gastly lyghtnings, now grislye rebound-  
ings

Of ruffe raffe roaring, mens herts with terror agrysing.

With peale meale ramping, with thwick thwack sturdelye  
thundring.

Theyre labor hoat they folow: toe the flame fits gyreful  
awarding.

And in an od corner, for *Mars* they be sternfuley flaying  
Hudge spoaks and chariots, by the which thee surlye *God*,  
angerd,

Hastye men enrageth, too wrath towns bat'ful on eggeth.

And they be fresh forging toe the netled *Pallas* an armoure,  
With gould ritchlye shrined, wheare scaals be ful horriblye  
clinked

Of scrawling *serpents*, with sculcks of poysoned *adders*.

In brest of the Godesse *Gorgon* was cocketed hardlye,

With nodil vnioyncted, by death, light vital amouuing.

Voyd ye fro these flamfews, quoa the *God*, set a part the  
begun wurck.

## THEE LOOVER LONG SOGHT VN-

too by his freend, at last repayreth too her presence :  
and after a fevv meetinges smelling thee drift of thee  
moother, vvvhich earst hee dyd forcast, too tend too  
the preferring of her daughter in marriage, refray-  
neth the gentlevvomans coompanye, thogh eftsoones  
too thee contrarye sollicitd, as one vnwylling too  
marry at al, and verye loath too mar so curteous a  
dame: and therfor, for thge preseruacion of her  
honoure, and too auoyd the encoumbrance of *looue*,  
hee curbeth *affection* vvith *discretion*, and thus  
descanteth on the playne song.



Ntoe this hard passadge (good God) what phrensye  
dyd hale mee ?

From thye quiet seruice my self too slau'rye betaking.

Vntoe the lure smoothly, with faynd solemnitye, trayned.  
Fiue moonths ful she plyed: means made: dreams sundrye  
related.

If we met in walcking, what scarlet blush she resembled ?  
Her color oft altreth : with loou's hoat palsye she trembleth.  
Back goth her eye glauncing : a sigh herd ; moods chaung-  
abil vttred.

I litle accountped, God knows, thee curtesye proferd.  
Stil dyd I keepe backward, what I find, tym's sundrye  
forvtttring.

For toe loue a stranger, scarce seene, what sound reason egs  
her ?

But reason in loouepangs who seeketh ? a wooman eke hateth,  
Or loou's extreemely : no meane, no measure is extant.

At length woon bye prayer to her lodge my passage I bended ;  
Lumps of looue promist, nothing perfourmed in earnest.

Forgerye thee pandar : thee messadge mockrye : the mooother  
Thee knot of al the lying, thee virgin faultles is onlye.

But shal I looue the lady, so as Petrarck Laura regarded ?

In paper her dandling ? her person neauer atayning ?

Such sport fits the Poëts, whom rauing phantasye sotteth.

I doe wake, I dreame not : noe such ynckhorne vanitye feeds  
mee.

Thee bodye, not shaddow : no woords, but wurckes I coouet.  
Marriage is profred : that yoke thee loouer abhorreth.

And toe mar a virgin, to a freend such curtesye tendring,  
Were not a practise honest, nor a preede toe be greatlye  
recounted.

Thee *rinet* of freendship, *vertu*, such treacherye damneth.

What man of ennye reason with villeny virtue requyteth.

Rest the quiet therefore: flee from theese dangerus hard  
rocks,

Whereto loue oft leadeth, with stormes thee passage is  
haunted.

Great trauayl in the sueing, thee profred curtesye skorned.

If she coye, that kendleth thee fondling loouer his onset :

Greedelye wee coouet, that was to vs flatlye refused.  
 Queynt of a kisse publicque, lewd lust with nicitye masking.  
 Such woomens negatiues for a yeelding, *yea Syr*, ar holden.  
 What doth auayl, minion, this sleight and treacherye cogging.  
 Cleaue toe the sound *Castè*, flee from thee patcherye *Cautè*.

Then fresh agayne prayeth hee, percase thee suitur is eared.

Wel: the woer gayneth the requyred victorye. What then?  
 Is the trauayl finnisht? are pleasurs onlye then hooouering?  
 Nay: then thy misery, thine hel eeke theare taketh his entraunce.

Now thye sleepe is scanted, now stinging ielosye fretteth.  
 Dame Venus and kingdooms can no riualitye suffer.  
 Her fauor hee gayned with a beck: that burneth in entrayls.  
 Who deems yt wisdom with glasse too rampyre a Bulwarck?  
 Men say, that a changing of pasture maketh a fat calfe.  
 A Calf yt maketh; toe the fat let a grasier aunswere.  
 That wil a way, who can hold? such challeng therefor abandon.

*Robbrye* toe bee *purchase*, soom terme eeke *leacherye solace*.

She kept no promise: that would be a quarrel in earnest.  
 Now wars proclaymed, peace agayne now freshlye renewed.  
 Now these suspicions, now that surmises ar opned.  
 Now beldam Brokresse must bee with moonnye rewarded.  
 Veritye detesting, noght els but vanitye babling.  
 This gowne your looue mate, that kyrtil costlye she craueth,  
 This pearle, that diamond, this massiue garganet asking.  
 Noght may ye forsake her: that would bee felonye deemed.  
*Ielosye* thee person, thee purse eeke *penurye* pincheth.  
 Is this an heun, trow you? fro that heun Gods mercye wythold mee.

Pleasure is vnpleasaant that purchaseth heauye repentaunce.  
 In so much as therefore this great vexation haunteth  
 Al such as are loouers, and wished bootye doe coompassé:  
 I doe renounce flatly thee felde, such victorye skorning,  
 Too mye fredoom formere my self from slauerye reclayming.

# AN ENDEVOURED DESCRIP- tion of his *Mystresse*.



Ature in her woorking soomtyme dooth pinche lyke  
a niggard,

Disfiguring creatures, lymys with deformitye dusking.  
This man is vnioyncted, that swad lyke a monster abydeth;  
Shee limps in the going, this slut with a cammoysed haucks  
nose,

And as a Cow wasted plods on, with an head lyke a lutecase.  
Theese faultes fond Hodipecks impute too Nature, as yf she  
Too frame were not habil gems with rare dignitye lustring.  
Wherefor in aduis'ment laboring too cancel al old blots,  
And toe make a patterne of price, thee maystrye toe pubblish:  
For toe shape a peerlesse paragon shee mynded, asembling  
Her force and cunning: for a spirt lands sundrye refusing,  
And with al her woorckmat's trauayling shee lighteth in  
*Holland*,

Round too the *Hage* posting, to the world *Marye* matchles  
auauncing.

In bodey fine fewterd, a braue Brownnetta; wel handled;  
Her stature is coomly; not an ynych toe superfluus holding;  
Gratius in visadge; with a quick eye prittelye glauncing;  
Her lips lyke corral rudye, with teeth lillye whit eeuened.  
Yoong in age, in manners and nurture sage she remayneth;  
Bashful in her speaking, not rash, but watchful in aunswer;  
Her look's, her simpring, her woords with curtesye sweet-  
ning;

Kynd and also modest; lyking with chastitye lyncking;  
And in al her gesturs obseruing coomlye *Decorum*.

But toe what eend labor I, me toe presse with burden of  
*Ætna*:

Thee stars too number, poincts playnely vncountabil opning.  
Whust: not a woord: a silence such a task impossibil  
asketh.

Her *vertu* meriteth more prayse, than parlye can vtter.

## HIS DEVISE WRYTTEN

in his *mystresses* booke.



*Aga Hollandorum vario splendore refulget;  
Solis in hac lumen sola Maria tenet.*

## THEE SAME ENGLISHED.



Hee fine Hage excelleth with lusturs sundrye reshyn-  
ing,

Thee Sun hath his brightnesse in *Marye* solye  
placed.

## THREE ESPECIAL GIFTES,

wherein his *mystresse* excelleth.



Hree poincts my *mystresse* with passing dignitie  
garnish.

*Coomlynes* of person thee first ranck rightlye reteig-  
neth:

*Curtesye* keeps the Secund: the third row *Chastitye* claymeth:  
For so fayre a *Paragon*, with booxom deboynar vsadge;

And so pure a *Virgin*, with so rare vertue bedecked :  
Sundrye may wel wish for. *Marye* must be the *Principal*  
holden.

## OF A CRAKING CVTTER,

extracted owt of Syr *Thomas Moore*  
his Latin Epigrams.



Inckt was in wedlock a loftye Thrasonical huf snuffe :

In gate al on typstau's stalcking, in phisnomye daring.

This cutter valiant in warfare soght his auenture.

Thee whilst his minion, with carnal wantones itching,  
Chooste for a freend secret no woorse, then a cuntrye lob  
heerd swayne.

A pray for a paragon: but what ? thee knurrie knob oake tree,  
Thogh craggy in griping, in strength surpasseth a smooth slip.  
When Thraso from bickrings, not bluddye, returned is  
homeward,

Of this hap aduertisde, with frantick iellosye taynted,  
Hee seeks in thee fields, with swift enquirye, the riuall.  
Stay vagabund raskal (so he spake when he spyde the lob  
heerd hyne)

Thee clowne stout standeth with a leshe of bulleted hard  
stoans ;

Then Thraso with naked flatchet, with thunderus outcrye  
Sayd : thow scuruye peasaunt, my wife th'hast, villen, abused.  
My bed defiled : lyke a breaklooue mak'bat adultrer.

Al this I deny not, quoa the clowne : and what then : I pray  
thee ?

Doost thow confesse yt ? Thraso sayd : bye the blessed  
asemblye

Of the heunly sociats, hadst thow thy knauerye reneaged,  
This mye blade in thye body should bee with speedines  
hafted.

## OF A TEMPEST QVAYLING

certeyn passengers borowed of thee same

*Syr Thomas Moore.*

Heare rose in sayling a rough tempestuus owtrage,  
With watrye plash bouncing, thee ribs of giddy ship  
hitting.

Thee mariners fearing, al hoap eeke of salftye reiecting,  
Sayd : that a bad liuing eke a bad death rightlye requyred.  
Al that are in passadge to a munck, father holye, resorted,  
Who was eke embarcked, to hym theyre confession opning.  
Howbeyt thee stormy ruffling is no whit abated;  
But thee rough billows the ship toe toe terriblye charged.  
Twish, what woonder is yt, quod one of thee coompanye,  
chauffing,

Yf that thee vessel with weight moste sinful is heauye.  
Duck we the munck therefor, that al oure falts wholye  
receaued,

Hastlye let hym toe the seas oure syns and villenye carrye.  
Al they be contented, thee munck they spedelye plunged :  
Ceast was thee tempest, yf truth bee truelye related.  
Heereby wee be scholed, what poyse sin ponderus holdeth,  
That with an hudge and weightye balas surchargeth a vessel.

## HESPERVS HIS CONFESSION,

written in Latin by the Sayd *Syr Thomas Moore.*

Esperus his faulty liuelood too cal toe recounting  
Mynding, too be shriuen with woont accustomed  
hastned.

When that he told playnely, what crym's most sinful he  
practisd,

Yeet thee ghostlye father laboring more deepelye toe ransack  
His formere liuing : by distinct article asked



Eu'rye sin, and naming by peecemeal curius eche fault,  
 At leingth demaunded, wheather, with sorcerye blinded,  
 Erst he beleefe yeelded toe the bugs infernal? here aunswerd  
 Hesperus: holye father, doe ye thinck me soe madly bewitched  
 Too beleue in the deuils? I tel you truelye, toe great payn's  
 Stil I take enduring, in God yeet scantlye beleeuing.

## OF TYNDARVS, THAT FRVM-

ped a gentlewoman for hauing a long nose, deliuered  
 by the *former author* in Latin.



Tyndarus attempting too kis a fayre lasse with a long  
 nose,

Would needs bee finish, with bitter frumperye  
 taunting.

In vayn I doo coouet my lips too linck toe thye sweete lips,  
 Thy nose, as a stickler, toe toe long vs parteth a sunder.  
 Heere the mayd al bashful, the vnsau'ry saucines heeding:  
 With choler oppressed, thus shrewdlye toe Tyndarus  
 aunswerd,

Syth mye nose owtpeaking, good syr, your liplabor hindreth,  
 Hardlye ye may kisse mee, where no such gnomon apeereth.

[From this point to the bottom of *p.* 147 (forming *pp.* 101-102 of the original Leyden Edition), is wanting in the Ashburnham copy, and is supplied only from that at Britwell.]

## SYR THOMAS MOORE HIS

receipt for a strong breath translated  
 owt of his Latin Epigrames.



First for a strong sauoure stincking, a *leeke* may be taken:  
 That sent too bannish, thee best is an *Onion* eaten.  
 And toe repeal lykwise that sauoure, *garlik* is holsoom.

If that theese simples wyl not thee filthod abandon,  
 A *rose*, or els nothing that drafty infirmitye cureth.

# HEERE AFTER ENSVE CERTEYN EPITAPHES

framed as wel in *Latin*  
as *English*.

## AN EPITAPH DEVISED VPON

thee death of thee right honourable *James* earle of *Ormond* and *Ossorye*, who deceased at *Elye* house in *Holborne* about thee yeare 1546. thee xvij. of October, and lieth buried in *S. Thomas Acres* church, Extracted owt of thee third booke of thee *Historye* of *Ireland*.



*OR patriæ fixum viuens, iam redditur illi  
Post mortem, patriæ quæ peracerba venit.  
Non sine corde valet mortalis viuere quisquam;  
Vix tua gens vita permanet absque tua.  
Quæ licet infelix extincto corde fruatur,  
Attamen optato viuere corde nequit.  
Ergo quid hæc faciat? quem re non possit  
amorem,  
Cordi vt tam charo reddere corde velit.*



His earle was a goodlye and personable man: ful of honour, which was not only lodgd inwardly in his mynd, but also hee bare yt owtwardlye in countenance. As franck and as liberal as his calling requyred. A deepe and a far reatching head, In a good quarel rather stout then stubborne, bearing hym self with no less courage, when hee resisted, than with honourable discretion where hee yeelded. A fauourer of *peace*, no furtherer of *war*, as one that preferd vnlawfull quietnesse before vpright troubles, beeing notwyth standing of as great wisdom in thee

one, as of valour in thee other. An earnest and zealous vpholder of his countrye, in al attemptes rather respecting thee publique weale, than his priuat gayne. Wherebye hee bound his countrye so greatly vntoo hym, that Ireland might with good cause wish, that either hee had neuer bene borne, or elles that hee had neuer deceased, so yt were lawfull, too craue hym immortal, that by course of nature was framed mortal. And too giue sufficient proof of thee entyre affection hee bare his countrye, and of thee zealous care hee dyd cast thereon, hee beetooke in his death bed his *soule to God*, his *carcasse too Christian burial*, and his *hert too his countrye*, declaring thereby, that where his mynd was settled in this lief, his hert should bee theare entumbed after his death. Which was according too his wyl accomlisht. For his hert was conueighed in too *Ireland*, and lyeth engraue in thee chore of thee cathedral church in *Kilkenny*, where his aucetours, for thee more parte, are buried. Vpon which kind legacye thee aboue wrytten *Epitaph* was deuised.

## VPON THEE DEATH OF THEE

lord of thee owt Isles of *Scotland*: of whom  
mention is made in thee third book  
of thee Histor. of Ireland.



*Ique manique mea patriæ dum redditur exsul,  
Exsul in externa cogor et ipse mori.*



His noble man assisting thee earle of *Lennox* ended his lief at *Howth* presently vpon his arriual, and was with great solemnitie buried in *S. Patrick* his church at *Dublin*: circa Annum Domini  
M. D. XLIII.

[From this point, the text continues to represent the collation of both the Ashburnham and Britwell copies.]

## V P O N T H E E D E A T H O F H I S

father, *James Stanyhurst* Esquyer, who deceased  
at Dublin Anno 1573. xxvij. of December,  
ætatis LI.



*Ita brevis, mors sancta fuit (pater optime) visa :  
Vita timenda malis, mors redamanda bonis.  
Urbs est orba sopho ; legum rectore tribunal ;  
Causidicoque cliens ; atque parente puer.  
Plurima proferrem, sed me prohibere videtur  
Pingere vera dolor, fingere falsa pudor.  
Non opus est falsis, sed quæ sunt vera loquendâ,  
Non mea penna notet, buccina fama sonet.  
Hoc scripsisse satis ; talem, quandoque, parentem  
Est habuisse decus, sed caruisse dolor.  
Filius hæc dubitans talem vix comperit vsquam  
Vllus in orbe patrem, nullus in urbe parem.  
Mortuus ergo, pater, poteris bene viuius haberi,  
Viuis enim mundo nomine, mente deo.*

## V P O N T H E E D E A T H O F

his father in law *Syr Christofer Barnewal*  
knight.



*Æta tibi, sed mæsta tuis mors accidit ista :  
Regna dat alta tibi, damna dat ampla tuis.  
Lætus est in cælis vlllo sine fine triumphans,  
Mæstus at in terris diues inopsque iacent.  
Nam sapiente caret diues, qui parta gubernet,  
Nec, qui det misero munera, pauper habet.  
Te gener ipse caret, viduæ, te rustica turba,  
Atque urbana cohors te (Socer alme) caret*

*Non est digna viro talis respublica tanto,  
 Nam sanctos sedes non nisi sancta decet.  
 Mira loquor, sed vera loquor, non ficta reuoluo,  
 Si maiora loquar, nil nisi vera loquar.  
 Mortuus es? nobis hoc crimina nostra dederunt.  
 Mortuus es? virtus hoc tibi sacra dedit.  
 Viuus es in cælo, dedit hoc tibi gratia Christi,  
 Viuus vt in mundo sis, tibi fama dabit.*



Christophorus Barnewallus, vir equestris ordinis, vetere ac illustri familia procreatus, cùm esset admodum adolescens ad clarissimam Oxoniensem Academiam à præstantissimis parentibus missus summè erat eloquentiæ atque philosophiæ studiosus. Quæ cùm magno studio curaque disceret; Londinum profectus est, vbi in hospitium Graiense cooptatus cognitionem Britannici iuris bene laudabilem erat consecutus. Cùm verò non multùm à tanti operis perfectione abesset, optimus et amantissimus eius pater hoc interim spacio (anima à corpore semota et disclusa) hinc demigrauit. Quo audito, Christophorus se statim in patriam, cum omnium applausu, contulit, atque ibi patrimonium suum, quod ei iam tum satis amplum pater reliquerat, summa æquabilitate ac recta conscientia, sine vllius offensione amplificauit. Mira erat vitæ eius integritas; prædicabilis erga deum sanctitas; admirabilis in patriam pietas. Nulla verò in tota regione erat hospitalitas, quæ vix posset cum illius hospitalitate conferri. Sapientia præditus profectò singulari. In vrbe gratia, ruri auctoritate florebat. Vir erat vt corpore, ita valetudine plærunque imbecillior, natura mitissimus, in iniurijs ferendis patientissimus, in repellendis fortissimus, in republicis defendenda acerrimus. Nono Calend. Augusti ex itinere in febrim incidit, cuius dolore paucis post diebus, cum totius reipublicæ, eiulatu ac lamentatione, consumtus est: annos natus 42. Anno Domini 1575.

## V P O N T H E E D E A T H O F H I S

wief *Genet*, daughter too *Syr Christofer Barnewal* knight, who deceased, at *Knight his bridge*, of *Chieldbyrth*, Anno 1579. August xxvj. ætatis xix. and lieth entered at *Chelsye*.



*Ors tua quanta tuis mæroris vulnera fixit,  
Multorum gemitus, me reticente, sonant.  
Nobilis ortus erat, tua clarè vita peracta,  
Corpore pulchra satis, moribus alma sacris.  
Heu mihi, sed subitò sublata hæc dona fuerunt,  
In teneris annis dum mihi dona dabas.  
Quam dederas natæ vitam, tibi nata negauit,  
Quam dederas lucem, luce (Genetta) cares.  
Qualis erat mater (sola breuitate relicta  
Vitæ) sit talis nata relicta precor.  
Quos iunxit mundo, Christus coniungat Olympo,  
Vt thorus vnus erat, sic thronus vnus erit.*

## V P O N T H E E D E A T H O F T H E E

right honourable and his moste deere coosen, thee lord *Baron of Louth*, who was trayterouslye murthred by *Mackmaughoun*, an Irish Lording, about thee yeere 1577.



Hus loa, thyne hast (coosen) bred waste too citty, toe country.  
Thee bearbrat boucher thy corps with villenye mangled.

Not by his manlye valour, but through thy desperat offer.  
 As the lief is lasting too sutch, as in armes ar heedye,  
 Eun so death is posting too those, that in armor ar headye.  
 Haulfpenye, far better then an housful cluster of angels,  
 Although habil, would not fro thye danger deadlye be parted.  
 Whom lief combyned, death could not scatter a sunder.  
 Sutch is thee fastnesse of foster brootherhod Irish.  
 Thogh Sydny and Deluyn thee murther partlye reuenged :  
 A losse so pretiouse may not bee fullye requited.  
 Thee death of a thowsand Maghouns is vnequal amendment.  
 Thee nobles may not but a death so bluddye remember,  
 Thee Plunckets wyl not from mynd such boutcherye bannish.  
 Thy Ladye, thy kinred doo misse thy freendship aprooued ;  
 Thee cittee mourneth the lack of a counsaler holsoom ;  
 And thee countrye moneth thee want of a zealus vpholder ;  
 Vertu eeke lamenteth thee lack of an holye repentaunt.  
 How beyt dame Vertu thy goodnesse kindlye rewardeth,  
 In memory thin honour, thy soul eeke in glorie reposing.

## V P O N   T H E E   D E A T H   O F   T H E E

right honourable thee *Lord Girald fitz Girald L. Baron*  
*of Offalye*, who deceased at *S. Albans* in thee yeere  
 1580, thee last of Iune, thee xxj. yeere of his adge.



Oomtyme liu'lye *Girald* in graue now liu'les is  
 harbourd.

A matchlesse gallant, in byrth and auncetrye nobil.  
 His nobil linnadge *Kyldaer* with *Mountegue* warrants.  
 Proper in his person, with gyfts so hym nature adorned.  
 In valor and in honor wel knowne too no man vnequal.  
 And a true sound subiect, to his Prince most faythful abyding.  
 Theese not with standing his lief too to hastelye vannisht.

Nipt were thee blossoms, eare fruitfull season aproched.  
Wherefor his acquayntaunce his death so vntymelye  
bewayleth.

*Maynoth* lamenteth, *Kilka* and *Rathangan* ar howling.  
Nay rather is mated bye this hard hap desolat *Ireland*.  
Such claps of batter that seally vnfortunat *Island*.  
O that I thy prayes could wel decipher in order,  
Lyke *Homer* or *Virgil*, lyke *Geffray Chauncer* in English :  
Then would thy *Stanyhurst* in pen bee liberal holden.  
Thee poët is barrayn, for prayse rich matter is offred.

Heere percase *carpers* wyl twight his iollitye youthful.  
Strong reason vnstrayned that weake obiection aunswers.  
Hee must bee peerlesse who in yong yeers faultes abydedh.  
Such byrds flee seldoom, such black swans scantlye be  
floating.

In world of mischiefe who finds such glorijs angels ?  
Soom stars passe oothers ; al perls doe not equalye luster.  
Thee soundest wheatcorne with chaffy filthod is husked,  
What shal I say further, this loare diuinitye telleth ;  
Vertuus he liued, through grace that vertuus ended.  
What may be then better, than a godly and gratius vpshot ?  
Too *God* in al pietee, too *Prince* in dutye remayning.  
Wherefor (woorthye *Girald*) syth thy eend was hertye  
repentaunce,

Thy soul *God* gladdeth with saincts in blessed *Olympus*,  
Thogh tumbd bee carcasse in towne of martyred *Alban*.



His noble man, yf wee respect thee giftes that *God*  
planted in hym, was doubtlesse ful of good partes.  
Of disposition kind and loouing, easelye mooued, and  
as soone appeased ; apt too al maner of actiuitie, cooueting  
in ecche laudable enterprize not only too bee commendable,  
but also surpassing. In wyt quick and pregnaunt, and of  
good forecast, namely as far as his yeeres would beare : yet



soomwhat wantonly geeuen, where too *Youth*, *Nobilitie* and *lewd coompanye* dyd carrye him, the *one* sturring, thee *oother* warranting, thee *third* easelye trayning aman of deeper iudgment too such fond phantasyes, yf by *God* his gracious guerdon hee bee not thee stronger garded. But a little beefore his death hee beecame such a *changling*, as hee dyd not only purchase thee commendacion of strangers, but also bred admiration in his freendes, who greatlye reioyced, too see so penitent and godly an alteration from vice to vertue. In which tyme finding his conscience deepelye gauld with thee owtrageous oathes hee vsed too thunder owt in gamening, hee made a few verses, as yt were his *cygnea oratio* : which, not so much for thee meeter, as thee matter, I thinck good, too bee diuulged *verbatim*, as I found theym, after his decease, scribed with his owne hand. And yf thee *reader* hap too stumble at thee vnderstanding of any *staffe*, let yt bee sufficient, that thee *maker* his meaning was good.

## A PENITENT SONNET WRIT-

ten by thee *Lord Girald* a little  
beefore his death.



Y losse in play men oft forget  
Thee duitye they dooe owe,  
Too hym that dyd bestow thee same,  
And thowsands millions moe.  
I loathe too see them sweare and stare,  
When they the mayne haue lost ;  
Forgetting al thee byes, that weare  
With God and holye goast.  
By *wounds* and *nayles* they thinck to wyn,  
But truely yt is not so :  
For al theyre frets and fumes in syn,  
They mooniles must goa.

Theare is no wight that vsd yt more,  
 Than *hee* that wrote this verse ;  
 Who cryeth, *peccau*, now therefore  
 His othes his hert doe perce.  
 Therefor example take by *mee*,  
 That curse thee lucklesse tyme ;  
 That eauer *dice* myn eyes dyd see,  
 Which bred in mee this *crime*.  
 Pardon mee for that is past,  
 I wyl offend no more :  
 In this moste vile and sinful *cast*,  
 Which I wyl stil abhore.

## AN EPITAPH ENTITLED

*Commune Defunctorum*, such as oure vnlearned *Rhyth-  
mours* accustomably make vpon thee death of euery  
*Tom Tyler*, as yf yt were a *last* for euerye one his  
*foote*, in which thee quantitees of syllables are not  
 too bee heeded.



Oom toe me, you *muses*, and thow most chiefflye,  
*Minerua*,  
 And ye that are dwellers in dens of darckned *Auerna* :  
 Help mye pen in wryting, a death moste soarye reciting,  
 Of the good old *Topas*, soon too thee mightye syr *Atlas*.  
 For grauitee the *Cato*, for wyt *Mars*, *Bacchus*, *Apollo* :  
*Scipio* for warfare, for gentyl curtesye *Cæsar*.  
 A great *Alexander*, with a long whit neck lyke a *gaunder*.  
 In yeer's a *Nestor*, for wars a martial *Hector*,  
*Hannibal* and *Pompey*, with *Tristram*, *Gallahad*, *Orckney* :  
*Hercules* in coasting, a *Vulcan* mightelye toasting.  
 In wisdom *Salomon*, for streingth and currag a *Sampson*.

For iustice *Radamanthus* : in equitie woorthye *Lycurgus*.  
 And not a *Thersites*, but he was a subtil *Vlisses*.  
 In learning *Socrates*, in faythful freendship *Achates*.  
 Yea, thogh he stand namelesse, hee was in prowes *Achilles*.  
 A *Damon* and *Pythias*, for gould and siluer a *Midas*.  
*Noë* for continuaunce, a lerned *Tullye* for vttraunce.  
 In trauayle *Æneas*, for secrets trustful *Iöllas*.  
 And in philosophy, a *Raymond*, a *Bacon*, a *Ripplye*.  
 In medicins *Pæon*, *Galen*, and most famosed *Alcon*,  
*Plinnye*, *Dioscorides*, *Hipocrates*, and *Araformes*,  
 O you cursd *Parcas*, why kyld ye the good soon of *Atlas* ?  
 And whye, wythowt mercy, doe ye slea thee fayre ladye  
*Thisbee*.  
 A *Sara* for goodnesse, a great *Bellona* for hudgesse.  
 For myldnesse *Anna*, for chastitye godlye *Susanna*.  
*Hester* in a good shift, a *Iudith* stout at a dead lift.  
 Also *Iulietta*, with *Dido*, rich *Cleopatra*.  
 With sundry namelesse, and woomen more manye blamelesse.  
 Is not *he* wel garded, thee *wooman* richlye rewarded?

## AN EPITAPH WRYTTEN BY SYR

*Thomas More* vpon thee death of *Henrye Abyngdon*,  
 one of thee gentlemen of thee *chappell* : which deuise  
 thee author was fayne too put in *meeter*, by reason  
 thee partye that requested his trauaile, dyd not lyke  
 of a verye proper *Epitaph* that was first framd,  
 beecause yt ran not in *rythme*, as may appeere at ful  
 in his *Latin Epigrammes* : where vpon Syr *Thomas More*,  
 shapte theese verses ensuing, with which the  
 suppliant was exceedinglye satisfied, as yf thee  
 author had hyt thee nayle on thee head.



*He iacet Henricus, semper pietatis amicus :  
Nomen Abyngdon erat, si quis sua nomina quærat :  
Wellis hic ecclesia fuerat succentor in alma,  
Regis et in bella cantor fuit ipse capella.  
Millibus in mille cantor fuit optimus ille.  
Præter et hæc ista fuit optimus orgaquenista.  
Nunc igitur Christe, quoniam tibi seruijt iste,  
Semper in orbe soli da sibi regna poli.*

The same thogh not *verbatim* construed, yeet in effect thus may bee translated, wherein thee learned are not too looke for thee exact obseruation of *quantitees* of syllables, which thee authour in the *Latin* dyd not verye preciselye keepe.



*Heere lyeth old Henry, no freend to mischeuous enuye.  
Surnamd Abyngdon, to al men most hertelye welcoom.  
Clerk he was in wellis, where tingle a great manye  
bellis.*

Also in thee *chappel* hee was not counted a *moungrel* :  
And such a lowd *singer*, in a thowsand not such a *ringer*.  
And with a *concordance*, a man moste skilful in *organce*.  
Now God I craue *duly* : sence this man saru'd the soe  
*truelye*,  
Henrye place in *kingdoo*,, that is also named *Abyngdon*.

*F I N I S .*

# IOHN PATES PRINTER TO THEE CVRTEOVS READER.



Am too craue thy pacience and paynes (good reader) in bearing wyth such faultes as haue escape in printing ; and in correcting as wel such as are layd downe heere too thy view, as al oother whereat thou shalt hap too stumble in perusing this treatise. Thee nooueltye of im-  
printing English in theese partes, and thee absence of the author from perusing soom proofes could not choose but breede errorrs. But for thee abridging of thy trauayle I wyl lay downe such faultes as are at this present found too bee of greatest importaunce. And as for thee wrong placing of an V for an N, or an N for an V, and in printing two EE for one E, or one for two, and for thee mispoyncting of periods ; thee correction of theese I must bee forced for this tyme too refer too thye friendlye paynes.

## FAVLTES.

## CORRECTION.

In thee dedicatorye epistle.

Pag. 1. lin. 4	Endevvours,	reade, Endeuous.	[p. 3.]
lin. 22.	ac.	as.	[p. 3.]
Page 3. lin. 32.	cooke in soom coppes.	booke.	[p. 6.]

[The final leaf (unnumbered, but forming the 67th leaf of the Leyden edition of 1582) contains printing only on its first page.

This final leaf is wanting in the Ashburnham copy, and is supplied from the Britwell copy, which is however torn at the top.]

## F A V L T E S .

## C O R R ] E C T I O N .

Pag. 4.	[lin.	]e beene	[p. .]
	[lin.	]ng.	[p. .]
[Pag. 5.	lin. 31	frynig pan fryi]ng pan.	[p. 9.]
[Pag.	lin.	]e Reader.	[p. .]
	lin.	]seth.	[p. .]
[Pag. 8.	lin. 28.	Ortôgraghy] Ortôgraphy.	[p. 13.]
[Pag.	lin.	]laying.	[p. .]
[Pag.	lin.	]seeing.	[p. .]
[Pag. 2.	lin. 11.	m]ishing.	missing.
	lin. [36.]	rang.	randge.
Pag. 17.	lin. 6.	sanckt.	sank.
	lin. 25.	vvilde.	vvyyde.
Pag. 19.	lin. 22.	Endevvours.	endeuours.
Pag. 23.	lin. 29.	vvith his chaapt	
	staf,	vvith chaapt staf.	[p. 45.]
Pag. 25.	lin. 1.	choloricque.	Choloricque.
	lin. 33.	sacrafice.	sacrifice.
Pag. 36.	lin. 22.	shavv Priamus	savv Priamus.
Pag. 38.	lin. 13.	woonman.	vvooman.
Pag. 41.	lin. 13.	assijtaunce	Assistaunce.
	lin. 36.	progeniotours.	progenitours.
Pag. 54.	lin. 26.	desolat angel.	desolat angle.
Pag. 60.	lin. 18.	fyrd Sicil.	fyerd Sicil.
Pag. 63.	lin. 36.	A folck moaste.	A folck moate. 1. a coom-
			panye, an assembly [p. 92.]
Pag. 106.	lin. 24.	Faultes a-	
		bydeth.	Faultles abydeth. [p. 152.]

*Imprinted at Leiden in Holland by Iohn  
Pates. Anno M.D LXXXII.*